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Outdoor America

APRIL, 1927

Price 25 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

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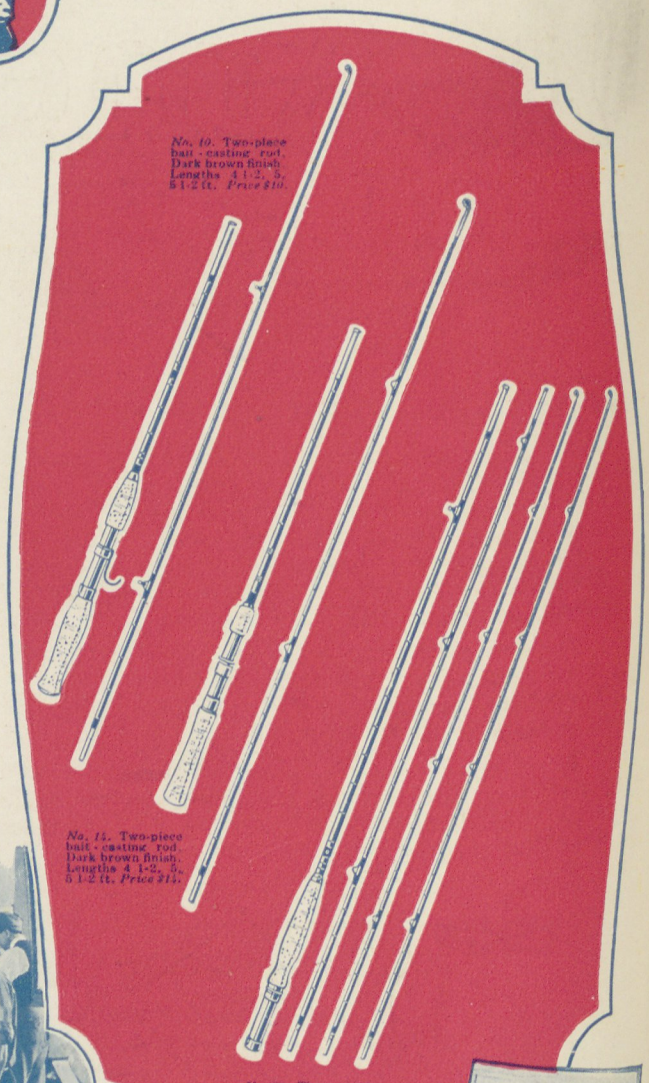

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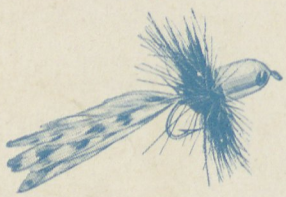
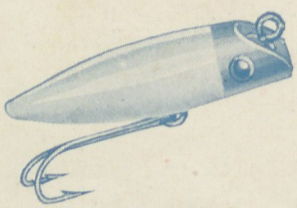


Feath-Oreno. An attractive fly-rod lure. Trout size tied on No. 6 hook, *price 50c;* Bass size tied on No. 1/0 hook, *price 75c.* Both sizes in 12 attractive patterns.



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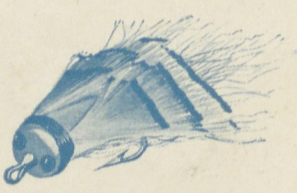

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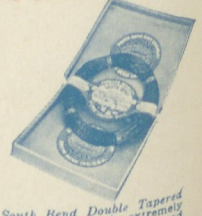

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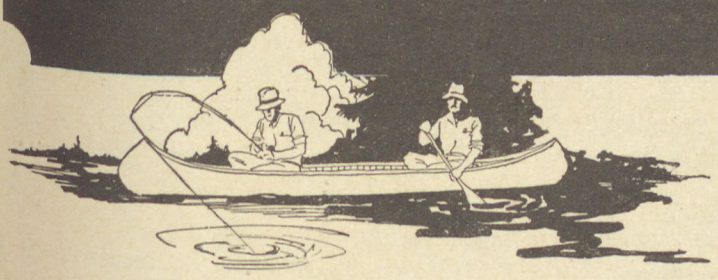

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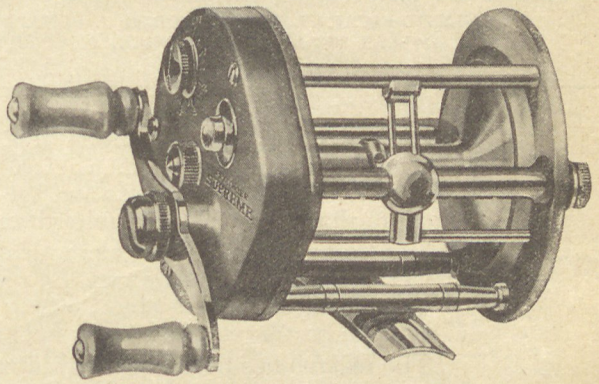
The addition of these two reels provides a Pflueger Level Winding Reel to satisfy the requirements of *every* fisherman, from the most exacting to the one who wants a more popular priced article.



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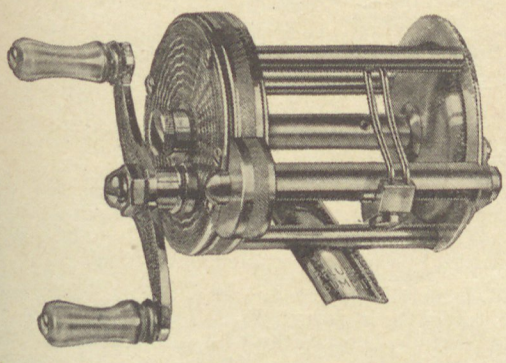

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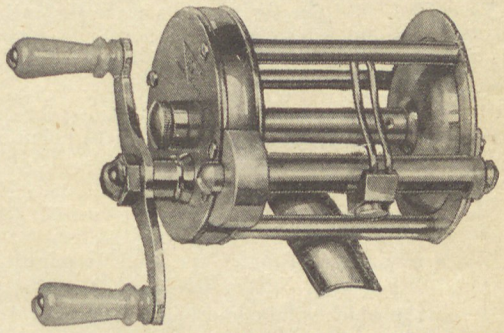

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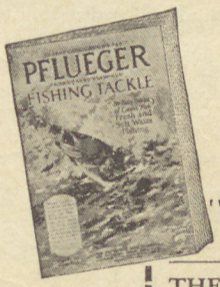

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 2,000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League is conducting a practical, aggressive campaign of education against the further pollution of our waters, the drainage of our marshes and the indiscriminate destruction of our forests, by arousing the present generation to a realization of the value of these areas to the health, happiness and character of future generations.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

The League's Platform is as follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

Application for Membership-at-large

Izaak Walton League, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 1927

I hereby apply for Membership-at-large in the Izaak Walton League, which includes a membership card, a handsome bronze membership button and one year's subscription to the League's magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA.

If I am accepted I agree to pay $3.00 for the first year's annual dues, and magazine, when bill is presented.

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The *Elto* Crankshaft

Elto's sturdy crankshaft is drop forged and case hardened chrome nickel steel. Elto offers 23 square inches of bearing surface — greater crankshaft and connecting rod bearing area than that of any other outboard motor—more than twice that of many!

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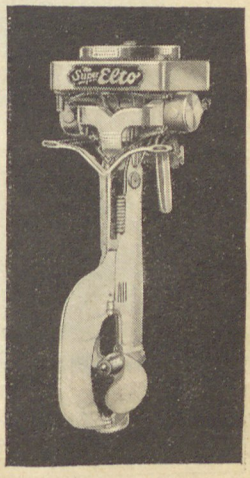
YEARS HENCE, every quality that builds Elto preference today will still be earning as strong an enthusiasm as the highest flush of first-season performance.

Instant, easy, quarter-turn starting will *always* be instant, easy quarter-turn starting. It will *always* be the most satisfying single quality you have ever found in an outboard motor.

The great bearings will still be smoothly delivering the same surge of vigorous power, long after parts of lesser size and stamina would have outworn their usefulness.

The Elto water-circulating system (containing not a single moving part), will be functioning perfectly, without attention or replacement, after service that would ruin a dozen pumps of finest marine type.

And this is the character of stout simplicity and almost unbelievable long-lastingness that Ole Evinrude has built into the Super Elto in every detail and particular. The limit of its service is only to be measured by the length of service you will ask from it.



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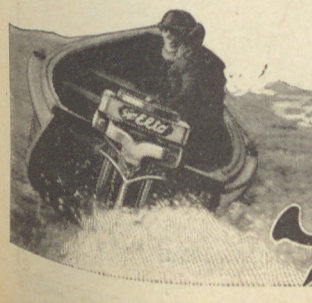

The Super Elto
"Starts with a quarter turn"

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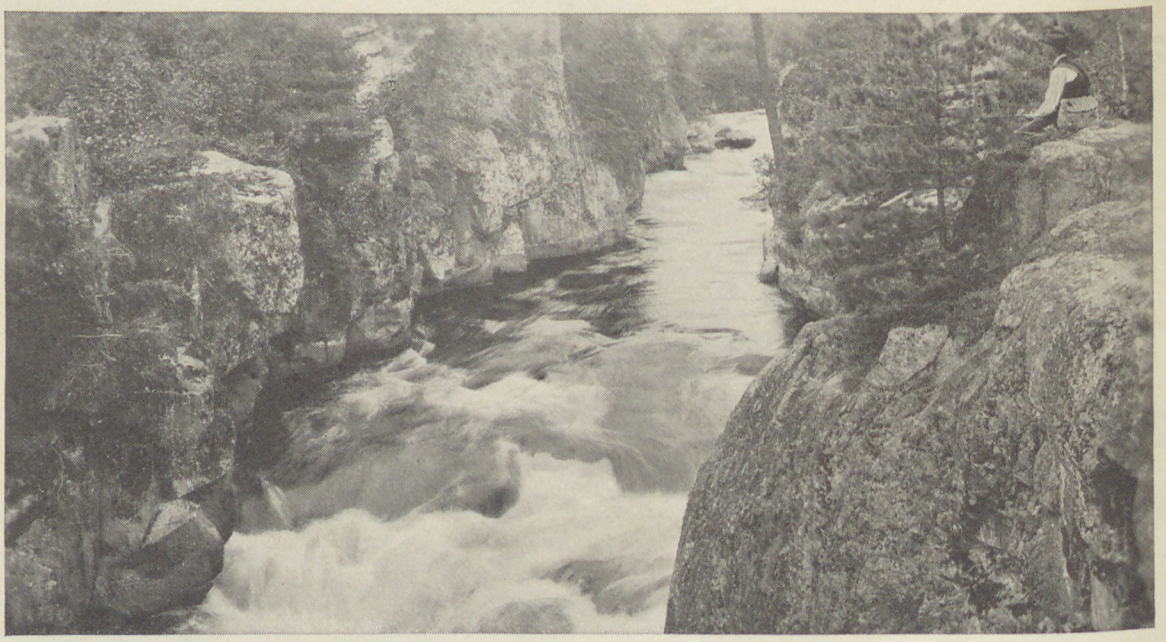


To the Wolf River

By GENE STURTEVANT

THIS is a song of the mighty Wolf,
That like a sinuous serpent winds,
Twixt the marshlands, green and lush,
Past the sand dunes, crowned with pines.
Down from the north through the forest it roars,
Over the granite it rushes and leaps,
Veiling its rapids with rainbows of mist,
Purling and quiet in green depths it sleeps.

RIVER of shadows misty and deep,
River of shallows green and gold,
Down in your heart the blue sky lies,
Flecked with white clouds, softly rolled.
Over your ripples the killdeers sweep,
Under your eddies the black bass lie,
Nightly the fireflies illumine your shores,
And back in the darkness, the wild things cry.

YOU fling your charm to each passerby,
You give your breath with its tang of pine,
You shower them with treasures of health and hope
To glow and grow throughout all time.
And if never again we find your shore
Or drink again the wine of your air,
Dear land of the Wolf, forever you'll live
In day dreams sweet, a memory fair.

Read story of the proposed desecration of the Wolf River on page 11

Vol. 5 No. 9

April Outdoor America 1927

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

Now Is the Time

A Message to the League from the Loved Dean of American Fishermen

THE Izaak Walton League must live.

It stands for a great idea,—something large and fine and generous and strong. The united and unselfish effort of American men and women, lovers of nature and outdoor sport, to conserve our country's heritage of natural beauty and to protect her native birds and beasts and fishes from wanton, wasteful extermination.

This is a patriotic, humane, and it seems to me, religious purpose. God gave us this glorious land not to despoil and ruin, but to love and cherish, to keep beautiful and fruitful and full of attraction and opportunity for that open-air life which will help us and our children to ward off the dangers and diseases of modern civilization. That is the object of the League, and that is why it must live.

But the only way to live really is to work. And the only way to work happily and effectively is to lay aside selfishness and squabbling, petty jealousies and rivalries, and concentrate our fraternal wills on the job in hand.

What is that job?

It is to resist every selfish effort to despoil our National Parks or to exploit our forests and uglify our landscapes for commercial greed. It is to support every intelligent measure in every State for the reforesting of devastated areas, for the guarding of our lakes and watercourses from pollution, and for the sensible protection of our fast dwindling supply of wild birds and beasts and fishes. It is to make our legislators in State and Nation understand that we want them to represent us in this purpose, or not to represent us at all.

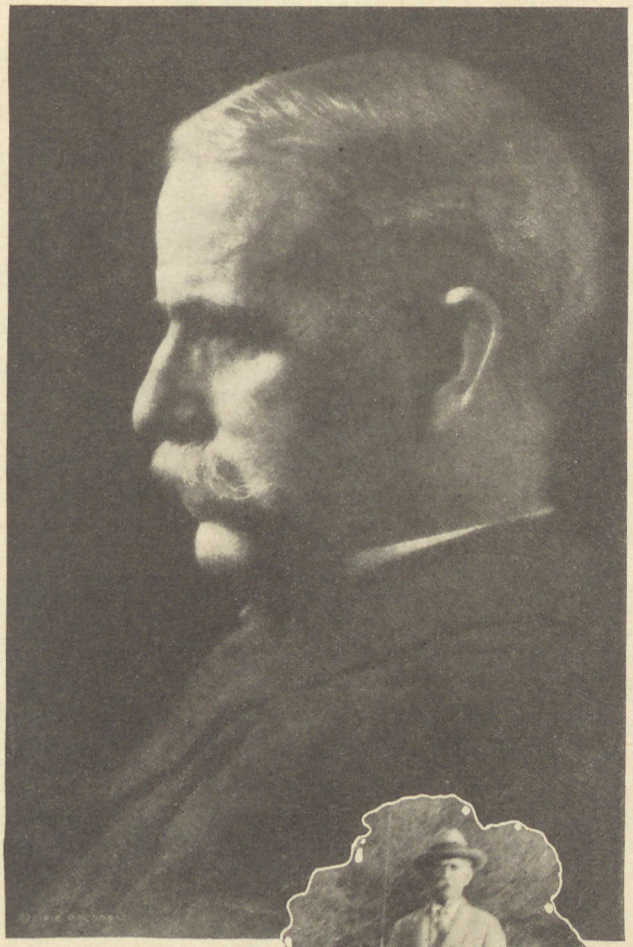
This is the job by which the League must live and prove its right to live. Now is the time to do it.

It is big enough to make us all forget the strifes and misunderstandings through which the League has passed. It is fine enough to draw thousands of new members and reanimate thousands of old ones.

The magazine OUTDOOR AMERICA (which is the breathing organ of the League), must be made worthy of the magnificent cause it represents. The special tasks which call us at this moment,—such as defense of Yellowstone Park against spoliation, protection of the Rocky Mountain trout in their spawning season, prevention of the deadly defilement of our coastal waters,—are urgent and important.

Now is the time! Let us all come up, lame old veterans and lively young recruits, to the defense of our beautiful land against the spoilers, and to the vigorous propaganda of a sane, healthy, sportive life in the open air.

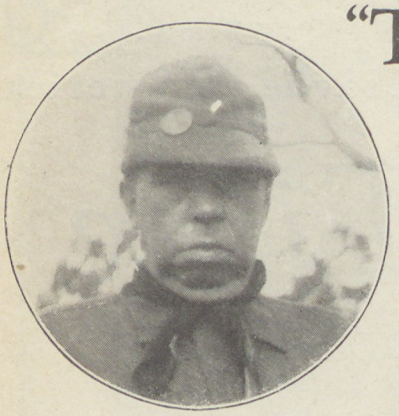
Henry van Dyke



"The Izaak Walton League should have one million principled American sportsmen as members."
H. vD.

"Fisherman's Luck" in New Zealand. Ranging from four to eight pounds.

Meet "Iverson S. Crabb" and "The Meadow Hen"



Iverson S. Crabb.

By
BOB DAVIS

The story of a billion birds, a wing shot without a peer and a little quack-quack about ducks

The Meadow Hen.

THE first time I ever saw Prentis Atkins he was sitting on the veranda of Jeff Snyder's hospitable bungalow along the Tensas River, Louisiana, rubbing his shotgun tenderly with an oiled rag. His broad, rubicund face betrayed a fine intimacy with the great outdoors. His eyes were extremely blue and on the left cheek a man-size dimple blinked as he rambled on in a high-pitched key, interrupted with frequent outbursts of laughter. He had for audience Ray Long, editor of the Cosmopolitan, and Harris Dixon, the author of the Old Reliable tales. Irvin Cobb was occupied with cracking pecan nuts in the shade of a gum tree. Lawyer Spencer lounged beside me on a broad divan and gave ear to the conversation:

"I'll tell you one thing about ducks, and I've seen more ducks at once than any man in the world." Atkins shifted a cud of fine cut and began to tap Ray Long on the knee.

"Yes, sir, more ducks, more kinds of ducks, fat ducks, fatter ducks. You wouldn't believe what I'm going to tell you."

"We've got lots of ducks around the Vicksburg swamps," observed Harris Dixon with an air of finality.

"The hell you have," retorted Atkins, exploding like a twelve-gage duck load. "All the ducks in the Vicksburg swamps could go by me in three minutes if they were flying twenty miles an hour. I'm talking about ducks in the gulf down below White Lake."

"How many ducks is you 'ludin' at?" said Mr. Dixon in the vernacular of Old Reliable.

Mr. Atkins exploded the second barrel. "One billion! I've seen so many ducks in the place I have in mind that when they got up it sounded like the roar of an express train. You could hear the thunder of ducks' wings for five miles. I've seen them so thick that the noise of the shots would be swallowed up in the echo of their wings. I've seen the tullies bend under a flight of birds as if a tornado was crossing. Did I say a billion? Well, probably more than that. No man could estimate them; as far as the eye could reach and the noise lasting for an hour before sun-up."

He went on wiping his weapon and chewing his cud.

Ray Long, who has had some experience with zeal of that type, flicked a cigarette butt out on the lawn and strolled over to the water cooler. Mr. Dixon just licked his lips.

Spencer, being familiar with human weaknesses, said in the frailest whisper:

"There sits the damndest liar I ever listened to."

Nevertheless there was something in Atkins' blue eye which carried conviction.

Jeff Snyder's house party was about to break up owing to the scarcity of poker money. Long was going North, Dixon had a date with an editor in Vicksburg and Judge Spencer was doomed to try a law case in Tululla. Irvin and I were still in search of exercise.

Very well, here was a chance. I stepped over to where Atkins sat and took the chair vacated by the Cosmopolitan editor.

"Mr. Atkins," said I without preliminary, "your words thrill me to the vitals. I wish now to explain to you as how Mr. Irvin Cobb and myself are going to accept an invitation from you to go down to the Gulf of Mexico region, shoot up an imperceptible percentage of those billion boisterous, beautiful, full-busted birds which have been coming down from the North since the first of September in search of disaster."

"You said something, kid," retorted Mr. Atkins, plugging the barrel and the stock together with a single gesture, again releasing the breach plug. "We will hit the mattress a hard slap about eight o'clock tonight, grab a breakfast at daybreak and jump for it. Today is Saturday. You will be bustin' 'em Monday morning."

Fast work, but suppose Irvin wouldn't go. I pranced over to the gum tree right where he was picking pecans and gave him the swift facts on the layout.

"That's the first bright idea you have had on this trip. So far as Mr. Mallard is concerned I wrote the words and music to the song entitled 'Busting Him.' We start at daybreak and if Atkins doesn't come through with results his bones will be found mingling with those of the other pirates on the Gulf of Mexico."

We started the following morning at daybreak and hopped through sixty-four miles on river bottom in a flivver and slammed ourselves in the village of Monroe, Louisiana, about sundown.

When Atkins isn't plastering ducks on the Gulf of Mexico he operates the Monroe Hardware Company in Monroe. When his employees come to work in the morning, instead of stopping at the time clock, they open the door and sound a duck call. The superintendents of departments strike the mallard note, high and reverberating: Quack, quack, quack, which, translated, means prosperity. The bookkeepers squawk like canvas-backs. The salesmen, being wise, hurl the black duck call and the stenographers pile in like a flock of teal. The office boys pipe like a covey of bobwhites. The call of the wild is rife in the Monroe Hardware Company and old "Meadow Hen" Atkins himself is the principal migratory bird winging his way from bayou to bayou.

We spent the greater part of the day outfitting with ammunition, gum boots, army socks and various junk we did not need.

A setter dog who liked Irvin Cobb's smell got mashed on him and when Irvin was taking a nap in Atkins' office the setter insisted upon licking Irvin's face. Finally, in a state of disgust, he locked the dog in the office and came downstairs yawning:

"I like this southern hospitality," he said, "but when a dog with a tongue long enough and wet enough to sponge a suit of clothes tries to kiss me it's time to get out of town. Let's go."

That night, when we boarded the train, Irvin's setter

mash was curled up in his stateroom with the lovelight in his eyes.

CHAPTER II

By train we went to the southern part of Louisiana, City of Abbeville, and from that point down through the Evangeline bayou to Pecan Island, a strip of land twelve miles long and two hundred yards wide. At that time, seven years ago, that spot was the haven of all the Gulf. It was without a newspaper, a doctor, a policeman, a drug store, a calaboose or a Ford car. Nobody ever died there and apparently nobody ever sinned. All the homes were open. There wasn't a padlock in town. The island lay along the frontier of the Gulf of Mexico, an oasis of tullies. Wild rice and reeds stretched into the horizon. We should have arrived there at sundown, but owing to nautical irregularities and the fact that we had to haul the boat overland instead of floating it necessitated our anchoring at a late hour on a mud hill. When the dawn broke we were within sixty feet of the canal, which under the cover of the night we had miscalculated completely.

We reached Pecan Island that morning and went to the home of Jetharo Broussard. There wasn't a duck in sight. A blue sky dropped from the zenith to the flat plain of green.

"Where are those billion ducks," axed Mr. Cobb of the "Meadow Hen," who cackled in reply: "Come with me, baby, and I'll show you a flock of birds that will make you think that the seven year locust plague is sweeping over the land."

We stowed a large lunch of duck gumbo, arranged our paraphernalia and under a high noon sun strolled through an oak grove down to a marsh. The air was clean of living things, but from the marsh itself came the cackling and the whistling and the chattering and the love making of countless water fowl. Here and there a pair would rise, curve and settle. A few Wilson snipe got up at our feet and zigzagged into the green pattern. We walked along the edge and as we progressed water birds of every description appeared and disappeared. Irvin wanted to go back to the house, arm himself and start something, but the "Meadow Hen" ruffled up his feathers and said, "No, no, boy, no, no. Tomorrow morning."

"No evening flight," bawled the Paducah humorist.

"Not for you birds," answered the master of ceremonies. "We start at the crack of dawn, the limit is twenty-five and if you can lead 'em you will be back for breakfast."

"Mr. Davis," said Mr. Cobb, turning to me with a sad look in his eye, "I'll toss you to see which one of us commits suicide first."

We spent the whole afternoon toddling around that tropical haven. The soothing warmth of the sun invited us to slumber interrupted only by the cackling of the "Meadow Hen," who walked around the premises quoting statistics on the birds that came down from the north to spend the winter in the Gulf of Mexico.

"Boys, I'm going to get you something tomorrow morning. Wake up with your shooting eye open and shoot 'em far enough ahead so that they will fly into it. These are fast birds, children, and when they start they go somewhere. Hit 'em with fours and fives."

Early to bed on mallard down mattresses. Oh, heavenly sleep. The soft breezes of the night blew through the bedroom. The song of night creatures reached our ears faintly. A pageant of fire flies filed through the distant oaks and a soft moonlight silvered the world.

3:00 A. M.:

"Get out, you big bum, and put these boots on. Slam this pint of Creole coffee into your face."

"Take that coat off, it's mine."

A jargon of suggestions and cracks were heard from room to room.

"Who grabbed my shells?"

"Don't let the damned dog out. Jetharo's boys don't need them."

In magnificent disorder with the aid of candle light we got our duffle and walked through the dewy grass, each man sucking a wild orange snatched as we passed through the orchard. In three paroques, terribly narrow and almost wholly without buoyancy, we pushed our way down through an avenue of reeds that the elder Broussard had opened years before. The wet grasses slapped us in the face as we poled silently along. "Quack-quack" from every direction; the flutter of wings; the wild noises of swimming things; the stirring of life that always ensues in that black hour before the breaking of the day. Wet all over; dew without perspiration from within.

Valan, the youngest Broussard son, was my guide. May the Lord shower upon that boy unlimited good fortune. He will remain in my memory forever. A true sportsman and an agreeable companion and the best duck retriever that ever hopped to a spot where a bird fell. He could almost walk upon the water and was never wet above the ankles.

We backed into a bunch of dried marsh grass and waited for the pale hour of morning. Presently overhead we heard the flight of birds. The noise, at first like a soft wind, increased in intensity, finally rising like strong gusts sweeping up from the sea. The sounds came like units from different directions as though summoned by some orchestra leader. While it was still dark, a loud roaring sound seemed to occupy all space. Just before daybreak the thunderous echo rolled in from the sea and a flight of mallards broke like a tidal wave. It was like the roaring of an express train coming suddenly upon one and then plunging onward. We began to burn ammunition. At the first shot, for ten acres on all sides of us, the marsh seemed to lift and a large portion of the billion ducks mentioned by the "Meadow Hen" rose into the air, broke into groups and beat it in every direction. A flight of mallards passing twenty feet above us sounded like gigantic hands had torn a thousand feet of canvas its whole length in two seconds. The flight of teal suggested the ripping of a colossal silk handkerchief.

The dawn broke upon a scene that I never expect to witness again through mortal eyes. There may be something like it in heaven, but not in this life have I beheld so marvelous a spectacle. The whole sky was an animated picture of every known variety of duck braiding patterns against the birth of day. The sky line for forty-five degrees was alive with feathered things. A tremendous, throbbing reverberation filled the air.

IRVIN S. COBB

So far as Mr. Mallard is concerned the Paducah humorist wrote the words and music to the song entitled "Busting Him."

Photo by Bob Davis

A hundred yards to my left Cobb was pouring his contributions into space and pulling off some of the finest misses in the history of fowling. To my right across a narrow open pool broke the automatic of the deadly "Meadow Hen." There is not in all this country a more amazing shot than this same Prentis Atkins. He shoots with deliberation, firing only at difficult shots so as not to get his limit too quickly. It is an art with the "Meadow Hen" and not a massacre. With me it is an endurance contest and if I get enough birds to eat I think I've made a killing.

By six o'clock the birds had settled down and were flying in small bunches, all same up north. Valan and I sat in the paroque and dried our wings. Seven canvas backs flying in procession whistled over us, swerved and started down toward the "Meadow Hen." They were going like bullets. I heard five shots, and five birds in rapid succession crumpled in the air, the last before the first had reached the ground. The "Meadow Hen" picked the seventh, the sixth, the fifth, the fourth, the third in the order named instead of starting with the lead bird. He explained to me afterward that it disorganizes a duck to see the one ahead of him die. The "Meadow Hen" now uses the double barrel gun and is content to see them fall in pairs.

We came off the marsh at Pecan Island at seven o'clock, each man with his limit and my shoulder black and blue from the dimpled hollow of my arm to my right hip.

Three reliable eyewitnesses reading from left to right: Prentis Atkins, young Broussard and Irvin Cobb. These three gentlemen will testify to every and all statements made in this story.

Three days after we met at Jetharo's table for Thanksgiving dinner. A courtly individual, who had shown us much courtesy on the entire trip and whose name is withheld owing to his eminence in church circles, secured a drink of Pirate's Rum from some mysterious quarter and became for the moment stewed. In the midst of the banquet he rose and with the dignity that would have roused the enmity of Chauncey Depew made a corking speech to the five guests present, closing with the words:

"'Stinguished pe'ple seated round this h'spitable board, names known to all classes and b'loved. You know what I mean. Gen'men, it gives me pleasure to 'duce three greatish men in the U. Esh States: Prentison M. Atchison, Robberson Haish Davisson and Iverson Esh Crabb."

Upon reflection I think I'll print his right name: P. O. Broussard. He was the Post Master at Abbeville and it was through his courtesy in combination with that of Amos Wiel that we were able to penetrate via the Evangeline bayou in the flag ship of Captain Wiel's fleet, across White Lake, arriving at last hard by the Promised Land, erstwhile the Island of Pecan. Salutations to both of them from the far north with the hope that we shall gaze upon their mutual and agreeable faces again.

"Robberson Davison," alias Robert H. Davis, famous editor, writer and outdoorsman. Mr. Davis has contributed this story out of his intense interest in the great outdoor cause of The Izaak Walton League of America and

through faith in its principles. Thousands of our readers will remember with appreciation Mr. Davis' magnificent conservation poem, "The Rape of the River," which appeared in the first issue of the League's magazine.

The Church Not Built With Hands

By Henry Morley Fraser

I LOVE the great cathedral and the little wayside shrine,
Where thots of God can enter into world-worn hearts like mine.

I also love His templed trees whose pillared trunks surround
The altar fires of birchlogs that are smould'ring on the ground,
The springs of holy water that the good Lord placed for me,
The stained glass bits of sky that shine thru every leafy tree,
The chorus choir of birds and bees and babbling brooks that sing,
The rich incense of woodsy smells that all the breezes bring.

So pitch my tent in wilderness, give me my bed of sod:
It's while I watch His marching stars that I feel close to God.

Where the canoeist rests and dreams while deer come down to feed.

The Case of Wolf River

A Heartfelt Appeal by O. W. SMITH

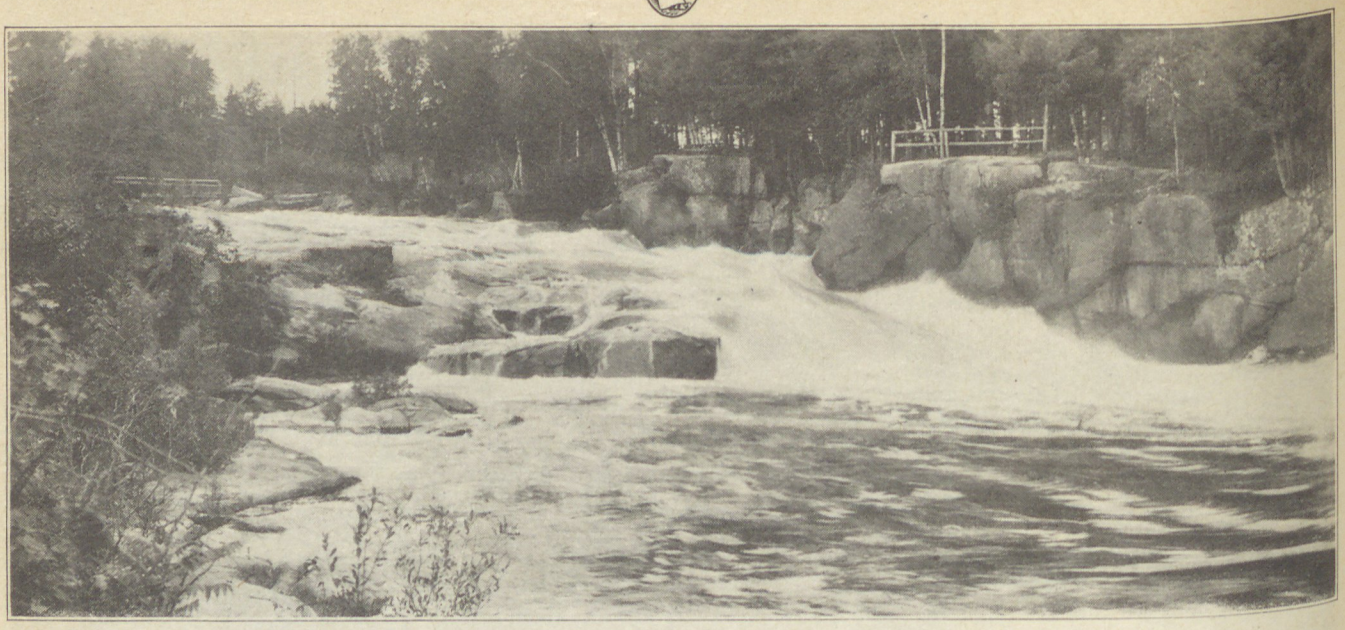
EVERY dweller in Wisconsin and in the Middle West is vitally interested in the Wolf River controversy. In a word, power interests are seeking to secure the right to erect a series of dams on that beautiful and storied stream, as has been done on the Peshtigo, destroying natural beauty and seriously menacing fishing.

Just a word about the Peshtigo, an object lesson and a warning. Twenty-five years ago that stream was wild and free, presenting beauties and recreational facilities for the delectation of naturalist, sportsman and nature-lover. Then came the hydro-electric builders, raping the stream, throwing mighty dams across the river at High Falls, Caldron Falls, and elsewhere. Where we angled a few years ago, today broad, deep lakes smile back impotently at the blue sky. Those lakes should become bass waters, but the trout fishing which once made the Peshtigo famous, is gone. Even the Thunder River, which joins the Peshtigo below where High Falls once bedecked the red rocks with streamers of pearl, has ceased to be a good stream for the trout-fisher. Perhaps the damming of the Peshtigo had nothing to do with the destruction of the fishing but of that I am not sure. And to think, the builders have had the gall to talk about their dams "improving natural beauties." Where once the Peshtigo raved and roared, singing her siren song in the ears of canoeists and out-door folks, now only the harsh sound of whirring dynamos is heard. Money is being made, for someone, and the producers of power talk of "cheap electricity."

Now the hydro-electric men are turning their attention to the Wolf, and are chanting the same chorus,—"cheap electricity, improving upon Nature, the rights of the common people." Some newspapers are fooled as some always are, uniting with the power-men, who seek not the development of industries near the seat of power, but to carry power to great centers of production far away, leaving local towns that might have profited from the recreational advantages of their position, to hold an empty bag. So history repeats itself and one wonders why so many newspapers, big and small, fall into line behind the power-men.

I was told over and over again by different representatives of the power company that the Indians of the Menominee Reservation were in favor of the development, for fortunately (it may prove unfortunately!) the lower half of the wild Wolf courses through the Reservation. Now comes a man, Arthur Kannenberg, head of the Indian Defense Organization, who says that ninety per cent of the Indians are opposed to the proposed development. He told me how the Red Men "fairly tumbled over one another" in their efforts to sign a petition against the project. When I asked about the petition from the Indians in favor of the development, he said that agents of the power company were busy on the Reservation for weeks, urging and "inducing" the Indians to sign, by means well known to the White Race. The man is in a position to know what he is talking about, and I for one have confidence in him. At least he has nothing to gain from his attitude.

The wonders and beauties of the region are well known. I secured some photographs, a few of which are reproduced herewith, which can but charm the imagination of Waltonians everywhere, and of all who love God's Out o' Doors. Think if you can of a wild river making its way with many a rapid and mighty fall, through a veritable wilderness, the last stand of regal white pine timber. That is what one finds on the Reservation. I have run the Wolf from Post Lake Dam down, that is, where I was not compelled to get out and walk, or hang to the canoe and drag through rapids that clutched at legs and arms. It is just one rapid after another, with short breathing places between. There are falls like Big Eddy, and Smokey, that no man in his senses would think of running. Close to the Indian village of Keshena, is Keshena Falls. Then there is the Dells, where the narrowed river rushes through pressing walls of rock, growling and roaring in anger. That is to name only a few of the wonderful spots along the river.



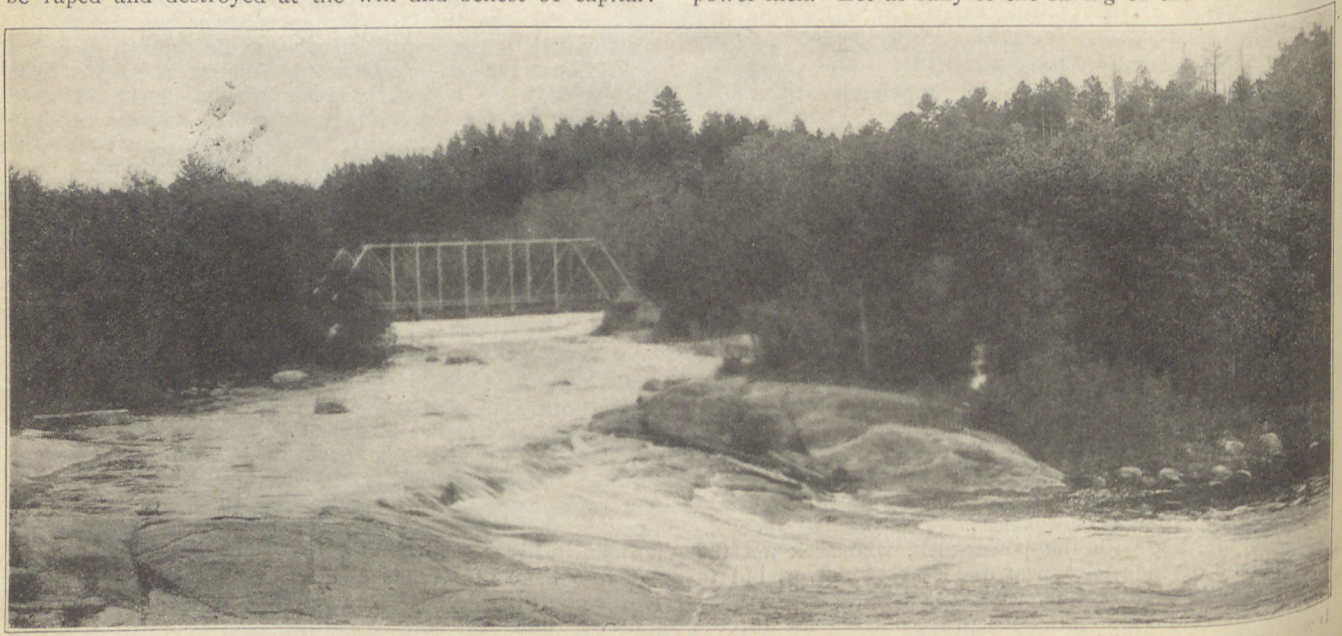
Smokey Falls, where Indian spirits walk in the gloom and where the builders plan a huge dam.

Now comes a power company, seeking to construct dams at every strategic point. Already a contract is let, I understand, for the building of a dam just above the city of Shawano, which will back the water up to the very foot of Keshena Falls. Of course one is to be erected over the latter falls. Big Smokey is to be buried beneath a gigantic structure of concrete, as High Falls on the Peshtigo was sacrificed. Big Eddy Falls too is marked for spoliation. Instead of the wild water, singing in glee as it ribbons the red rock with filmy white lace, will come into being concrete dams, and silent, mournful lakes, above which loons will cry dolorously.

Did you ever fish the upper Wolf? If you have you will remember the rush of brook trout in that fast water, the puzzling leap of the small mouth bass as he battles against the bending fly-rod, for trout and bass are both taken up there. It is a natural stream for both. With a bit of care and protection, there will be fishing for years to come, forever, if we guard the rights of the people now. I mean just that, THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE. The power company is talking grandiloquently of "rights." The Federal Water Power Commission, sitting outside the state of Wisconsin, is talking about "rights." Have the people of the state of Wisconsin and of the Middle West, no "inalienable rights" in matter of beauty? Is Nature to be raped and destroyed at the will and behest of capital? Can we not preserve here in the Middle West one wild river-bed—wild and beautiful beyond the power of pen or camera to describe—forever to posterity?

All honor to the Shawano chapter of the Izaak Walton League for the bold fight it is carrying on, in the face of unimaginable criticism and vilification, seeking to render a real service to posterity. The state of Wisconsin is becoming aroused, but that is not enough. The Middle West must come to the aid of the Wisconsin nature lovers. The suggestion of the Shawano Chapter the other day was that a strip of wilderness, a mile wide upon either side the Wolf, be set aside as a National Park, from which I know they felt how inadequate and impotent were their efforts in face of the vested interests. Cannot something be done to help out? Cannot the great Izaak Walton League that saved the Winnesheik, come to the rescue of the last stand of wild water in the Middle West?

Oh, canoe-lovers, when the last fast stream has been sacrificed on the altar of Mammon, when you are weary paddling around in ponds, where will you go for the thrill and zest that comes only from doing battle with wild, untamed, unharnessed waters? It does not seem possible that Wisconsin and the Middle West are going to permit this crime of the century, and be fooled by the specious arguments of the power-men. Let us rally to the saving of the Wolf River.



Keshena Falls, where the canoeist feels the thrill and zest of battling with unharnessed waters.

Golden Trails

By
PHILIP KINSLEY

THE record of a walking and packing trip in the High Sierras of California, over the King's Canyon trail from Giant Forest, the John Muir trail through Evolution Basin, and the Mono trail to Lake Huntington.

A day by day account of trail and fishing and what happened to outfit of clothing and bedding and the food carried in a 40-pound pack for twenty days out of touch of civilization.

Preliminary Notes, made June 29, 1926

THIS is a stormy afternoon at Bright Angel camp, on the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river in Arizona. This morning I walked along the rim trail and drank again the high forest wine, smelled again the odor of pine sap in the hot noonday sun, and felt the peculiar charm which high and desolate places have ever held for me. I have never cared for the luxuriant moods of nature as seen in the tropics, but ever the lonely moor, the barren, wind-swept hill, thin and struggling soil and the lonely lakes of the north country.

In contemplating this walking trip in the High Sierra country of California, I have in mind the need of hardship that comes after years of city life, the deep need of the mountains. And now the opportunity has come to go alone over the John Muir Trail in the High Sierras, a trail that winds along the crest of the mountains from Mt. Whitney to Yosemite Valley, at an altitude averaging about 9,000 feet. It is not necessary to go north when one goes high.

One of the canyons that I hope to see is named after Joseph LeConte, naturalist and teacher. I have been reading one of his earlier works, "Religion and Science," and I would remember the thought of this passage as I go alone into the hills that he loved:

"If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

LeConte, King, Muir, heroes of the geological survey, poets and writers of the Sierra club, have blazed this way and left a shining trail along Evolution Valley.

Great scientists and teachers and brave men. I am eager to follow a little ways in their footsteps. But it is a hard way. Muir was content with a single blanket, a loaf of bread and a little tea. He would make his home among the stars, along the glacial slopes, in the shelter of a juniper bush, perhaps, careless of physical comfort.

My own preparations have been more elaborate. I have been reading and outfitting during the spring months in Chicago, and now am ready. I shall describe my outfit and give a faithful report of my adventure. The clothing is as follows:

High boots of Buck-Hecht California make, army last, studded with small nails and broken in before starting.

Three pairs heavy woolen socks, five pairs of light weight army cashmere socks. The light ones to be worn next the skin.

One heavy-weight woolen shirt, red checked. One medium weight woolen lumberjack, sheepskin moccasins for camp wear.

Silk neck handkerchief, two bandanas.

Old felt hat and woolen trousers cut in riding shape.

In pockets, compass, knife, waterproof matchsafe, tobacco pouch.

For packsack of Duluth type, made of waterproofed material, with outside flap pockets: Two sets of trail maps in waterproof packets, marble handaxe, whetstone, vest-pocket camera, note book, films, extra flies, leaders, reel, line, first aid pack, snake antidote, toilet articles, small repair kit for clothing, boy scout mess kit, extra knife, extra pipe, waterproof packs of tobacco, mosquito bar, headnet, gloves, soap, extra matches, fishing rod outside pack.

The ration list has been difficult, as the pack must be kept as closely as possible to 40 pounds. I estimate the trip at 23 or 25 days from Giant Forest, my starting point, and food must be carried for this.

The food list is as follows: Bacon, 5 pounds; flour, 2½ pounds; egg powder, 2 cans; raisins, 1 pound; chocolate, 2 large cakes; sugar, small bottle of tablets; coffee, 100 cups Washington brand; tea, 1 box tablets; Swedish rye crackers, 1 large package; lemon powder; Ebwurst soup, 2 packages; beef tea cubes; concentrated potatoes; lentils; carrots; onions; salt.

I plan to go by stage across California to Giant Forest, altitude 6,000, where the automobile road ends, and plunge from there into the forest, picking up the John Muir Trail at the south fork of King's River. There are several high passes to cross, but I have assurances from the government ranger station at this forest that the snow has melted early this season and that the passes are open. The trail is marked, and in addition I have my survey maps and compass.

My bed problem was solved by getting an eiderdown bag, weighing about four pounds, with an outer bag, or comfort pocket, made of heavier, waterproof material. In addition I have a small air mattress, made to fit where the hips rest. This weighs two pounds, the outer bag about six. All this is rolled up into a compact bundle, to fit on top of the pack sack, where the fishing rod also is to rest.

July 3, 1926

IN camp at Marble fork of the Kaweah river, six miles from Giant Forest. In a day I have come out of the hot desert country, by stage and foot, to this cool and quiet spot, a clean camp by the river, under great trees. A crackling in the brush attracted my attention a few minutes ago, and as I looked up a doe bounded into view. She stopped to look at my new home and seemed very tame. She decided that all was well and a few seconds later her tiny, spotted fawn came out of the brush at her heels.

My fire is smouldering sweetly. No mosquitoes.

The first mile or two on the trail, uphill from the main camp in Giant Forest, were hard to my unaccustomed back, where the 45-pound pack rested. I threw in the last few pounds recklessly, as it all seemed so heavy that a little

more would not matter, and I do not see at this time just what can be thrown away. I am afraid I am to learn that "essentials," as listed by the woods experts, are not always essential.

At first, on the trail, I had to stop and rest every ten minutes, and my heart was pounding with the effort, but after an hour or so I began to get the swing of the trail again and was able to lift my mind to the beauties all around me in this sequoia wilderness.

I made my obeisance to General Sherman, "oldest of living things," and felt as though I was in the presence of a real king. This tree has the look of extreme age in its trunk and bark, yet the living top is green and vivid.

This tree was old when Christ taught in Palestine. It is older than the pyramids, older than civilization. It takes one back to the childhood of the world, and mixes well with the sweat of the trail and the flood of new beauty that pours over the traveler in this forest.

It is growing darker under these trees as I write and the birds are singing their goodnight songs. The river makes the undertone. It is eight years since I have bathed in the majesty of these hills and trees, and sat by these mountain streams, yet it seems as though it was yesterday. Everything seems the same here, yet I know that ceaseless change is going on, that nature is ever weaving new patterns, building a richer, deeper soil, breaking through old crusts, reaching to sun and water for new life.

July 4, 6 a. m.

WAKENED at 3.30 this morning. The birds were just beginning to chirp again. The eiderdown bed was a trifle too warm for this altitude—had to open it and take off some clothes. The air mattress a great success, and all the hardness of the earth softened around the hips. Up at 4 o'clock, and while starting a fire and putting over water for coffee a deer came down the trail, stopped, turned her black, stubby tail toward me and went to feeding on a bush. A little later a mother deer and two fawns came by. The babies scampered away at sight of me. A robin stopped and told me to leave some crumbs for him. I will not leave many, for the ranger informed me yesterday that it is 25 days travel to Yosemite from here, and I have no place to get food on the way.

The sun is touching the lower levels of the valley now. I have a hard, uphill trail ahead, but I am here. That is the great fact that I can hardly realize. Forgot to say prayers last night, but every hour in this Sierra paradise seems a song and a benediction.

6.40 a. m. at Willow Meadow

PASSED three deer, one pack train party and reached bench mark 7200. The trail has a certain reward. It is inexorable, like life and duty, and one must keep on. To turn aside means a lost way. To stop means so much lost. My shoulders are very tender where the straps run. Snap! A big buck just bounded across this meadow.

9.20 a. m.

I MUST be getting toward Clover creek divide, judging from time, streams crossed and altitude. The breakfast of wheat hearts boiled, milk from powder, and coffee, is holding out well. Had a bite of chocolate at a spring here. Ice cold water every half mile, also frequent rocks that seem waiting to take the pack from my shoulders. My upgrade pace has been about two miles an hour. Have to stop every few minutes to let the blood cool and the heart stop pounding. The worst part was a climb of about 1,000 feet out of Silliman creek, up through thick madrones, in the sun and dust. Two pack trains passed, both bound my way.

What a relief to get away from crowds and automobiles. Those in machines look with pitying smile upon the walker. They cannot come here. This little meadow must be about 9,000 feet high. Birds and butterflies are going about among the trees and flowers. The paint brush is bright, and there is some kind of a tall tiger lily here, with honeysuckle, a tall, blue flower and daisies. The trees are getting thinner and smaller. No sequoia here, but silver and yellow pine abound.

11.30 a. m.

OVER the divide at last and down to Clover creek, a small, ice cold stream that would seem a home for the trout that I must begin to depend upon for food. Altitude, 9,000.

This is about the limit for me today. My right leg has been hurting with the unaccustomed strain and needs a rest. Kings river, the south fork, the first great goal of the trip, is 24 miles from here. Rest and a little fishing this afternoon.

4 p. m.

RAIN threatened for an hour, but it is now clear. Mosquitoes quite bad, especially when fishing, and I got out my headnet and found it useful. Saw a porcupine and caught three trout, 6 or 7 inch ones, for supper. Caught one with golden band on each side of belly and a single row of pink spots on each side, said to be a cross between the golden trout and the spotted, or eastern brook trout.

July 5, Written in Rain

NEAR Rowell meadow on Sugarloaf creek. Caught a few small fish for luncheon. The night was fairly comfortable, although still a little warm in the bag. Met the Hudsons of San Francisco, traveling to the South Fork with two burros. They gave me a few raisins and some tea and this morning, as my shoulders were galled from straps, they took my bed roll; weighing about 11 or 12 pounds, and strapped it on one of the burros.

Started for J. O. Pass at 6 and by noon had come close to Rowell, a large grazing meadow where pack trains stop. Had lunch here. A slice of bread from my neighbors tasted better than any bread in years. The bacon also has a new and delicious flavor. The camp last night, I learn, was only 8,500 and J. O. Pass is 9,400. From there we dropped down past lovely green meadows, terraced gardens, resting frequently by the trail and listening to the songs of many birds.

Have now come 16 miles from Giant Forest, and up 4,000 feet. Mosquitoes up here rather bad and was bitten by ants last night.

4 p. m.

LOST my way for two hours this afternoon and found myself on Roaring River trail instead of King's Canyon. This is depressing, as it means two hours more trail work without the strength which going forward into new country gives one. Met a packer and found I must return to Rowell meadow and make a fresh start or I would never make the river, as there is no trail from Roaring river into

Commendation from a Renowned Outdoorsman and Writer

Referring to the Izaak Walton League in his last book, The Delectable Mountains, Struthers Burt says—"This League has gathered up the waste efforts and harmful tendencies of the times—the tendency to organize for purely selfish ends or for no end at all—and is directing them toward an unselfish and beautiful end. This is not a club of big-game hunters or amateurs or experts, but a League of plain men thinking correctly. I will watch it with interest. It has given me a vision."

King's and the map shows a rough country there. Picked up the signs again at the ranger cabin on the edge of the meadow, the last outpost of government and civilization in these parts. My right leg is kicking up again, but decided to go on a few miles. No deer since morning, when two doe and a buck came out of the woods and sniffed my breakfast smoke.

6 p. m.

CROSSED Mervin Pass, altitude 9,400, after a new start from the meadow. This is good progress and a lift of the spirit followed the first view of the guardian peaks of King's river, which came into view toward evening. Camped on a bench by a small stream. The slope in front is steep and green. About sunset a band of coyotes howled and barked in thrilling chorus in the bare hills to the east. Came about 13 miles today, but was not too tired to enjoy the evening in camp, sitting by the fire, smoking the good night pipe as dusk piles up in the hills and the camp fire blazes brightly. Have seen only one party today, the San Francisco people, who are camped nearby. They have decided to make a bed roll out of tent and blankets, in the hope of sleeping warmer and spent an hour cutting boughs for their mattress.

July 6, Tuesday

SLEPT from 9 p. m. until 4 a. m. Coyotes made the rock walls and the valley ring this morning with their sunrise chorus. They seemed to be lamenting that night, their hunting time, was over. While the sun was gilding the upper branches of the pines and firs that surround this little meadow—christened Anna Jane by my neighbors—I lay still and listened to the bird songs. There is one bird that has three simple notes, the first a rising note of piercing sweetness, the second part three descending trills, and the last a note of sustained and meditative sadness.

There is something homelike about this country. Muir says that going to the mountains is like going home and I feel ancient responses and appreciations that could not come from experience in this life. Perhaps I lived here as a Cro-Magnon man or an Indian in some previous incarnation. Or, it may be the vestige of racial memory. I feel a sense of a friendly wilderness, yet that is based, probably, on my pack and the food there, and shelter. Beyond that, I know, is something cruel.

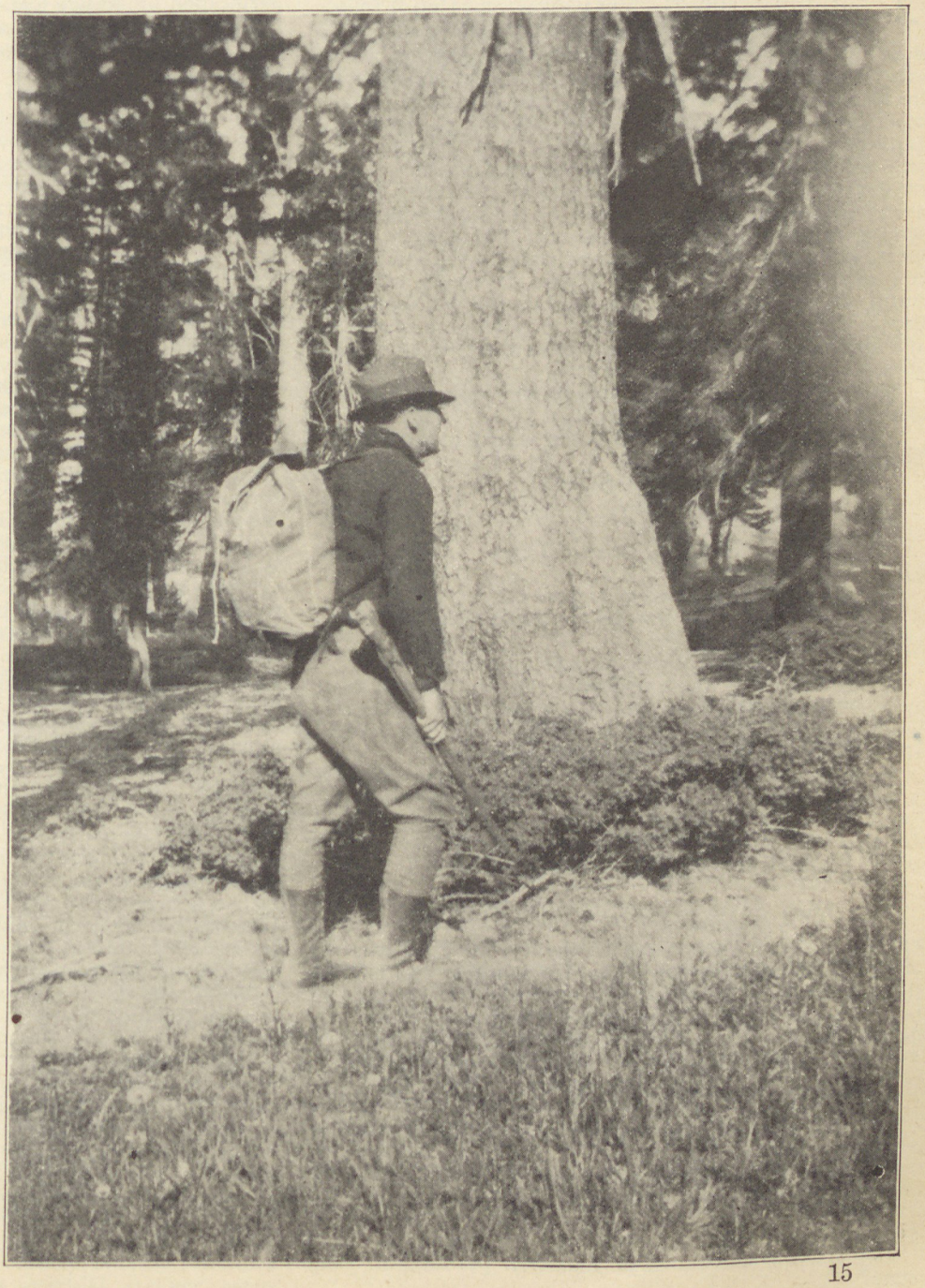
I shall throw away my hatchet soon. It is an extra pound and seldom needed, for there is firewood everywhere in the mountains, merely for the picking up. One need wander only a few feet from camp to get wood for the night.

Away at 7 a. m., which is quite late for this country. Down along the deep cool trail, past a series of emerald meadows about half a mile apart. Plenty of deer signs, but saw no animals. This is out of the protected park district. There are many eyes peering at me, I know, but I see nothing of the wild life of the forest.

At last the south canyon of the great King's river comes into view through the trees, and at every bend grows larger. It is a gigantic wall of rock sweeping into view, the north wall. Beyond it are the snow peaks of the heart of the Sierras. This is the "big country" of Stewart Edward White, and over to the right, winding among the dim hills, is the Muir trail, which I hope to make in about two days.

To be Continued.

Philip Kinsley is acknowledged as one of the greatest newspaper reporters in America. He is the star feature writer of the Chicago Tribune, and is given the most important assignments both in the United States and in Europe. His "Golden Trails" proves he is also a true lover of the outdoors.



POLLUTION

Edited by DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

Cartoon by William Schmedtgen

A problem of nation wide importance which the Izaak Walton League of America is pledged to solve

Get Busy, I.W.L.A. Chapters!

By Dr. William D. Hatfield

THE Pollution Bureau of your league is obtaining a large amount of information regarding the pollution of the inland waters and lakes of the United States. Two hundred chapters of the league have sent in their questionnaires. These questionnaires have in almost every instance been most completely filled out and we wish to thank these chapters for their splendid work. Many other chapters have written that their questionnaires will be forthcoming in the immediate future. We urge the chapters not to delay in filling out these questionnaires. Most of the questions regarding the polluted conditions can be answered best by your knowledge of the condition of the stream during low water. Your city engineer, in many cases, can furnish you with approximate widths and depths of the rivers at low and high water, if you do not know them. Do it now! There is no need to wait for a sunshiny day to determine how badly the river stunk last August or for how many years the fish have been driven from your stream.

The questionnaire looks impressive and difficult, but it is simple—all we are really after is:

(1) Can you fish and swim in the waters in your neighborhood?

(2) If not, how are they polluted?

(3) Is it your city sewage?

(4) Is it industrial waste?

(5) Approximately, how wide and deep is your river at high and low water?

(6) What is the population of your city?

(7) Does it have a sewage treatment plant?—Does it work?

(8) What kinds of industries pollute your stream?

Sit down, answer these questions and fire them in to us as soon as possible, then later if you get a lot of scientific information send it too. DO NOT PUT OFF ANSWERING THE SIMPLE QUESTIONS NOW.

As each questionnaire comes in we place a colored pin in a large United States map, indicating if the reported pollution is strong, moderate, very moderate or none. Some day that map will be printed—let there be no blank spaces where Izaak Walton League Chapters are located.

OUR STATE BOARDS OF HEALTH

THE Pollution Bureau has written the state departments of Health, Conservation, etc., for pollution information. In most all cases the various departments have referred us to the State Boards of Health for the information. To date we have received information from the departments of 41 states, and we have rather complete data from thirty-two states. The information we have asked for is as follows:

(1) What is the total population in your state that is served by sewers?

(2) How many cities have Sewage Disposal Plants, and what total population do they serve?

(3) By difference, what is the total urban population of your state that dumps its raw sewage and filth in the river?

(4) What is the status of industrial pollution in your state?

Quite a number of the state departments were able to answer these in full. Quite a few more were fairly complete. Many departments, however, do not have the necessary appropriations to carry on pollution surveys or authority over sewage purification plants.

It is the duty of each Waltonian to see that the State Departments of Health, Conservation, etc., get sufficient authority and appropriations to carry on the important work of pollution surveys, and to make recommendations for purification of sewage and wastes. Your Pollution Bureau has already aided seven state departments in anti-pollution bills, and increased appropriation for stream pollution studies.

The data obtained above will be published as soon as it is relatively complete. You can then see just where your state stands in the pollution list.

WHAT THE SURVEY IS SHOWING

COMPLETE and accurate data on pollution and its sources are almost impossible to obtain except in very limited areas or small sections of certain streams. Nevertheless we are assembling data that is sufficiently accurate to give a qualitative idea of the relative intensity of pollution in our various states.

In three or four of our thickly populated and highly industrial states, where pollution is in the most advanced stages, it is a question whether untreated sewage or industrial waste pollution is the larger offender. For example, in New York state the sewage of over 7,500,000 people is dumped into the waters of the state without treatment. This figure of course includes New York City which dumps its sewage into the Harbor. If we do not include New York City the industrial pollution in New York State probably is as great a factor in pollution as the sewage. In Pennsylvania and Illinois the urban population without sewage treatment of any kind is between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000. In Pennsylvania the industrial pollution is probably greater than the human pollution, while in Illinois the industrial pollution is probably less than that of the domestic sewage. When the Chicago Sanitary District completes its construction program the Illinois population load will be reduced to a much lower figure. Massachusetts and Michigan have an untreated domestic sewage population of 2,000,000 to 3,000,000. In Massachusetts the Boston sewage is pumped into salt water, thus making the inland water pollution about 1,000,000 population. When the Detroit sewage plant is complete Michigan will have a more creditable figure.

The following states have untreated sewage from a population between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000: New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri and California. There are about 15 other states with untreated sewage from over one half a million people polluting their streams.

The above rough data show what a tremendous factor sewage pollution plays in the problem of purifying our streams. If we are able to get sewage purification plants in all our cities and villages the pollution load on our streams would be cut more than half in the industrial centers, and more than three quarters in the less industrial centers.

Methods of treatment for domestic sewage are well worked out. There is no reason to delay construction of sewage treatment plants. In some states cities are bonded to their limit, and the financing of sewage treatment costs are difficult. This should not be a problem, for in some states an order from the State Board of Health carries additional bonding power for sewage treatment. In other states Sanitary Districts may be formed, under separate

laws, with bonding and extra taxation powers to cover the cost of construction and operation. If your state does not have such laws the Izaak Walton League Chapters should support such laws to provide methods of financing treatment projects.

I am not neglecting the necessity of treating industrial wastes. These wastes are usually much stronger than domestic sewage, and are much more detrimental where they exist. Methods of treatment of some industrial wastes are well known, and should be installed immediately. Many types of industrial wastes when mixed with the city sewage are easily treated in the city sewage plant. However, there are a number of wastes which can be only partially purified at the present time. The strength and volume of these wastes can be greatly reduced by the use of recovery devices and by careful and efficient operation of the processes.

Industry should not hesitate to do everything possible to reduce its waste even though methods for complete treatment are not now worked out. The installation of save-all devices, screens, and settling tanks should go in *now* while research on final and complete treatment is in progress.

In all fairness, there are a few cases where experiments on complete recovery of the waste as a profitable by-product are under way. In such cases it is to the benefit of all to wait a reasonable time for results.

In the January, 1927, issue I drew up a motto for our anti-pollution campaign which was:

(1) Adequately designed and efficiently operated sewage disposal plants for every municipality.

(2) The recovery or purification of all industrial wastes before they enter our streams or lakes.

Pollution by Useful Substances

By V. E. Shelford

WASTES from mining and industrial operations are often of value *if recovered*. Their real value to the community is their worth in dollars and cents as recovered products plus the damage they do to the community if *not recovered*. In many cases the cost of recovery may be paid and a profit made by the sale of the recovered products. In other cases the community would have to subsidize the recovery and charge it to the damage which might be caused by turning the waste products into the streams.

Industrial wastes are numerous and have been less often preserved in America than elsewhere. Tar is an important waste substance. At one time coal-tar was considered a nuisance in gas-making, difficult to handle and difficult to dispose of. Tar is to be looked upon as the prize among waste products. It is unlikely that anything furnishing such an enormous number of useful substances will again be found nor can the enormous wastage of them in America be repeated again. The number of chemists who have investigated this substance is, of course, enormous. It was in 1856 that Sir William Perkin produced the first dye to be made in large quantity. He was a successful business man as well as a chemist, and built and operated a dye factory in England.

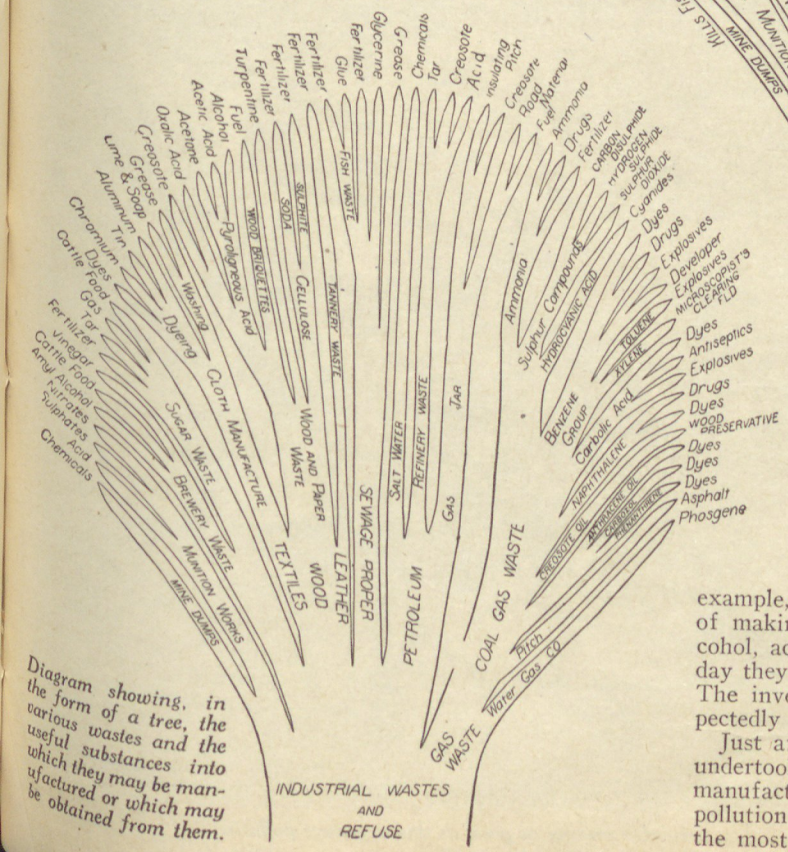


Diagram showing, in the form of a tree, the various wastes and the useful substances into which they may be manufactured or which may be obtained from them.

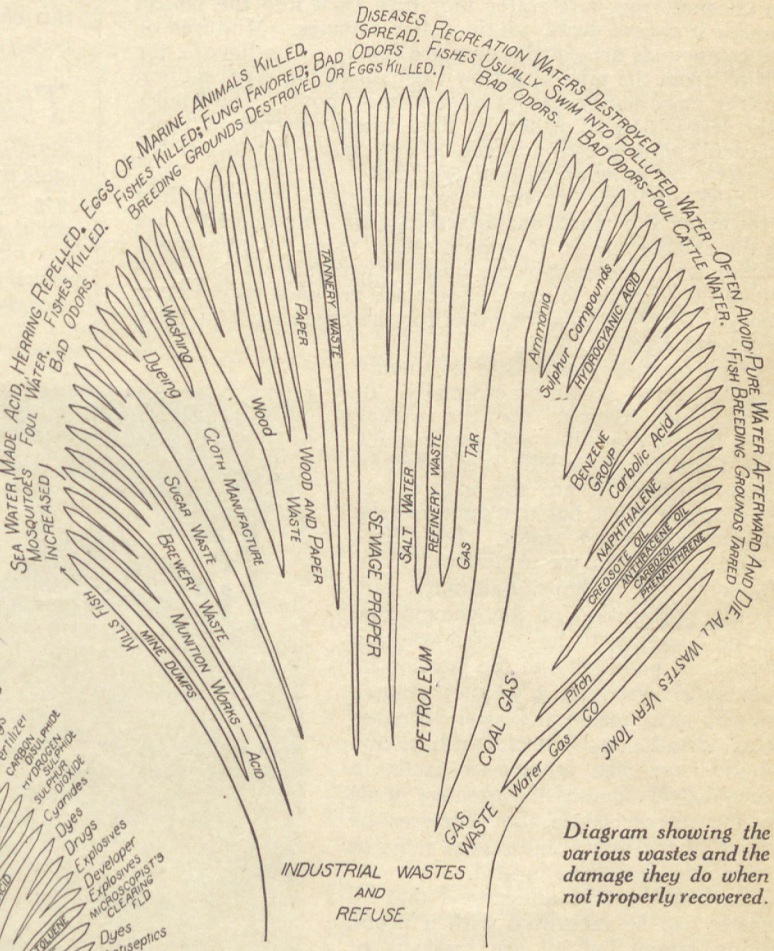


Diagram showing the various wastes and the damage they do when not properly recovered.

There are numerous interesting cases of waste products that have proved gold mines to men who have found ways of turning them into something useful. The volatile substances given off in the making of charcoal from wood, for example, have become very important. In the old way of making charcoal all these valuable products (wood alcohol, acetone, acetic acid, etc.) were entirely lost, but today they are the most important of the substances obtained. The investigation of waste materials often leads to unexpectedly valuable ends.

Just after the beginning of the European war the writer undertook the investigation of the effects of wastes from the manufacture of illuminating gas upon fishes. This form of pollution is common in the streams and is probably one of the most important on account of the extremely poisonous

character of the coal tar compounds. The most valuable compounds are most poisonous. Benzene, xylene, toluene are used in making explosives and hence of much value, and at the same time they are the most poisonous compounds occurring in the wasted gas liquor in the gas plants. These substances are usually referred to as insoluble and hence likely to be regarded as not of importance in causing the death of fishes. All, however, are slightly soluble in distilled or ordinary stream water. The amount going into solution readily kills the best food fishes in a few minutes. Tarry material holds much of these substances in solution and continually gives it off. Carbon monoxide is one of the most poisonous substances in gas and remains in standing water exposed to the air and continues to kill fishes for weeks. Naphthalene (moth balls) is extremely poisonous, commonly called insoluble, but is soluble enough to kill fishes very quickly. Representatives of nearly all the groups of compounds found in coal tar and gas liquor are deadly to fishes and 90 per cent. of the deadly compounds do not repel fishes. When they encounter these compounds, they do not turn back but swim into them. Afterward on encountering pure water they turn back into the poison though it causes death within a few minutes. Mixtures of the compounds are equally or more deadly. Gas liquors, tar "drip" from the pipes are very toxic: 2-40 parts per million kill the more hardy species of fish in an hour. The wholesale destruction of fishes by these wastes occurs at times especially during cold winters. *The remedy for this is the complete recovery of all coal products.*

These coal tar products are commonly thrown into streams by the plants manufacturing gas for domestic use in the smaller towns, in spite of their value. These plants cannot work the substances over. There are no plants to which they can be shipped. Some are not even enterprising enough to create a local market for the crude tar as a fence post preservative.

Some of the other wastes commonly thrown into streams especially in mountainous regions are the wastes from mines, ore mills, and paper mills. One finds this especially mentioned in West Virginia where the natural resources are great but the same is true in numerous other states. See "Naturalist's Guide to the Americas" 1926, Williams and Wilkins, Baltimore, Md. In the preparation of the volume one of the questions to be covered was the amount of pollution and the location of unpolluted waters. A second volume now in preparation will deal with the local details and considerations and should cover the freshwater fauna in some detail. One of the greatest needs is for research into the processes by which these waste substances may be made into something useful.

It should not be understood that all wastes can be recovered with a profit. Many cannot but all are products of some industry. As Prof. Ward aptly states "A dairy produces milk and butter and also manure." The community requires that the manure be disposed of even if it is at a loss. It is a useful substance which the community cannot afford to waste. Losses in its disposal if such occur are wisely charged to the users of milk and butter.

Dr. William D. Hatfield, well known authority on all problems of water purification and sewage treatment, will continue his articles in the May issue of Outdoor America.

Two Successful Anti-Pollution Efforts

DURING the year 1926, after a long battle with the biggest concern in the city, the Wm. McKinley Chapter of the Izaak Walton League at Canton, Ohio, succeeded in clearing their largest stream from the pollution with which it has been contaminated for more than twenty-five years. It was necessary that the firm responsible for the pollution spend many thousands of dollars and provide for disposition of acid at an expense of $54,000.00 annually. The fight against the pollution of this stream is a long story in itself. Suffice to say that the stream which has been a river of filth for many years is now in such condition that moss has appeared on the rocks, and minnows and frogs have made their appearance. In the near future this chapter hopes to stock it and make it again a decent place for the boys to fish and swim.

THE Izaak Walton League Chapter at Chadwicks, N. Y., reports that its bleachery, the largest concern of its kind in New York State, has finally installed the last machinery to take care of the dye refuse that was formerly being dumped into the Sauquoit Creek. To their distinct credit be it said that for over a year the chemists and management of the bleachery have been working with the Izaak Walton League to eliminate the source of this stream pollution.

Another menace as great as this is sewage pollution.

The Battle *at* Blue Rocks

Being the account of an ichthyic battle in which Yeremy, the Pole, performed the leading role, the angler acting merely as a foil

By O. W. SMITH

Author of "Trout Lore," etc.

Illustrations by E. J. Lund

WHY is it Fate is such a fickle jade? Now for years I have been fishing a water in which leviathan is found, but never have I been permitted to land a prize-winner. More than once I have had a monster all but in my hands, in my net even, and I have seen myself selecting the rod offered by some one for the largest rainbow, but always Fate, Luck, or whatever it is, has intervened. But let me spin my latest yarn, and you shall judge, and I trust sympathize.

I own a trout stream. I want you to note I did not say possess. A man may own things he does not possess and possess things he does not own. It is the man alone who understands and appreciates who owns. So while I have no exact proprietary rights in the Sioux River, no legal title to the land through which it makes its tortuous way from the high hills back inland to the unquiet waters of Lake Superior, I own the stream. Have I not been spending my summers with it for lo, these many years, until I am familiar with its every mood and whim, intimately acquainted with its every fall, rapid, and deep smiling pool? I have lived with it, fair weather and foul, day and night, for something like—well, never mind how many years, for mere years do not measure the passage of time. I have come to believe that the river looks for me each summer, and I know I am always counting the days from one vacation to the next.

Last summer I was in a fever of impatience until I could get to my river. It was a hot, late July afternoon, when the jerk-water train paused at the box-car hesitation station long enough to let me down, bag and baggage. Shoulders unused to pack-straps were soon arched into the grinding leather, and I was away upstream. The few farmers I met were glad to see me, for they have come to know me as something other than a mere taker of fish. It was not long before my little tent was set up on the point of a sand-spit that poked a moist finger ticklingly into the side of the river, doubling it up in mirth. Not a good place for a camp in case of a mid-summer cloud-burst, but wonderfully satisfactory to one who was sick of the sounds and noises of men.

Across the river from the little green tent nestling inconspicuously amid the willows, the red and purple-blue rocks lifted themselves majestically. Purple-blue above the water, changing to a brick red farther up. I never saw more entrancing colors anywhere. Over all, heavy green trees, quaking asp whispering love nothings and majestic white pine, calm and serene, lifting proud heads. An artist friend of mine once visited the spot upon my urgent request, and caught the wonderful colors with his ready brush, a painting which hangs above my desk as I write. The swift current rushing off under the beetling cliff, has worn a deep hole in the solid rock. This is something that wandering anglers do not realize when they pass up and down the river in quest of rainbow and brown wanderers from across the sea.

Always that pool, which I have named Red Rock Pool, shelters some good fish, many of which have come to my waiting net; others, the more mighty, of course, have gone their free way. The very conformation of the pool makes an ichthyic battle unequal, the odds being all in favor of the fish. There is no more than three yards of open water along the rocks, while back and beneath no one knows how broad and deep is the hole. The trout that take up their abode in the darksome pool, soon learn the advantages offered by the sharp rock-edge as a frayer of lines.

That is the pool as I found it last year. I noted with some concern a wire fence spanning the river two or three rods below the pool, for my plan has always been to coax and force the big fellows out of the pool and down into open water below, where my chances were at least better than in Red Rock Pool. Then I remembered that Yeremy the Pole had taken up or purchased a forty of land on either side the river, the fence meaning he was pasturing my river, or rather, the rough, wild land through which it flowed. For an instant I saw red, for so it has been with all my cherished wilderness spots—the settler has destroyed them. Economically justifiable I suppose, but why must it be? Oh, well, Yeremy is a good fellow, though he does not own the land he possesses, and never will. When he has made a farm out of the wilderness and blasted out the ledge for building material, he will not know what he has destroyed.

Yeremy, the Pole—a sportsman in the making.

"Yeremy pointed excitedly towards the upper end of the pool."

After I had my camp arranged, a bit of browse cut for a bed, and fire-wood enough for the night, I strung up my fly-rod and got ready for serious business. I take all the time in the world to get ready to fish, knowing that anticipation is truly as enjoyable as participation, doubt it who will. My rod was light, 3½ ounces, too light for the sort of fish one sometimes hooks off under the rock, great lusty rainbow that spend their winters, growing fat, in the blue waters of Lake Superior itself. Doubt it? Well, you can. I *know*. I employ light tackle because I enjoy using it, then too, it gives me a reasonable excuse for losing so many worth-while fish. My fishing friends are continually wanting to know why I don't try a heavier rod. I counter with the suggestion that they had better use a cane pole or hand line. Anyway, there is great sport in fighting leviathan with a fairy wand, even though leviathan gets away.

With everything in readiness and apple pie order, I took my position on the very end of the sand pit, where I could dominate the whole front of the rock, the edge of the stone being marked by a line of foam, the spewings of the falls above. Now, no one at all acquainted with the ways of trout need be told that that line of foam, the edge of the rock, is the hunting ground of hungry trout. So I sent my cast, a single Royal Coachman, to land a foot or so in front of the foam, and in the current. Grasped by the water and thrown into the foam, into and down, for there is no dry-fly fishing in such a place, the fly was promptly seized, the hook set and the battle joined. It was only a pound rainbow, but in that environment and on such tackle a pound rainbow can render a good account of himself. More than once I was tempted to believe he would sever the leader on the sharp stone before I could coax him out; but fates were kind, and at last I lead him into my net, a fresh, sparkling, clean-run, silver-sides. On my knee I received him into the landing-net and lifted him from the water.

"Good fish. Good rod. Good fishing," said a voice behind me.

There stood Yeremy, the Pole, dark, swarthy, ragged, grinning from ear to ear in friendliness.

"How do you do, Yeremy," I greeted, for while I am sorry to have my river despoiled, I can't blame the Pole.

"Do fine," he replied. "Going to make a farm here some day. You want to look out yet, for you may hook something there you can't handle."

"What do you mean, Yeremy?" I asked, sensing immediately that the Pole had a story to tell.

"Big fish, so long," he said, stretching wide his arms as though measuring the ultimate muskellunge. "Yellow trout that will weigh as much as some dogs. I seen him twice when I came down after the cows: seen him splashing on top of the water, eating flies. Set a line for him two nights but no catch him. He very wise fish, I think. Not safe to set lines any more for game warden don't like it. Don't know why, but he don't, say he send me to jail if I do. If you get him on"—I presumed he meant the fish and not the game warden—"he will smash that little stick of yours sure. Like see it done."

"Hang around, Yeremy, and maybe you will have your wish. Came down after your cows, didn't you? Well, then according to your own story this is the hour when the big trout feeds. You might come in handy if I did hook him."

Here Yeremy interrupted by grabbing my arm, pinching till it hurt, while he pointed excitedly towards the very upper edge of the pool, well above the spot upon which we were standing. I saw a dark, mottled shape in the foam for a second, then as I live, a glimpse of a red-splashed adipose fin. A brown trout of unbelievable proportions. An old warrior from the big lake undoubtedly, perhaps seeking insect food, cooler water, or maybe urged upward by the pull of unseasonal procreation, for sometimes we find gravid females early in the summer. But such a fish! I marveled much, I who "owned" the stream and thought myself acquainted with its every large brook, silver-sides, and brown.

Of course it was but the work of a split second to send out the tiny Royal Coachman, turning and curving at the utmost tip of the tapered leader. Very small and inadequate it seemed as it disappeared in the gloom of the purple-black rock, striking the frayed edge of the water and disappearing instantly, sucked down by the current. There was no rise, but the line snapped taut with a suddenness that indicated a snag or something more serious. I gave the butt, almost hoping it would prove some bit of driftwood, held prisoner by the current. (Any lover of light tackle will know what I mean.) In response to the butt came a fierce tug and sidewise motion that sent my heart into my throat and set every nerve tingling.

"What y'got? What y'got? Snag, fish, what—what—!" clamored and chattered Yeremy in great excitement, dancing around on the sand as if possessed, reaching out to grab the line in an impulse of helpfulness.

"None o' that!" I roared, adding soberly, "I guess it's your whale all right, but the Lord only knows if we can get him out from under the rock. Don't touch the line, Yeremy, whatever happens. Mind! You do just as I tell you." Then like an ass, I added, "Don't get excited!" When I was never more excited in my life.

Every instinct and habit said, pull, but of course I knew to do so would be suicidal. The only thing was to wait for the move of the fish, and he was woefully backward in manifesting his purpose, as is always the way with overgrown trout. Some angling writers have it that such fish cannot fight, but I know differently. Maybe they are a bit slow in doing things, but that they *can* do them! There was a constant movement of the line, forth and back, a grinding feeling, if you understand what I mean. I knew what it meant, the brown was "boring," trying to free himself of the hook by rubbing his nose against the rocks, so proving his close relationship to the other salmons.

"Quick, Yeremy!" I shouted. "Get a stick and carefully poke down under the rock from above. Watch out that you don't touch my leader!"

"Better poke from below," said my companion, "big trout always runs up stream, and big hole above for him to run to."

"All right, have it your way, but do something almighty quick!" I replied.

Grasping a long stick, some Polander's brush-cut fishing rod which fortunately lay on the sand-bar, Yeremy worked in under the rock from the lower side where the current

rushed out as from below some turbine water-wheel. He was right out in the current, all unmindful of the cold water, working absorbedly and intelligently, something I noticed in spite of my excitement.

He must have touched the fish, for suddenly it shot out from under the over-hanging rock as though flung from a gatling-gun, out and up stream like a meteor flung across a winter sky.

Where the stream emerged from the upper pool it spread out in a broad, shallow, fan-like expanse, and the brown actually wallowed along, dorsal fin and carmine-painted adipose showing clearly.

"I could get 'im now!" exclaimed Yeremy, splashing upward eagerly and reaching for my landing net.

"Not yet, Yeremy, not yet," I said. "We'll land this fish fairly or we'll not land him at all."

"I see what you mean," was Yeremy's reply, "you want make fish played out, or you not take him 'tall. Make him say quit first, is that it?"

"Right you are, old man," said I. "Now, take the net so as to be ready when the time comes. I know I can trust you to play fair."

His swarthy face flushed with pleasure, and he took the extended net into his hands awkwardly, for it was a new implement to him. Just the same, he had the soul of a sportsman, lacking only information and experience. And there are many such men fishing our lakes and streams today, embryonic sportsmen, needing instruction instead of execration and persecution.

Once in the upper pool, broad, open, devoid of snag or menacing rock, the brown took things leisurely, as is often the way of big fish, milling around and around; testing out the strength of line and leader, measuring the pull of the wonderful rod. Of course there were no such processes in the mind of the fish, but it seemed so to me. Never a break from the surface, never a sudden rush or mighty surge, just a steady, sober grind.

"Must be old and worn out, Yeremy," I said.

"No trust him," came the quick answer. "Watch him close, all the time watch. By and by he run like hell. You see!"

As though in response to Yeremy's statement, the brown turned from the upper end of the pool. I thought he was on the point of undertaking the ascension of the upper rapid, a rock filled gorge through which he could not have made his way without smashing everything. He dashed down the length of the pool with the speed of a submarine. Never stopping or hesitating when he reached the foot of the pool, but lumbering and splashing over the shallows, he darted back under the beetling cliff once more. Though this time he had no notion of remaining in the darkness. Ripping the line through the water at the edge of the rock, while I prayed it might not catch on some projecting point, he dashed through and out at the lower end of the bluff. Straight away down stream in the direction of open water, where, as I said at the first, I had vanquished all my big fish in foregoing seasons. But there was a wire fence spanning the river, something that had never been there before, and that worried me. Disaster!

Down, down he went, reached the fence, passing safely under the lower wire which just touched the surface. That meant, of course, passing the rod under the wire too, a trick I succeeded in accomplishing without giving enough slack to allow the brown to cast the hook. I was proud of that feat, though I was filled with wrath at the wire.

In the open water below, the brown kept me fully occupied. He twisted and writhed this way and that, ripping the line here, there and everywhere. Yeremy was right with me, dancing along the rocks, in the water and out of it, shouting encouragement and anathemas as the situation demanded. (Wonderful to have some one along to do the swearing.) Not for a moment did the brown let me rest, for rest was not in his mind. Back up-stream he went, cutting the water like a torpedo. When he reached the trailing wire he was on the surface, and either by accident or purpose, he shot *over* it, turning back down stream, the line hissing as it swung around the wire! Momentarily I expected a tangle and smash. How the tapered leader ever escaped entanglement is beyond my understanding.

"Darn that wire!" exclaimed my companion. A sentiment with which I agreed thoroughly, though I did not think he put it strong enough.

"I fix him. Watch out!" he continued, taking a pair of cutting pliers from his pocket, and nipping the heavy wire just where the line crossed. The things Yeremy said about his wire—for it was *his*, remember—were nuts to me. I know there will never be another barbed wire trailing in the waters of the Sioux River on Yeremy's property.

Twice the fish went up to the over-hanging rocks. Each trip was fraught with danger and excitement, excitement almost too intense to bear. I doubt if I would have been successful had it not been for Yeremy always on hand to help when help was needed most.

Once again the brown took it into his head to visit the hanging rocks, the trip up and under the wire fence being made successfully. Still up stream, up through the shallows, laboring hard to make it, and into the upper pool. He made an abortive attempt to ascend the upper rapids, but he was too spent by this time to succeed. He was in, all in.

In answer to my nod Yeremy slipped the net over his golden body and lifted. The frame snapped off at the throat. The fish fell into the water. The leader parted just at the hook. We both plunged in, grabbing and scrambling, Luck was against us. The brown floated free of the entangling net—he was so large his whole body could not be covered. He slipped through our hands, though our fingers touched him a number of times, and back under the rock.

Yeremy and I stood up, and looked at each other.

"Too bad, Yeremy, too bad," I said.

"Good thing for fish, I guess," was his unexpected answer, proving his right to be called a sportsman.

And I guess it was, at that.

"Yeremy lifted the golden body. The frame snapped!"

What's Happening in Conservation

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

Edited by SETH E. GORDON

National Extension Director I. W. L. A.

Legalized Embezzlement

THERE are now about 10,000,000 hunters and fishermen in the United States. Many of them hunt and fish legally without licenses. The resident hunters and trappers in all states contribute annually a fee of from $1.00 up to $7.50 for the privilege of participating in the chase. Quite a few states collect from $3.00 to $5.00 for a resident statewide hunting license, the State of Washington collecting $7.50 for a statewide license.

Resident fishermen pay from 50c to $3.00 for a license in the majority of the states. In many other states no fishing license is required, and the funds for the fish work are all contributed by the hunters—a decidedly unfair arrangement.

A number of states are issuing hunting and fishing licenses separately, or a combination license at a reduced "club price." Non-residents in every instance are asked to contribute much more liberally for their licenses, the fees for visitors varying greatly and running all the way up to the steep sum of $50.00 in some instances—either a sort of keep-out-please reminder, or a make-the-good-neighbor-pay-the-bill plan.

All told the sum contributed by the hunters, trappers and fishermen in the states runs upwards of $7,500,000 annually, a goodly figure, but in reality only about half as much as should be contributed to conduct the work on a broad comprehensive scale.

In many states it took years of effort to convince the legislature that they should allow the sportsmen to contribute funds with which to conduct the game and fish work. Somehow it just didn't seem possible to the State Solons that men should be asking for permission to contribute money for the promotion of hunting and fishing, to create refuges for wild life, etc.

Practically every dollar paid in for hunting and fishing licenses is now definitely "ear marked," and is supposed to be used only for the purposes for which contributed—more game and fish. But in a few states a form of legalized embezzlement has actually been taking place. In the meantime the sportsmen have sat on the outside looking in, and the game and fish have been disappearing.

One glaring example is the State of Tennessee. The income from licenses and fines is about $80,000 annually. The legislature of that state has been appropriating the paltry sum of $30,000 of this same money to run the game and fish department, the balance being diverted to other state uses.

Another example is the State of Nebraska, where upwards of $175,000 is collected from hunting and fishing licenses each year, and the fish and game work has been receiving only a fraction of that fund. The balance of the sportsmen's money has been going to the general funds of the Commonwealth.

Still other cases might be cited, but the examples given are sufficient. The only way the sportsmen of America can prevent the diversion or improper use of the funds they contribute is to organize every hamlet, town and city into strong militant units to protect their interests.

More New Conservation Officials

A NUMBER of important changes in conservation officials have come to the notice of this department during the past month. Among them are the retirement of Doctor E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey, effective May 9, after a long term of very creditable service, and the appointment of Paul G. Redington of the Federal Forest Service to succeed Doctor Nelson.

Mr. Redington brings to the Biological Survey a wide experience and training which will stand him in good stead. He was formerly an assistant in the Forest Service in charge of Public Relations. Mr. Redington has been succeeded by Major Robert Y. Stuart, former head of the Department of Forests and Waters in Pennsylvania. Major Stuart thus returns to the service which he left when he became connected with the Pennsylvania Department.

From the State of New Mexico comes the announcement of a new Game and Fish Warden in the person of Mr. E. L. Perry, who was the assistant to his predecessor, Mr. Delgado. Mr. Perry and the sportsmen of that state have already developed an ambitious program which it is hoped will materially advance New Mexico's conservation work. Among other things, the program stresses the need for more revenue, protection for bears, and administrative changes which should prove helpful.

In Louisiana, after a rather heated and prolonged controversy, Doctor V. K. Irion, the Commissioner of the Department of Conservation, was ousted and Major Frank T. Payne appointed to succeed him. The conservation work in Louisiana has suffered greatly because of too frequent changes in personnel during the past half dozen years.

Turner E. Hubby, Fish, Game and Oyster Commissioner of Texas, tendered his resignation to Governor Dan Moody effective January 31. In tendering his resignation to the Governor, Commissioner Hubby included a comprehensive resumé of the work accomplished during his administration, the most outstanding of which is the creation of 52 game refuges, a number of new fish hatcheries, and leaving a balance of approximately $400,000 in the game and fish fund for the use of his successor.

Mr. W. J. Tucker, of Longview, Texas, a very capable outdoor enthusiast, has just been appointed to succeed Mr. Hubby as Fish, Game and Oyster Commissioner.

Saving Great Lakes Fisheries

CANADIAN officials and state officers in charge of fish work in the several states, and United States Fish officials, have been co-operating for some years to keep up the fish supply in the Great Lakes. Recently a conference of state officials and representatives from both the United States and Canadian Governments was held at Columbus, Ohio, having been called by Director Charles V. Truax, head of the Ohio Department of Agriculture, to promote a uniform plan for the protection of fish in Lake Erie. Governor Greene of Michigan has called a similar conference to be held in Lansing on March 3.

At the recent conference at Columbus it was pointed out that the annual catch of fish from Lake Erie has been steadily declining because of factors that in a large measure are controllable. It was said that pollution and indiscriminate fishing have contributed largely to the decline from 76,000,000 pounds of fish taken in 1915 to less than 50,000,000 pounds in 1920, and to 38,000,000 pounds in 1926.

The conference agreed that Lake Erie and some of the other lakes are constantly becoming more and more polluted, and that unless the tremendous volume of pollution now being dumped into the lakes is controlled, the fish life of Lake Erie especially is doomed regardless of restrictions which may be placed upon the fishermen.

Plans for uniform legislation controlling commercial fishermen on Lake Erie, and the taking of fish spawn in co-operation with the fishermen were made. At the Columbus conference the Lake Erie International Conservation Council was organized.

Special Elk Commission

AMONG conservationists there has been considerable discussion concerning the size and the future of the southern Yellowstone elk herd which winters largely in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. On several occasions during the past 15 years terrible losses have occurred from starvation. Literally thousands of these noble animals died for lack of food. In addition to the Federal Government haylands, the Izaak Walton League purchased and is maintaining almost 2,000 acres of haylands to help feed the Jackson Hole elk.

The size of this southern herd has been estimated by various agencies at from 25,000 to 32,000 animals. Dall DeWeese, of Canon City, Colorado, in a recent six weeks' study for the League, estimated the total herd at less than 10,000, his full report being published in the March issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. His report was in keeping with the conclusions of various Wyoming Waltonians.

In addition to calling attention to the tremendous discrepancy between this figure and estimates made by representatives of the Federal Government, Mr. DeWeese reports an alarming scarcity of both calves and adult bulls, and makes certain recommendations.

As a result of the agitation from various quarters for a definite program concerning the future administration of this elk herd, the chairman of the President's National Conference on Outdoor Recreation recently announced the selection of a commission which met in Washington on February 28 to determine upon a constructive plan for the administration and conservation of the elk in the vicinity of Jackson Hole.

The following were represented on the commission: Boone and Crockett Club, Charles Sheldon, Chairman; the Izaak Walton League, Seth E. Gordon; the American Game Protective Association, John B. Burnham; the Camp Fire Club of America, O. H. Van Norden; the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, Arthur Ringland; the Governor of Wyoming, W. C. Deloney; ranchers of Jackson Hole, Robert E. Miller; United States Biological Survey, E. A. Goldman; Federal Forest Service, Will C. Barnes; National Park Service, Horace M. Albright; and the General Land Office, F. S. Herbert.

Among others present who gave the commission the benefit of their information and experience were Doctor E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Biological Survey, and his successor, Paul Redington; A. C. McCain, Supervisor of the Teton National Forest, and Almer Nelson, Superintendent of the Government Elk Refuge, both of Jackson, Wyoming; and Irving H. Larom, of Valley, Wyoming.

It was a gathering representing all interests, and was the first time in the history of the Wyoming elk question that all these elements were brought together.

The DeWeese report was presented and discussed at length. While he was given much credit for the work he did, it was stated Mr. DeWeese's count was made at a time (November and December, 1926) when only part of the elk had come down out of the mountains, and that a count completed just prior to the conference showed over 17,000 elk instead of less than 10,000, as reported by Mr. DeWeese. Of these 17,000 elk, over 8,300 were said to have been carefully counted at close range on the feeding grounds near Jackson and immediately adjacent on February 21. The balance were counted over a wide area throughout the region. The percentages of bulls and calves on the feeding grounds were also said to be considerably better than found by Mr. DeWeese.

It was reported that larger numbers of the original Jackson Hole herd are yearly drifting both to the eastward and to the westward into Idaho.

Due to a wide variance in figures, a complete co-operative recount during the first half of March was ordered. It was claimed still more elk may be located.

The Commission also recommended:

1. Maintenance of the herd at not more than 20,000 elk, purchase of additional haylands, and withdrawal of contiguous unappropriated public lands.
2. A comprehensive biological study of the life history of the herd and all factors bearing upon its maintenance.
3. Creation of a local advisory board of five to correlate administrative functions, further public understanding, and make recommendations.
4. Broad administrative authority for the Wyoming Game and Fish Commission to permit adjustment of the laws, fix protected areas, and generally administer the herd as its proper maintenance may require.

Such matters as undue disturbance during the rutting season, better protection for mature breeding bulls, license fees, guide regulations, and related matters were all discussed at length.

Taken throughout, the conference was a most earnest, harmonious and constructive blending of interests to guarantee the future of the Wyoming elk. A complete detailed report will later be published.

Returning Streams to Public

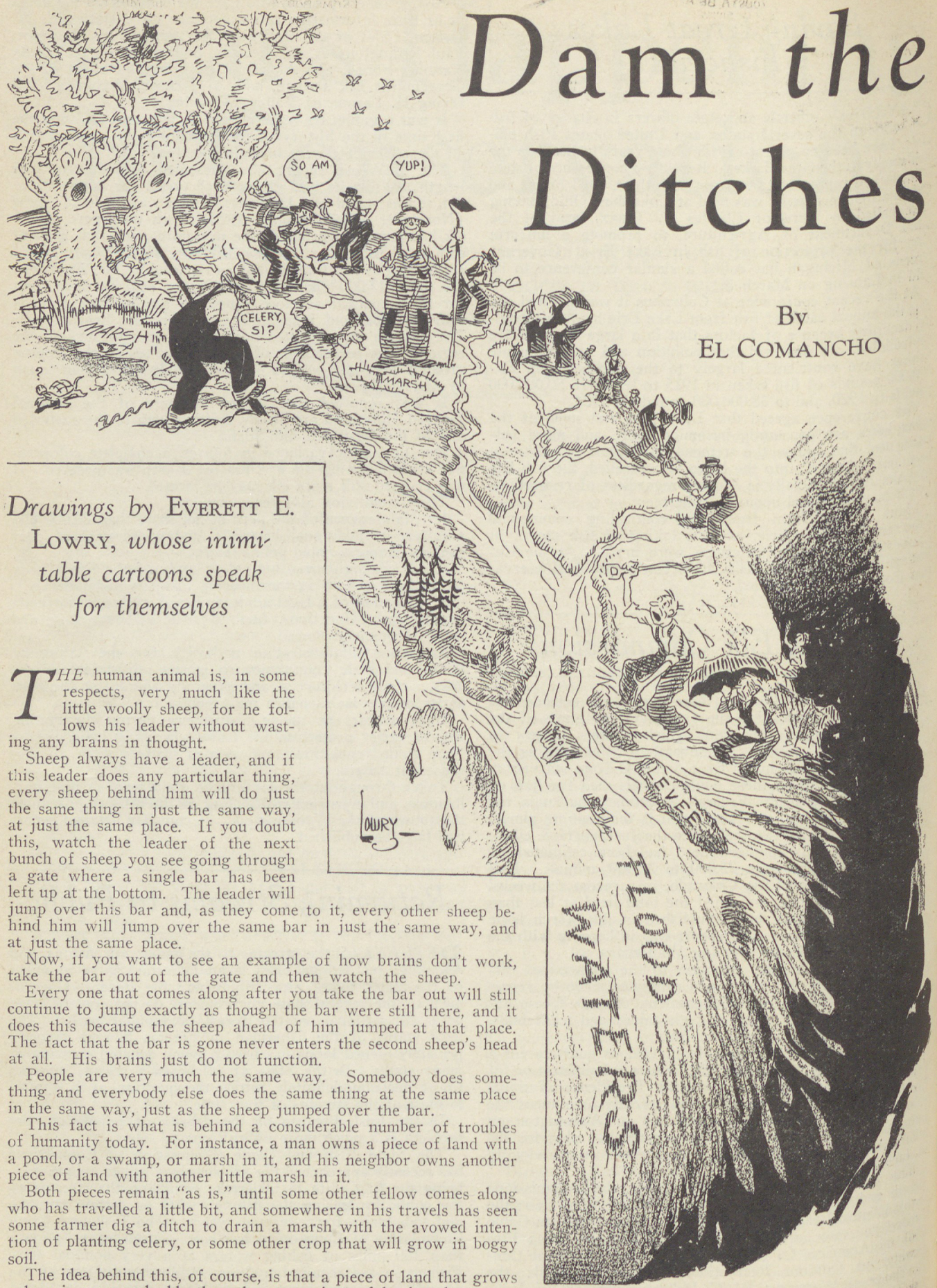
RETURNING the streams to the public for fishing and other recreational uses is an important issue in many of the states today, especially where the Federal Government or the several state governments do not control large areas for national or state forests and public parks. The legal status of the fisherman in streams flowing through privately owned lands has been a much debated question in many states. In the State of Michigan a recent Supreme Court decision definitely settles the question as it applies to most of the streams of that state.

In the East, because of the density of population, the problem is a much more difficult one to solve.

The State Fish and Game Commission of Connecticut has recently approached the problem in a rather unique way, being the first state to undertake returning the streams to the public by leasing the fishing rights on certain streams and tributaries for a term of years. The Fish and Game Commission of Connecticut has now secured leases to more than 100 miles of fishing waters at a very nominal sum. Fishermen are required to keep within twenty feet of the water's edge, and must refrain from crossing cultivated land or building fires contrary to law. This is surely a step in the right direction, and next to purchasing large areas for forest lands, wild life and recreational uses, is probably the best solution to an increasingly difficult problem.

Dam the Ditches

By
EL COMANCHO



Drawings by EVERETT E. LOWRY, *whose inimitable cartoons speak for themselves*

THE human animal is, in some respects, very much like the little woolly sheep, for he follows his leader without wasting any brains in thought.

Sheep always have a leader, and if this leader does any particular thing, every sheep behind him will do just the same thing in just the same way, at just the same place. If you doubt this, watch the leader of the next bunch of sheep you see going through a gate where a single bar has been left up at the bottom. The leader will jump over this bar and, as they come to it, every other sheep behind him will jump over the same bar in just the same way, and at just the same place.

Now, if you want to see an example of how brains don't work, take the bar out of the gate and then watch the sheep.

Every one that comes along after you take the bar out will still continue to jump exactly as though the bar were still there, and it does this because the sheep ahead of him jumped at that place. The fact that the bar is gone never enters the second sheep's head at all. His brains just do not function.

People are very much the same way. Somebody does something and everybody else does the same thing at the same place in the same way, just as the sheep jumped over the bar.

This fact is what is behind a considerable number of troubles of humanity today. For instance, a man owns a piece of land with a pond, or a swamp, or marsh in it, and his neighbor owns another piece of land with another little marsh in it.

Both pieces remain "as is," until some other fellow comes along who has travelled a little bit, and somewhere in his travels has seen some farmer dig a ditch to drain a marsh with the avowed intention of planting celery, or some other crop that will grow in boggy soil.

The idea behind this, of course, is that a piece of land that grows celery is more valuable than the same piece of land under water, or growing nothing but cat tails, wherein the little brown muskrat, the active frog and the wiggly garter snake make their homes.

So the farmer drains this little marsh of his, plants his celery, and lo and behold, he has done a great thing! He has made a swamp, that was useless to him before, now produce something that he can sell in the market.

This, to his way of thinking, is an economic coup,

WHAT IS THIS— A THROUGH TRIP?
YOUSTA BE A SWELL SWAMP ALONG HERE, SOME PLACE!
CUT OUT THE BACK-SEAT CHATTER! DON'T YOU KNOW THIS COUNTRY HAS GONE DRY?
SOMEBODY'S MOVED THE MARSHES!
I'M DYIN' FOR A DRINK!
WE MUST BE ON THE WRONG TRACK!
LOURY

and he has "improved" his farm so that he isn't paying taxes on a dead marsh for the benefit of the muskrats and red wing black birds that heretofore have gone happily about their business of living in the marsh.

Looks good, doesn't it? But—

Now let's take a little look-see and find out just what this means. If this one farmer, or two farmers, or ten, or twenty, or even a hundred farmers were doing just this same thing with their little marshes, it wouldn't make any particular difference any more than it would make a difference if a bunch of farmers turned a river out of its bed and irrigated one valley.

The plan of nature would not be upset by the carrying out of either or both these activities, because the area involved is small, but if all the farmers in a state drained their marshes and ponds, that would be an entirely different matter, a tremendously different matter.

Then if a dozen states all follow suit it becomes a catastrophe.

You think not? Let's go into it a little differently.

When nature arranged matters, she worked out a fundamental plan that is perfection itself. There are no mistakes in that plan. All the experimenting was done uncounted eons before man appeared on the scene, so you can set it down in your book that whatever nature does is right, and that whatever law nature makes is made to fit a certain set of conditions that are far reaching, and that the law applies everywhere alike, under the same set of circumstances.

Nature planned the hills, the rivers, the deserts, the marshes, the wide plains, the mountains and the seas, and all else that we find on the earth today.

Then she planned the winds and fixed up the nicest little transportation scheme in the universe, wherein she uses nothing more or less than changes of temperature to gather, transport and deliver a surplus of waters to the thirsty land.

It is a well known fact that water runs down hill; consequently if you throw a bucketful of water on top of a hill, the water will immediately begin to run down the most convenient channel, and by and by the top of your hill will be dry again, because the waters have gone away.

That, for example, is the way nature handles one of her affairs, and it has to do with the central idea of this story because the little swamps on the farm lands are always found in basins that are just the reverse of the hill tops, because there is a hollow which is cup shaped, thereby providing a place for the waters to run down into, which they do, following the law of nature, which ordains that water, unconfined, shall run down hill.

Now this little cup that holds the swamp, or marsh, has sides that are, more or less, higher at the rim than at the bottom of the bowl.

Therefore the waters that run down into this little bowl can get out of it in only one of two ways, namely: if the soil is porous in the bottom of the bowl, the waters can percolate down through the bottom, and keep on going down, until they find some place to get out of the earth again at some lower level, and when they do this, we call it a spring, and hail it as a blessing, for spring water is almost invariably good water unless spoiled for human consumption by some mineral content, or by human contamination.

The other way for the water to escape is to accumulate to such an extent that it rises and runs over the top of the bowl rim and then trickles down hill as an overflow brook of more or less size, depending largely on the amount of water held in the cup, or bowl. If this cup, or bowl, is a large one, so that it gathers a great amount of water before it overflows, we call it a lake. If it is small, we call it a pond. But whichever it is, the bowl fills to the bowl-full level and the surplus, from then on, flows out.

The bowl itself remains as a storage place containing such amount of water as may be necessary to fill it to the top where it will then overflow over the rim with any surplus. Thereafter this bowl becomes a water hole in a fixed place, and below the overflow level it can escape by only two natural methods.

One is the seepage through the earth downward that produces the spring, as I have cited above, and the other is evaporation into the air.

Either one of these methods, or the combination of both, will, if continued, finally empty the bowl of its water contents unless the rainfall is heavy enough to offset the overflow.

But it takes a long time to do this, and that is exactly why nature arranged things so that the bowl will hold water to such extent as is governed by the amount of its cubic contents.

Now if things were left alone, as nature made them, all would be well and good; but the human animal comes along, makes a lot of laws and customs of his own, without any regard whatever to the wants and needs of nature, and because of these laws, he is enabled to buy, or otherwise obtain title and ownership to some certain piece of land which has a water filled bowl within its area.

That is the key to the whole trouble.

This man is a farmer, who makes his living out of tilling the soil. The more soil he cultivates, the more money he makes, theoretically, therefore he is anxious to cultivate his farm to full capacity, which means that he wants to plow that ground, where the lake or pond stands, and make it grow celery, or something, that he can sell.

Right now trouble begins, for Mr. Man first contrives a way to dig a ditch which begins somewhere at a level lower than the bottom of this lake or pond, and then it rises gradually upward, as it goes along, until it taps the lake, or pond, at a point a little bit lower than the level of the soil which makes the lake bottom.

Following the law of nature, the water runs out, of course, because it has to run down hill in accordance with the law which it cannot do anything but obey, and by and by all the water has run down and out through the ditch, leaving the bowl dry; whereat the farmer rejoices and goes to work with his tractor and plow, tearing up the soil, that was the lake bottom, and putting it in shape to grow some useful crop, which the farmer likely visions as a luxuriant bed of celery that can be turned into cash in the bank, and he lets his imagination run riot as to what he is going to do with these new profits.

As I said before, if he were the only farmer who was doing this, it would not make any difference, but when all the farmers are doing the same thing, that is another matter entirely.

Why? Because all the lakes and ponds are drained then, and, not only drained, but they are provided with a perfectly good, wide open ditch, or tile drain that runs as straight as possible, and without any hindrance to some creek, or river, where the waters are discharged.

You see, under such circumstances, that little bowl can no longer hold water; it has lost its ability to store water and, not only that, but it has been given a straight, unobstructed channel dug out along the lines of least resistance, to allow the waters, that should be stored in the pond, to hurry away, at such speed as the grade decrees, so that it requires but little time to thoroughly drain the small bowl which should be, and was intended for, a pond or swamp under nature's plan.

Now multiply this situation by all the thousands of people who are draining ponds and lakes, marshes, swamps, and even just low places, and you have an appalling situation.

Everywhere I go throughout the country, I see new

ditches being dug which are designed to drain low places and fields of the standing waters that accumulate mostly in the spring when the snows go off.

The balance of the year does not seem to be considered by the ditch digger at all. The land owner simply knows that certain places gather standing water in the spring, and that these places stay wet long enough to be a source of worry and inconvenience when he starts in to plowing in the spring.

He wants his low land and his hill top both to be dry enough at the same time so he can run his plow with the same ease all over his field, no matter what the contours may be.

So much for the farmer and his needs and ideas.

Now, let's look a little further and see what all this means to the rest of us. The farmer's ditch provides a straight, easy path for the flowing waters that run away down hill, even to the creek, which also runs down hill, to empty into the river, which again is travelling down hill, according to the same law of nature, and carrying its water content on down to the sea and its final destiny.

Normally all those lakes and ponds, swamps, marshes, morasses and low places, under nature's original management, were made to hold and retard the outflow of waters, and were designed to function in several ways.

They are a source of supply for the springs that burst out of the earth and flow down the hills, fed by slow seepage through the soils to the natural outlet. Therefore the ponds, marshes, etc., are nature's reservoirs, designed to temporarily hold back the waters and to then release them slowly all through the years, and in doing this water is provided to saturate the underground soils to such an extent that deep rooted trees can always find water, even during the dryest of seasons; most other plants will find this water within reach of their roots also, which is all well and good, and as it should be, in the plan of nature.

But that is not all the work done by these various forms of impounding basins. A lake fills up in the season of excess waters, which is usually in the spring, though at times this filling occurs during a midsummer rainy period as well. Every low place that holds a lake, pond, swamp, marsh, morass, or even a temporary high-water pond is storing, to its capacity, some definite amount of water which would run down hill if it was not so held back.

Therefore all of these places become catch basins which collectively hold back a vast amount of water that following nature's laws, would otherwise be gathered together in river channels to produce an enormous flood.

Even with help from all these storage agencies to hold back the surplus, nature generously provides more than enough water, just as she provides ten thousand salmon eggs to insure the maturity of one salmon.

The law is the same. Always and everywhere, nature provides a surplus of everything to insure the desired result and in the case of waters, this surplus is destructive only when the surplus is too great.

They who know of the upper country, know that the soils do not absorb any great amount of water, but the high contours are such that they usually hold it back in catch basins of one kind or another.

Without this holding back of water, whenever the surplus of water comes (either with the spring melting of snows, or during an excess of rainy weather), we must be prepared for floods in the lower country for the simple reason that river systems form a net work of natural drainage channels which concentrate all of the outflowing waters finally into the one main river, which below its last branch, runs as a single stream to the sea, carrying the entire volume of water delivered to it by all of its branches from the country drained by it, and its capacity is limited.

Now if the lakes, swamps, marshes, ponds, morasses and low places, scattered all over the headwaters of the river, are all drained by straight ditches, that allow all the surplus waters to run out swiftly, and without interference to retard the flow, it does not take much figuring to understand that all this water runs out at once, and that it begins to pile up in just the proportion that it is delivered to the branches and finally to the main stream.

If these natural channels have capacity enough they take the waters out without overflowing their banks, but such streams are indeed rare in the natural layout of things.

Nature designed rivers to carry floods up to bankfull capacity and she usually retards the surplus through use of these lakes, ponds, swamps and other catch basins up in the headwaters area which fill up and then allow the water to run out slowly thus accomplishing two things.

The slow run-out retards the wash of soils and consequent erosion. It makes the moisture last longer, and at the same time it delivers a bank full flow through the main channels, and these are nature's scouring agencies which furnish the necessary heavier-than-usual flow of flood water to dig into the bottoms, turn over the soils and thus finally accomplish a general cleanup by carrying impurities out to sea in the rush of the surplus volume of water that makes the flood.

Therefore, when we calmly look into these facts, it seems to me *it is time to stop this drainage mania* and to realize that a marsh is more valuable to the country at large, and to humanity in general as a marsh than it is as a field of celery. The same thing holds good for ponds and lakes.

Man is a thoughtless animal, and blinder than the proverbial bat. Because he gets a fool idea that will not stand close inspection, and then rides it to death, he is greatly astonished thereafter to find that he has arbitrarily upset the plans of nature and that *nature is making him pay*, and pay good and plenty too (as she invariably does), for his ignorance and carelessness.

And Brother, don't think for a minute that you can ever break one of nature's laws and get away with it, because nature has a calm, placid way of moving along, regardless of any interruption whatsoever, from man, or any other weakling, and finally she will find a way to balance all accounts.

So, if you own a spade and feel an itch to drain a pond, go put your spade in the tool house until you can use it to *spade up some bits of land that nature has laid out to be spaded.* And *she has laid out much* of this, *even enough for all men, in all places,* without draining any lake, pond, swamp or other storage basin which she has placed where it ought to be to provide moisture vitally necessary for her needs elsewhere, and which we had better let alone, for we have never yet been able to "improve" nature's original plan—and never will.

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Member A. B. C.

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Editor

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Let Us Remember

WITH pride the Izaak Walton League may claim to have given an unparalled impetus to the cause of conservation in America. Through the inspiration and spur of the League's activities, conservation of America's outdoor resources has been advanced a generation in the last five years. The influence of the ideals, the aims and the ambitions of the League has spread widely throughout our land. The efforts of other conservation agencies have been accelerated; the outdoor magazines have shown an unprecedented editorial interest and zeal for the cause of conservation; above all, thousands and thousands of individual lovers of the outdoors have banded together **to guard their heritage and safeguard it for their children.**

But we cannot rest upon our laurels. Constant vigilance, unceasing effort, complete co-operation only will perfect the task. We have made a magnificent start, and we must carry the battle cry of conservation to the uttermost bounds of America.

We are a great army. We must be armed with clearness of vision and fixity of purpose with order, harmony and comradeship in our ranks. In such array we are invincible champions of the great cause of America's outdoorland.

We must fight for the cleansing of her waterways. We must fight for the preservation and rehabilitation of her forests. We must fight for decent game laws in every state and insist upon their enforcement. We must fight against over-drainage, against indiscriminate ditching, against graft, greed and ignorance. We must be without fear, favor or prejudice. We must think clearly, and act sanely.

Never must we let personal attachments or private animosities, selfishness or political aspirations deflect us from **our one supreme purpose.** This purpose, **the sole reason for the existence of the League,** is the defense of America's outdoors, the guarding of her woods, waters and wild life. The members of the Izaak Walton League are dedicated to this purpose. **It is a sacred purpose.** The officers of the national organization, the leaders of the state divisions, the heads of each of the 3,000 chapters, are donating their services, giving generously of their time, their efforts and their thought. There must be maintained a close relationship between the headquarters of the League, the state divisions and the local chapters.

The greatest American outdoor writers, outdoor artists and outdoor lovers have contributed freely to the League's magazine, Outdoor America, and it must be worthy of the magnificent cause it represents. It must be the voice, the evangel of a regenerated American out-of-doors. Its policy must be impregnated with the principles of the League and its pages must voice the practical, workable ideals of true conservation.

Let us remember the words of Jacob M. Dickinson —"Fish and game cannot vote"—neither can our streams nor our forests nor our marshes vote. But fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers **can** vote. Every single member, man and woman, of the Izaak Walton League can vote, and vote intelligently and effectually.

Let us remember the words of Gene Stratton-Porter in her sincere and unselfish advice to the members of the Izaak Walton League in their crusade for the outdoors: "If we desire any sort of heritage to bequeath to our children, each of us must lend a helping hand to the Izaak Walton League of America. **The case is imperative:** the work necessary to protect, to preserve, to propagate natural resources for the future is up to every one of us—those of us who see the vision and most keenly feel the need must furnish the motor power for those less responsive. **It is time for all of us to get together and in unison make a test of our strength to save our beloved home-land**—'All together, Heave!'"

Let us remember the words of Dr. James Alexander Henshall—**"The most important problem the Izaak Walton League has to solve is the question of the pollution of America's clear waters.** Let us continue the good work already begun, and not grow weary in well doing until our work and the work of those who are to succeed us, is finished."

Let us remember the words of Harold Bell Wright —"My Country means All—all of my country. It means, 'Thy woods and templed hills, thy rocks and rills,' thy prairies, deserts, rivers, lakes and seas. It means the wild life, the furred and feathered and finned creatures that are as much a part of this, their native land, as are the pines on the mountains, the reeds in the marshes, or the flowers of the meadows."

Let us remember the words of Emerson Hough—"Spirit of the Great Angler, look down upon us—give us of your calm and serene strength, your eternal youth, your cleanliness of soul, your aristocracy of thought. Help us set aside material motives. **Help us work the great miracle of giving the ages a part of the America that was ours.**"

Let us remember the words of Henry van Dyke—"Conservation means guarding, preserving, and if possible enhancing the natural resources of our country, that we may enjoy them to the best advantage and **hand them down unspoiled to our children.** The only way to restore sports in our country is for **one million principled American sportsmen to come into the Izaak Walton League of America so that they may be a commanding power** before our State and Federal Governments."

Let us remember all these words, and let us resolve to GROW—grow in stature, in spirit, in vision. Let us resolve to **fight to the last ditch an honest battle to save our outdoors for all future America.**

Illustrations by H. C. Mundstock, reprinted from the Izaak Walton League Monthly, February, 1923

American Forest Week

April 24th to 30th

AMERICAN Forest Week for 1927 will be observed during April 24th to 30th.

American Forest Week is an annual call to all citizens, young and old, to take part in bringing about better forest conditions. It is strictly and wholly educational in its plan and purposes. It aims to bring home to each and all our vital dependence upon the forest in everyday life, and to enlist thoughtful attention upon the forest situation and the necessity of well-cared-for woodlands. It represents a national educational effort to focus attention upon our Nation's dwindling forest resources and to restore and perpetuate them.

In his first proclamation after the name "American Forest Week" was adopted *President Coolidge* said:

"For several years the Nation has observed Forest Protection Week. It is fitting that this observance be enlarged. We have too freely spent the rich and magnificent gift that nature bestowed on us. In our eagerness to use that gift we have stripped our forests; we have permitted fires to lay waste and devour them; we have all too often destroyed the young growth and the seed from which new forests might spring. We already feel the first grip of timber shortage, but we have begun to save and restore.

"We have passed the pioneer stage and are no longer excusable for continuing this unwise dissipation of a great resource. . . . To our forest-using industries it means unstable investments, the depletion of forest capital, the disbanding of established enterprises, and the decline of one of our most important industrial groups.

"Our forests ought to be put to work and kept at work. . . . We must all put our hands to this common task. . . . There must be a change in our national attitude. . . . We must learn to tend our woodlands as carefully as we tend our farms. . . ."

Robert W. Chambers, famous writer and outdoor lover, in an article for this magazine in 1923, entitled "America's Vanishing Forests," said in part:

"A treeless nation is a decadent nation. When the forests of a country are neglected the mental and moral health of the inhabitants begins to decline.

Nations made treeless by the hand of man are dying nations. Nations which once were great and which no longer count are those the forests of which have been ruthlessly exterminated.

No matter what political cataclysm has overtaken and submerged peoples whose governments foster and care for forests, their potency remains, their vigor still endures, their racial resurrection is certain." Therefore PLANT TREES.

Every Izaak Walton Chapter in America should start a campaign to plant trees along highways, around lakes or along streams. There could be no greater memorial to their love of outdoor beauty and their interest in the great cause of conservation.

START THIS YEAR
In AMERICAN FOREST WEEK

Without its trees, a nation dies.

FAN'S FUR COAT

A protest against the unnecessary suffering inflicted on our wild animals by the use of traps that torture and do not instantly kill

By EDWARD BRECK

THE head of my firm was reputed to be a close-fisted, unsympathetic old duffer, though everybody, myself included, always found him just and considerate, though cold and taciturn. I was therefore more than surprised when, having given up my summer vacation in order to do double work on account of the illness of a fellow employee, the old man called me into his office one day in October and said:

"Selden, you've been looking a little pinched lately. I guess you overworked yourself trying to do two men's jobs. I want you to clear out of the office for a solid month or even six weeks. Go to Florida or anywhere else you want to, and don't come back until you feel like tackling Dempsey. Take my tarpon tackle along, and land a few big ones. Good bye!"

I collected my coat and hat in a dazed way after babbling a few words of thanks, and in five minutes found myself striding home to my little flat with increased energy in every step. Florida! How often had I wished to see that land of blue and gold and sunshine. Great! I would phone Fan right off and tell her the glorious news, for she had been bothering me about a vacation all summer and was constantly insisting that I looked like a ghost. When I got home and was about to take up the phone call I noticed a letter on the dresser with an envelope addressed in an uncouth, sprawling script, hardly legible. Something made me open and read it before phoning. It was from Jed Dawson, my old Nova Scotia guide, with whom I had spent many a happy day in the forest with rod and gun. It read:

"Mr. Selden. Dear Friend: I got your letter last August sayin you coodnt cum huntin this fall so i supose you aint goin to have no time off this yeer but ef you do why not cum down an go trapin with me, i shal start pretty soon now on my furst trip an be out a month lookin at my bear traps and startin the mink and otter sets and so forth, it wont cost you much but weel have one rorin good time you bet and get sum fur too or im a sinner, it looks a good seesn for fur i got the maggaseens thank you, better cum.

Yours truly,

Jed."

"PS Weel get a moose too."

Nova Scotia jungles, ice, snow, killing tramps and freezing camps. And way down there in the sunny South, sparkling seas and waving palms and oranges and poinsettias and pretty girls and golf courses and—Ye Gods, what a contrast! Nix on that northern stuff, my wild and woolly friend. Me for the land of color and balmy skies. I turned to the phone and my eye caught sight of my rifle and snowshoes hanging on my wall, and the big moose-head above them. How often had I wanted to go trapping with Jed, far into the real winter woods, where health and adventure called, and not a tourist within a hundred miles. I seemed to sniff the beloved smell of the campfire, and hear the sizzle of the bacon in the pan. By Jove, why not, after all? Would not the stinging winter winds and the glorious appetite that comes with strenuous work in the wide spaces be far the better for me?

I phoned Fan. We discussed the matter, and in a few hours I was booked for Nova Scotia. It must be explained that Fan was my fiancée, and of course the most wonderful girl in the whole U. S. A. In fact she had only two defects. She loved me, and she loved pretty things. One of her dearest wishes, in fact her dearest one, I fancy, even dearer than myself, was a mink coat. Not that Fan harped on this furry dream. She was too considerate of the feelings of a fiancé whose earnings were not exactly huge. Here was a chance to get that mink coat and combine with its getting both pleasure, health and economy.

Jed met me at the station at Annapolis Royal and gave me the once-over, after a cordial greeting.

"Hm!" he remarked dubiously. "Lookin' a little drawn, ain't ye? Hope ye feel bettern ye look. Trappin' ain't no picnic, ye know, leastways not with Jed Dawson o' Queens County. Guess ye need feedin' up with pork an' beans!"

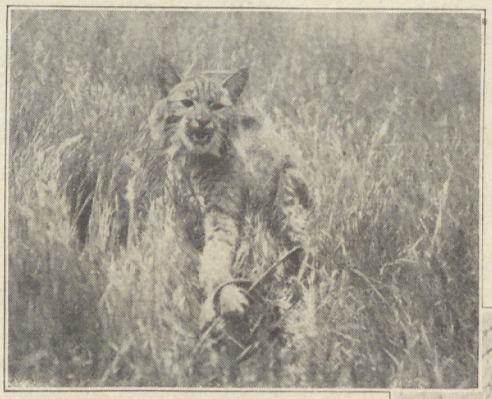
The last days of October in the north woods are typical of the most glorious season in the world, the American autumn. Often almost too warm at noon, the nights are cool, in fact very apt to be frosty. The Indian says, "When leaves fall fur good," and the leaves were falling fast as we jounced along over the forest roads to the shores of beautiful Lake Kedgemakoogee.

We were soon camped in those woods, the shaggy, picturesque, tangled Nova Scotia forest, in a rough shack which Jed had built on the edge of his trapping district, much like the others except that it was older and more dilapidated. The roof covered only three-quarters of the floor space, and the fireplace was under a rough wooden chimney in the open. A few old and smelly blankets and some tins containing tea, sugar and biscuit, besides a bottle of molasses and a rough seat or two, were all it contained. As a great luxury I had brought along a dozen compressed candles which burn slowly, and a flashlight. I also had with me a copy of a book by the well-known fur-trade historian, Agnes Laut, called "The Fur Trade of America," which contains all the information about furs known to man, and which I thought Jed, who is illiterate, would like to

Edward Breck, the "Eddie" to whom Albert Bigelow Paine dedicated his book, "The Van Dwellers."

have read to him, which proved to be the case. Jed was in other ways quite primitive, and rather unlike, at least in personal habits, such guides as Del the Stout, Charles the Strong, Hod Munro, and others of my intimate acquaintance. Jed carried a packbasket on his back, containing what little food he needed that couldn't be kept in his half dozen shacks scattered about the woods, and on top was a worn but closely woven blanket and an extra pair of high larrigans. Next his skin he wore a suit of sheepswool underclothes, woven thick, and I never saw him divest himself of this garment, by day or by night. I had Jed at my rooms in Boston once, and he did get into my tub one morning at that time, but I believe there is no record of his ever having bathed since then. Seeing me use my toothbrush in camp, he remarked dreamily:

"Got a toot' brush, ain't yer? A feller give me one oncet, but I lost it."



Does that justify their being tortured?

Nevertheless Jed was possessed of many sterling qualities of character, such as independence, ruggedness, gameness, generosity, a grim sense of humor, and, except so far as wild animals were concerned, a certain good-heartedness.

I had done a little trapping in my boyhood days, like all youngsters, and its romantic side had always appealed to me. The old, spare, clean-limbed trapper, with coonskin cap and long beard, sitting by his cabin fire smoking his corncob, while his faithful hound looked up trustingly into his kind blue eye—lovely conception. But it must be recorded here that Jed did not even faintly resemble this romantic figure. Jed was hardheaded, businesslike, unsentimental, matter-of-fact. He liked a funny story, especially one which was slightly tainted, and would listen for hours to anything one might care to read to him. Like most guides, he was very ignorant, even about things his daily life touched, such as the wild flowers, names of birds and even animals, the stars; and the old traditions were strong upon him, so that he would not make sauerkraut on the wane of the moon, nor cut his hair (which he did every year or two) at that critical period. He was incredulous when I read from the Laut book that 100,000,000 pelts were offered on the fur-markets of North America every year.

"Go on with ye," he exclaimed. "'Tain't so. Why, there ain't more'n a hundred mink a year caught in Queens County, and I guess that's about the best country in Navver Scotia." I asked him about the trapping laws of the Province.

"Trappin' laws? There ain't none—leastways I never heerd of enny."

"Don't you have to tend your traps regularly once in so many days?"

"Hm! Tend 'em when I like or I kin. Who's to hinder?"

"Why the Game-Wardens." Jed grinned skeptically.

"Wardens? The only warden round here is old Blodgett. Ef he tried ennything he'd wake up some night and find his barn a-burnin'. Besides, how would he have time to inspect my two lines o' traps, some couple o' hundred, besides Howard Germain's an' Charlie Charlton's an' all the other fellers'? Wardens—haw-haw!"

"But don't a good many animals die in your traps and spoil?"

"Wall, some do, o' course, a good many, I guess, first an' last."

"The poor beasts must suffer awfully." Jed glanced up to see whether I was joking. Then he merely grunted. That was a new angle of the game he was not prepared for. Finally he said,

"I guess them b'ars don't think much about all the lambs an' calf-moose they ketch, do they? Huh!" Jed hadn't taken ethics nor logic at college, so I didn't proceed with that subject.

At his next shack, some ten miles further into the woods, we pulled a big wooden box out of a nearby hole between gigantic rocks, evidently used by porcupines as a den, and took from it several dozen steel traps of the usual kinds, some of them a little rusted, but easily cleaned, as they had been covered with tallow before inhumation. Buried near the camp were four large-sized bear-traps, horrible looking objects, with their terrible steel jaws which two men must set, unless a single man cares to take the risk of a fatal slip and being caught himself in the fatal grip. Once in a while the newspapers tell of the skeleton of a trapper found in the woods with the jaws of a bear-trap still grasping the shriveled leg. What a ghastly picture of suffering, mental agony, despair and slow starvation such a tale conjures up! As I gazed at Jed's traps I mentioned a case I had read about. Jed nearly shivered.

To be sure, these animals are predatory

"You bet I'm dummed careful when I set a bear-trap," he said. "I allus use poles and billets o' wood so the jaws can't snap on me."

"But suppose something went wrong and you got caught. What would you do?"

"Well, I guess I could get out some way; but I'm tellin' yer, I ain't hankerin' for the 'xsperience! I got my hand in a number 2½ otter-trap once, and one o' the teeth jest went clean through my thumb. I scooted for hum an' the doctor said I'd a died o' blood poisen ef I had a stayed in the woods."

"The poor animals must suffer a good deal, don't you think, Jed?" I ventured again.

"Naw! They don't feel like we do." Which proved that Jed had not studied natural history nor biology either.

"You're a Christian, aren't you, Jed?"

"I guess I'm as good a Baptist as most of 'em," he replied.

EXCERPT OF LETTER FROM THE ILLINOIS HUMANE SOCIETY

"This Society is and has been for some years a member of the American Humane Association co-operating with it in its work, and believes that all of the interests should work together to the end that **legislation may be enacted that will eliminate or cure the evils of trapping so far as the suffering of animals is concerned.**"

"But doesn't the Bible say, 'Do unto others,' and all that?"

"That means people, not animals an' things. Dog eat dog's my motto. I got to live, ain't I?"

"Christ was compassionate, wasn't He?"

"Never heard He said ennything 'bout animals. A tooth for a tooth—that's in the Bible, ain't it? The b'ars ketch my sheep. I ketch them."

Jed had me there a little, for, though I had a "good Christian" bringing up, and knew my Bible perhaps better than most, yet for the moment I couldn't think of any pertinent quotation on the question of cruelty to animals. I tried another angle.

"We ought to make progress in a couple of thousand years. We have only just given the women their rights; oughtn't we to give the animals theirs next?"

Jed grinned and gave me a whimsical look. "Progress!" he scoffed.

"Ef yer mean by that my ole woman can order me round 'stead o' me her, thank-ye-marm for yer progress! Humph!"

These foxes were alive when photographed.

How much better a clean bullet!

Sportsmanship should decree against such suffering.

Sportsmanship should legislate for traps that instantly kill.

We set a line of traps that afternoon and another long one on the further side of our bivouac next morning. A few of our traps were deadfalls or snares, but most were the regular makes, having the ordinary steel jaws which catch and hold by an extremity but do not kill.

Returning to the home camp in the evening, the only trap containing any "fur" held only the gnawed-off foot of a mink. Jed was furious, especially as he said the color was fine and dark. His remarks were not printable. Somehow, I suppose because I am not hardboiled enough, I couldn't stop thinking how the mink felt, and what his sentiments might be concerning Jed. But why be a milksop? I felt quite ashamed of myself. I merely remarked:

"Must be kind o' hard, getting round on three legs and a bleeding stump."

"Oh, he'll get round lively enough," said Jed. "Onct I ketched a coon that had three peglegs, so he must a bin in three traps before. But a mink won't do that gnawin' business like a rat or a coon, not as a rule."

"Lose many by gnawing off, Jed?"

"Yep, too danged many."

"How about using traps that kill at once?"

"Humph! Lead me to 'em. Don't know of enny sich. They'd be great, 'cause thrashin' round in the traps an' snares hurts a heap o' fur."

"Well, Jed, a friend o' mine down in Maine says he has a trap that'll kill like a flash."

"Wall, I'm from Missoura, but jes' you bring a couple along nex' year, an' we'll try 'em out."

In the course of a week we had most of the traps set, some two hundred in all, in four irregular lines leading in different directions from the home camp. Two more lines were to be put out later. I began to see the futility of wardens and the impossibility of keeping to the law of tending traps. It wanted a few days to the open season yet, but that didn't seem to bother Jed, who said the season was advanced and fur was good already that year. It certainly was cold, especially at night.

Among our contrivances were a number of wire snares, most of which were set for foxes, the noose being attached to a small sapling, which, when the bait below is touched, springs up with the dangling animal, which may be caught round the middle, or the neck, or by a leg. One of the first snares we set was at the extreme end of one of our lines, and for some reason or other we did not visit it for nearly a week. As we approached it a limp, reddish object could be seen hanging by its middle from the sapling. It was motionless, but when we got to it I saw two eyes still glinting with pain and uncomprehending horror. As soon as Jed started to take it from the noose he once more broke into the purest vituperation, for the wire had cut cleanly through the skin of the fox, which had worked back from the cut so that the wire was embedded in the quivering flesh. When the beast was finally freed from the noose it required but a slight rap over the head to kill it, and only a mild jerk to separate the two parts of its body, so deeply had the wire cut. And yet the fox had been alive even in such a condition. I was going to feel out Jed about this, but I could not trust myself. I was still a citified mollycoddle. Of course I was wrong in not sympathizing with Jed for the loss of so good a pelt.

We were certainly having the worst of luck, for the whiskey jacks stole our bait, and a beautiful mink was carried off by a big owl almost under our noses out of a trap, and three good pelts spoiled, because the animals had frozen to death and then lain out in the broiling sun of a November day, and it can be broiling. Jed was in bad humor, and firmly believed that the whole furbearing creation, not to speak of all nature, was banded against him. Somehow I wasn't having the good time I expected, though the life was strenuous enough, Heaven knows, and was doing me good physically. I felt I was losing interest in the mink coat for my sweet little fiancée.

I could not get the look of horror and pain and fear in the eyes of the victims out of my head, nor the pitiful sight of the dead ones, who had died of hunger or agony or both. Towards the end of our month, a week before I began to make preparations to leave Jed we heard some weird whinings or bellowings in a swamp some two miles distant, which Jed said were probably made by moose, though he didn't seem quite sure. After we had listened to these noises, which sounded to me like the agonized wail of a

lost soul, every time the wind went down, for five days, I told Jed I had a sore toe, and that I would take the day off and work down into that swamp slowly and see what the devil made that awful noise, if indeed it wasn't the Devil himself. The day was fairly still, especially in the swamps and low places between the ridges, and, guided by the uncanny howls that sounded nearer and nearer as I approached, I made rapid progress towards the spot whence they seemed to proceed. From time to time, after I was within a quarter of a mile of the place, I sat down and tried to make out what kind of a beast could possibly produce such extraordinary howls and whines and snuffles and snarls. It seems odd now that not only I, but Jed, a lifelong woodsman, failed to hit upon the answer to this question at once, for, after stealing carefully and almost noiselessly on my hands and knees to within a hundred yards of where the author of this rumpus was, I raised my head and took a good look. Judge my astonishment when I saw a half-grown black bear with one foot in a big trap, biting and snapping at everything he could reach, and moaning and snarling in a manner to make one's hair stand on end. Taking in the situation in a second, I took careful aim and killed the poor animal with a shot through the neck. Then I examined the battleground of panic and fury against despair and death. A big hemlock in reach of the chain, in a crotch of which the clog, a big sapling ten feet long had caught, had been entirely denuded of its bark, the ground around had been torn up and every growing thing within the bear's grasp had been torn up and to pieces. Even big stones had been clawed out of the ground. The frantic beast had bitten himself many times and was covered with blood. His snout was raw and bleeding, two teeth broken off, and his paws blunted with his desperate efforts to free himself. The paw which was encircled by the martyring jaws was all but gnawed and torn off, and stank from the gangrene of the wound. And this scene of racking torment had been going on, a continuous performance, for at least five days, and no doubt longer.

As I looked I felt a kind of nausea, not so much of the stomach as of the head, the spirit. I said to myself, without even forming the words, "John Selden, this is a poor sort of business for a decent man to be in!" And then I had a vision of a balmy evening in the far south, with a great curved sweep of beach, the lapping waves glistening in the moonlight, and the palms just nodding. And I heard a ripple of laughter from a nearby veranda. I looked around and saw—a beautiful girl in diaphanous attire, with something round her neck and shoulders, which didn't seem natural. What was it? I looked again more closely. It was a mink scarf!

"Damn!" I exclaimed, and made my way back to camp to tell Jed that another pelt had been spoiled.

That night I was grumpy as we sat smoking our pipes over the cheery campfire, that glory of forest life. I had an acute case of what the Germans call a moral katzenjammer. Was I really a mollycoddle? I had done my part in the war. Modesty forbids detail, but I heard the metal sing without wilting. What was it? I came to the conclusion that it was something like the old English sentiment of fair play, inbred in me and stimulated by the New England conscience. Was it decent, was it the part of a gentleman to visit all this suffering on perfectly innocent creatures, made by God, as we are? I lit a couple of candles and took up the book I had brought, by Miss Agnes Laut, historian of the Hudson's Bay Company.

"Jed," I said, "this book says that the fur demand increased four-fold when the ladies started wearing summer-furs."

"Bully for them," said Jed. "'Xcept I don't 'xactly think fur took in the summer kin be much good."

"No, Jed. That isn't it. Summer-furs are perfectly good winter-caught pelts, but worn in the hot season."

Jed grinned a little incredulously. "I ain't got no objection, so long's the demand grows," said he. "But say, women are the limit, ain't they? How many pelts d'you say were sold ev'ry year? Does that there book tell?"

"Miss Laut says that almost 100,000,000 skins are sold yearly in the United States and Canada!"

"Gee! I don't believe it."

"Miss Laut's *the* authority on the subject of furs, Jed. You can't go back of the returns. And the steel trap got most of them, and millions more, because the spoiled skins don't get into the reckoning."

I returned to New York a sadder, considerably wiser and somewhat more determined man than when I airily started on my trapping expedition to the North Woods. I reflected: Maybe beasts don't suffer as much as we should under like circumstances, but to my mind they suffer excruciatingly, horribly, pitifully. In any case if each one of them, when taken in a steel trap, suffers even a trifle, my conscience cannot help multiplying that trifle by 100,000,000. I cannot rest until the use of the non-killing trap is abolished by law!

And how about Fan and her fur coat, you will justly ask. Oh, Fan, after a few tears of disappointment, listened with growing sympathy to my tale, and then shed real tears, of compassion and indignation. Fan is a darling, and we—but you will divine the rest!

Hon. Herbert Hoover

Secretary of Commerce

and

Honorary President of the Izaak Walton League

will attend the FIFTH NATIONAL CONVENTION of the League in Chicago April 7th, 8th, and 9th, and will speak at the banquet of the Chicago Chapter on the evening of April 9th.

All members of the Izaak Walton League appreciate the following words of Mr. Hoover, and are striving their utmost to enlist a larger and larger army to carry on to completion the great conservation work of their organization.

In January, 1926, Herbert Hoover said—"The Izaak Walton League has become the greatest force in the country for the protection and development of opportunities for outdoor life. And we need more of it. We need every encroachment upon it stopped. As our people increase in numbers and in leisure we must have stimulation to health, and above all the moral value that comes from association with nature. Every member of the League is a further soldier in our ranks fighting an organized battle for this vital thing in the nation."

Florida Coming to Life

A synopsis of the Conservation work of at least one state will be given each month.
Watch for it

By SETH GORDON

FLORIDA, the land of intriguing sunshine and charming beauty which cleaves the turquoise waters of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, is actually coming to life from a conservation point of view. The people of that wonderful state have not been entirely oblivious to the value of their wild life, as so many thousands of folk who vacation there annually for a brief period are apt to conclude.

Floridians have always held the reputation of being very hospitable. This spirit of hospitality, joined with their natural surroundings, have made a winning team for them which they know will bring home the pennant, also large cash returns.

When visitors with ample funds bent upon a holiday began coming to Florida by the thousands, Floridians soon learned, just as have the people of many other states and the provinces of Canada, that a goodly supply of wild life was one of their biggest assets. In the beginning they failed to realize that the future of their game and fish would have to be closely safeguarded if they were to continue attracting more visitors each year; also attract permanent residents in ever increasing numbers willing to invest large sums.

Almost before they knew it, the supply of wild life had diminished very perceptibly, and the game and fish were not the attraction they had been a few years before. They realized that just as our great Yellowstone National Park would lose much of its interest and charm should all the game of that region be destroyed, so Florida would lose much of her interest to thousands of northern visitors if the game and fish were extirpated.

The far-sighted people of Florida realized that without a state department to direct and coordinate game and fish activities very little could be accomplished. The legislature of 1913 created a game and fish department, but public sentiment was not yet favorable to such a departure; funds were lacking for its operation and the department was abolished in 1915.

Local sportsmen's organizations continued doing their best to arouse sentiment for constructive conservation laws, but during the following decade very little was accomplished.

At Yankeetown on February 19, 1924 (when the town itself numbered only twenty-five residents) Mr. A. F. Knotts, an ardent sportsman, organized the first chapter of the Izaak Walton League. Other chapters were organized as rapidly as possible. Mr. Knotts later became the president of the Florida Division of the League. By joining hands with others interested, the Florida Waltonians presented to the legislature what was known as the Izaak Walton Fish and Game Bill. Even though the chapters were few in number, Mr. Knotts says the reputation and prestige of the national organization helped them materially.

The bill was passed and Governor Martin, an ardent Waltonian, appointed J. B. Royall the Commissioner in charge. The Department of Game and Fresh Water Fish began operations on July 1, 1925. Even though there are still 160 local or special county laws regulating both hunting and fishing in effect, and in most instances these laws are poorly enforced by the local officers, decided progress has been made under Commissioner Royall's administration.

During the first year more than $175,000 worth of hunting licenses were sold. Mr. Royall proceeded on the theory of educating the public to the value of Florida's wild life and interesting them in helping to conserve it. Concerning the present status of native game Mr. Royall says: "I am daily receiving reports from all parts of the state in regard to the supply of breeding stock left after the close of the past season, and these reports show that we now have a larger breeding stock left than in many previous years."

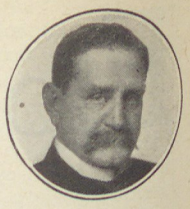
Up to this time the Commissioner has been compelled to operate with very limited finances, but ample funds will be available as soon as appropriated by the coming session of the legislature.

With the support of the Florida Division of the League and

(Cont'd page 45)

A day's catch with rod and reel from Wacissa River, all of legal size. Thirty-two undersized bass were returned to the water when taken by Charles T. Carroll of Monticello. Florida has no bag limit of fish. This picture proves the paramount necessity of a bag limit. Every faithful Waltonian, north or south, should strive for this protective measure.

Stories and Reminiscences Of Jacob M. Dickinson



J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft.

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

Memories of Belle Meade Continued

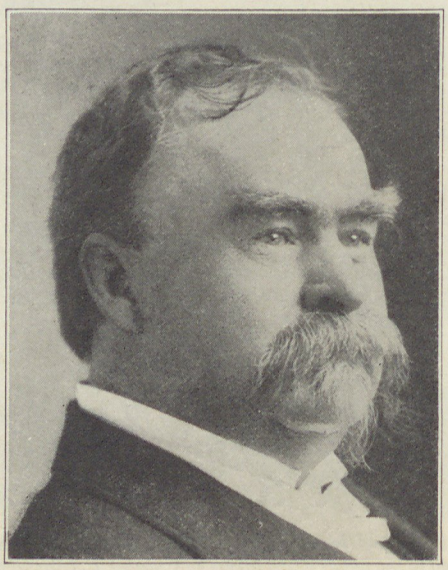
Being the conclusion of J. M. Dickinson's Reminiscences of the famous stock farm, Belle Meade

GENERAL JACKSON was a native Tennessean, a graduate of West Point, an officer of the United States Army until the civil war, and a brave and efficient cavalry officer. He rose to the rank of Major General in the Confederate Army.

After the war he achieved a position of prominence and leadership in Tennessee, and was a fluent and aggressive public speaker, who took an active part in public affairs but never sought public office.

The affairs of Nashville had come into the control of bosses, partly republicans, but mainly democrats, and the saloon, gambling and corrupt powers completely dominated them, and brought the city to the verge of such a catastrophe, that the better classes of citizens, regardless of party, publicly organized to reconstruct the situation. Col. A. S. Colyar was the leader in the fight from start to finish. I was chairman of a Citizens Committee that had complete charge.

The mayor and councilmen had been recently re-elected. Those in power controlled absolutely the political machinery. It was impossible to beat them with either a democratic or republican ticket. A great convention of citizens of all parties was held. The situation was most critical. Any false step or feebleness of action would have been fatal. There was a demand for a bold, aggressive, forceful and eloquent chairman to explain the policy of the movement. Jackson was selected. The convention was one of the most notable that ever occurred in the history of Nashville. The excitement was intense. General Jackson's bearing and speech fully met the great demands of the occasion. The movement was successfully launched by an aggressive and determined citizenry. The legislature met soon thereafter. The organization was so powerful that it secured in 1883 the absolute repeal of the charter, thus wiping out entirely the official slate. Simultaneously a new charter was granted by the legislature. An election was required for a new mayor and ten councilmen, and the fight was on. It became manifest that there could be no success without getting a majority of the negro vote, and it was equally clear that this could not be expected unless they were given a representation on the ticket. When this was made clear at the meeting of the committee of 50, a majority of whom were former Confederate Soldiers, everything went up in the air, and many declared that they would never vote for a negro. After discussion of the situation continuing beyond midnight, the committee unanimously agreed to put two negroes on the ticket.



General William H. Jackson.

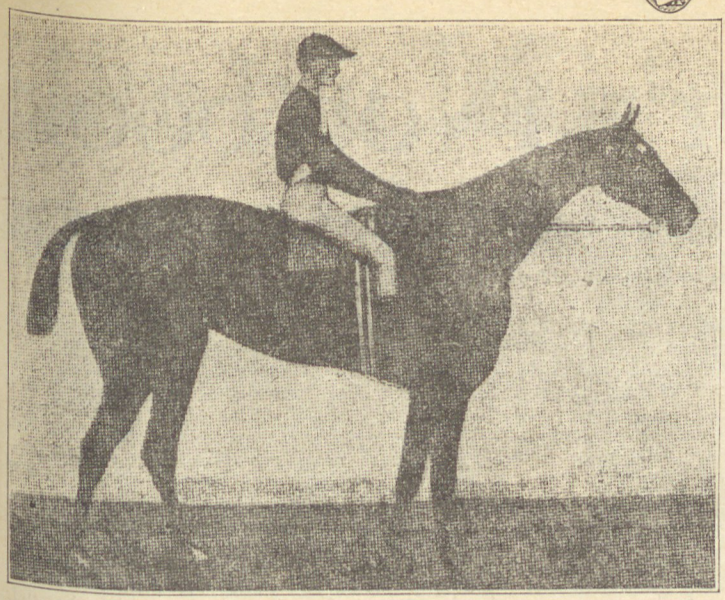
They knew they could do nothing of such a radical character without the full support of the two daily papers, the American and the Banner, which, up to that time, were ardent in the cause, although they antagonized each other on almost every public question. Upon request the editors had remained at their offices waiting a summons to the conference. The whole matter was presented to them, and there was a full exposition of the crisis, with a statement that unless both papers heartily supported the negro candidates, the movement was dead. Each asked many questions, fully developing the exact status.

Both announced that they were irrevocably in the fight, and would sustain the action of the committee without reservation. A mass convention was held, and it was attended by the most substantial people of all politics and all social ranks. Representing the committee I nominated a mayor and ten aldermen, two of them being negroes, and the others intense Southerners. The next day both papers opened the fight in ringing editorials and ardently supported the cause to the end.

The report was circulated that the whites would not vote for the negro nominees, but would scratch them and substitute two whites from the other ticket. The two negroes were J. C. Napier, a lawyer and banker, and Charles C. Gowdey, a business man. Both of them had the respect of all good citizens. A committee of influential negroes headed by the Reverend Nelson Merry, pastor of the largest negro church in the city, and a man of as good character as any man in the city, called at headquarters and said that while they did not believe the report, it was largely credited by the negroes and was weakening their lines.

That was before the Australian ballot, and voters could vote open tickets, and observers could come close enough to the polls to see them. The negro committee was asked to select reliable negro representatives, and have them at each polling place at the opening, and to report whether or not the white voters sustaining the movement were voting the full ticket open and unscratched, and report at once to their headquarters, and that the result should be rapidly communicated to the negro voters, and if the negroes were being scratched, then they could throw the bridle off.

The situation was fully and publicly announced in the press. Large volunteer committees were put at every precinct wearing badges. At some places there were as many as a hundred prominent men. The wholesale houses voluntarily closed



Luke Blackburn, a great horse of forty-five years ago.

their doors for the day. A large and patriotic citizenry devoted themselves absolutely to the public redemption.

General Jackson and thousands of Confederates conspicuously voted open unscratched tickets. The entire ticket was elected and the new government was installed, and there was a complete cleaning. Both of the negroes gave loyal, patriotic, honest and efficient service for their full terms. Gowdey subsequently became captain of the Hook and Ladder Fire Company, lost his life heroically in discharge of his duties, and the Nashville people commemorated him with a monument. Napier under President Taft was Register of the Treasury, and served with credit to himself and the administration. He is now a lawyer and banker in Nashville and respected by its citizens.

There are but few men who could have done what Jackson did. Then there were living many slaveholders, and many who were former slaves, and the bonds between them were strong. Now hardly any of either class survives. The old touch exists no more. It would be impossible now to re-enact anywhere in the South what was done at that convention. It is worthy of being recorded for but few now living in Nashville know that it ever occurred.

The Sale of Joe Blackburn

THERE were two famous brothers in Kentucky. Luke Blackburn, who was Governor Blackburn, and Joe Blackburn, United States Senator from Kentucky and afterward Civil Governor of Panama. After the former the famous race horse, Luke Blackburn, was named. He was by Bonnie Scotland and was the crack three year old of 1880. He starred in 24 races between May 8th and September 28th of that year of which he won 22. He had a full brother named Joe Blackburn.

On account of the unsurpassed achievements of Luke Blackburn on the turf, it was supposed that Joe Blackburn would bring a high price at the annual Belle Meade sale of yearlings. I was at General Harding's the night before and there were a number of guests, among them some who were well informed as to race horses. The discussion turned upon the probable price that Joe Blackburn would bring. This was before the high price period that soon afterward intervened. Up to that time a yearling bringing from $500 to $800 was considered something extraordinary. At that talk we came to the conclusion that Joe Blackburn would sell for more than $1,000. It was understood that the Lorillards and the Dwyers would have representatives at the sale.

There was a big barbecue which was open to everyone. Fully one hundred hogs and sheep were cooked over open trenches filled with hickory coals. The cooking began in the afternoon before the day of the sale and continued up to 12 o'clock. There were a head cook and a number of assistants. From time to time the hogs and sheep which were laid out flat were turned over and were basted with rich dressing, butter, vinegar, mustard and salt put on with a mop. There were long tables and great cans of buttermilk and stacks of bread and butter and pickles. Fully two thousand people attended, and a fourth of them were negroes who took away all that was not eaten.

The sale was opened by the noted auctioneer, Kidd. General Harding, then an old man and becoming feeble, was sitting on the platform with a broad brimmed wool hat, a gold-headed cane and wearing kid gloves.

Joe Blackburn was the first of the colts to be sold. The bidding was spirited from the start. It began at $500 and went up rapidly, until it reached $3,500. Then there was a bid of $3,750. General Harding then arose and said: "No untried colt was ever worth any price like that. I will stop this foolishness, and not permit the horse to be sold. Mr. Auctioneer, please withdraw him." The crowd yelled out: "General Harding, there has been a second bid on him and he belongs to the crowd." The sale went on and he was sold at $7,500.00. He never won a race.

Secretary of War Taft, Justice Lurton and J. M. Dickinson.

Some time after that at a dinner in Kentucky where both of the Blackburns were present, Joe Blackburn said he did not think there was much in names. His brother replied that he did and added: "There was a famous race horse in Tennessee named Luke Blackburn that was without a rival, but he had a full brother by the name of Joe Blackburn, and he never won a race."

This anecdote was told to me by Governor Joe Blackburn in Panama.

The Passing of Belle Meade

BELLE MEADE was game protected. No gun was permitted to be fired in the park of over four hundred acres. It was strictly a place for animal refuge and safety.

After the Civil War some of the deer who had survived the slaughter, gradually returned to the park and rapidly

(Continued on page 70)

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments by O. W. Smith

Illustration by Edward J. Lund

A Preliminary Cast

Just to "limber-up," you know, a fellow must make a false throw or two. If we are to make the Note-Book of utmost value we must know what its readers prize most highly, as well as what we regard of greatest worth. Frankly, "rods and reels and traces" are incidental with us, for long since we passed the milestone marked, "It is all of fishing to catch fish."

The "Perfect" Casting Rod

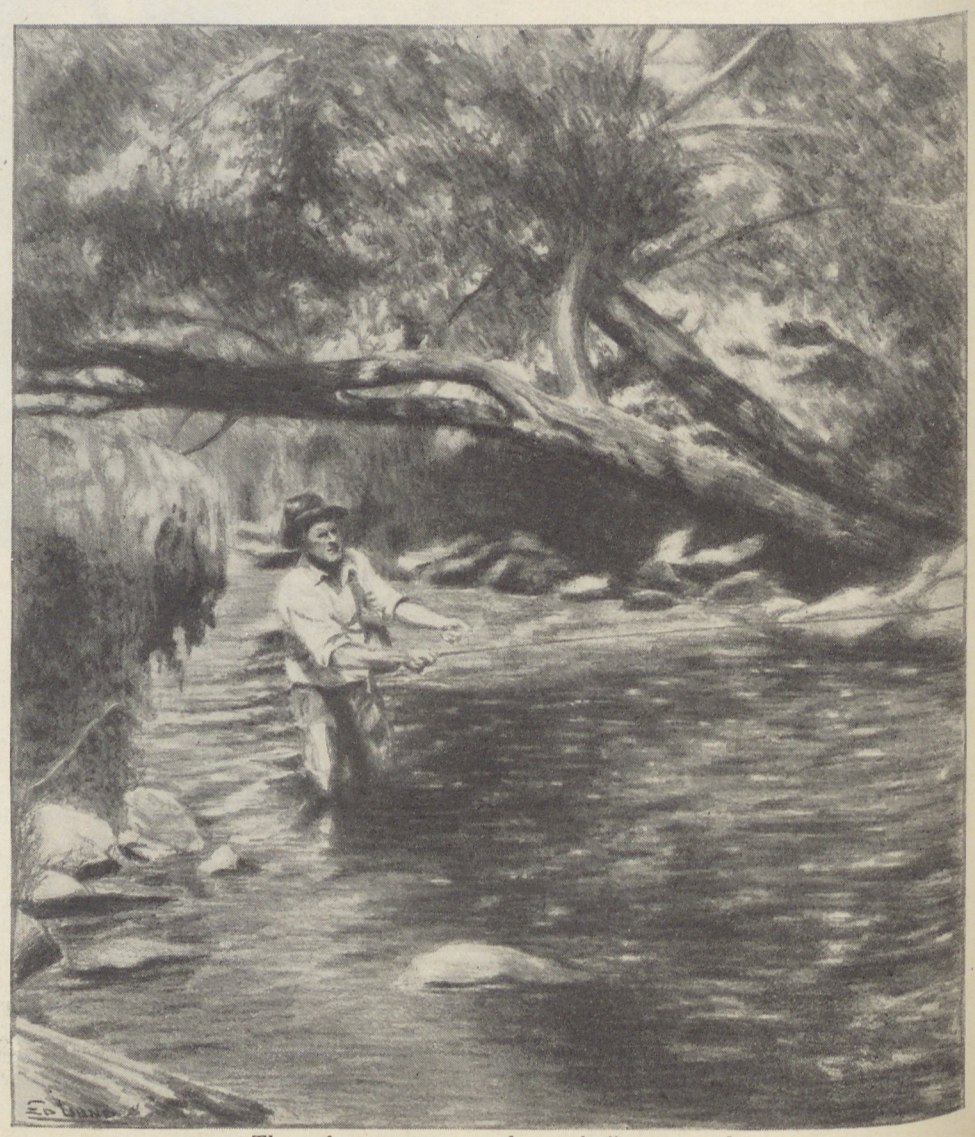
AS was remarked some time ago regarding the fly-handler, there is no such thing as a perfect rod, but the sentence will do as a caption.

I can well remember the introduction of the modern short casting rod, how loath I was to come to its use, for I was a born long rod user. My first casting rod measured exactly six feet and six inches, a beautifully constructed and wonderfully actioned split-bamboo. When it arrived, I unpacked it with doubt, then hid it away in shame. It was unthinkable that I should come to the use of such a thing. Still, I brought myself to do so, with the result that I became enamored of its abilities. While others rushed to shorten their casters, I very grudgingly cut away inches. Long before I had arrived at the "5-6" rod, others were employing them almost exclusively. I stuck to the "6-6." I *knew* it was the best. Nevertheless, in spite of my prejudices, I came at last to the 5½-foot caster. I would not have the reader of these notes think I shortened that "6-6," for I didn't, I have it yet, and employ it in certain fishing; but inevitably I arrived at the 5½-foot as the ideal length for a casting rod, which I herewith recommend to all and sundry.

Parenthetically—I am awfully fond of parenthesis—I have in my files a number of amusing comments on this question of the proper length for a caster. One well-known angler writes that the five-and-a-half foot rod "has about as much action as an umbrella handle." Another exclaims: "If O. W. means what he says, then he's crazy, that's all, for there is no such thing as a five-and-a-half foot casting rod that possesses action." Yet another, "I would no more think of using a five-and-a-half footer, than I would a spear. If O. W. has gone to the short rod, all I can say is, 'Alas, how the mighty have fallen!'" One can but wonder if those gentle critics are still of the same opinion, and if they ever handled a real short casting rod. No action! Ye gods and little fishes! which should be a proper angler's expletive, I wot.

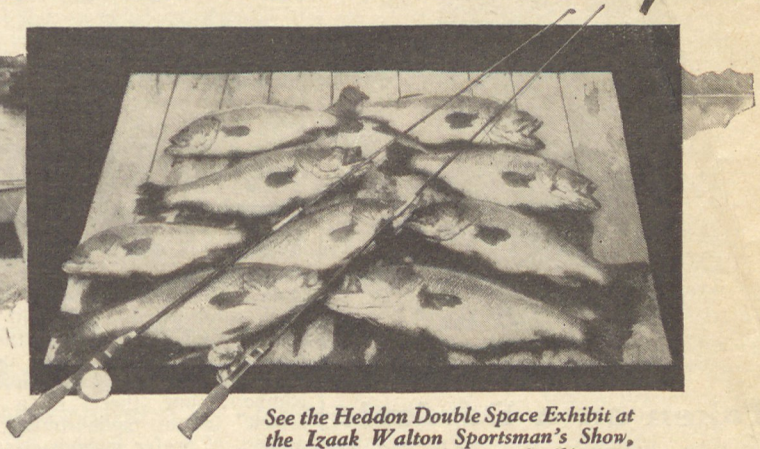
Quite recently, there came to me from the shop of a famous rod-maker, a five-foot rod, weighing exactly 5 oz., which is resilient to a fault, yet possessed of action plus. If you imagine you can "hoss out" a bass with such a rod, you are badly mistaken, that's all. The rod in question comes the nearest to a "fly"-casting rod, if you get what I mean, of anything that has come my way. Make no mistake about the matter, it is a real rod indeed. Let me inform you right now, that no rod-lover will ever endanger such a sentient caster by undertaking to throw a heavy lure. A rod built slim in the waist, and with action plus, is not intended for heavy work. That rod will bend and squirm like a thing possessed, even when a yellow perch has the hook; but when old *micropterus* takes hold, Oh boy! Yet there are those who still imagine a five-foot caster does not possess action.

During my evolutionary days, when I was whittling away inch after inch from my rod tip, figuratively speaking, I asked a certain rod builder to send me one of his regular bass rods, which he did. Then, wishing to quest for muskellunge that fall, I wrote to ask if he would recommend the rod for such sport. He promptly replied in the negative, recommending in its stead what, if I remember correctly, he called his "southern model" or "Florida bass model," intimating the regulation rod was not stiff enough. Naturally I ordered the heavier rod. In due course it appeared, and



The perfect spot to try out the "perfect" casting rod.

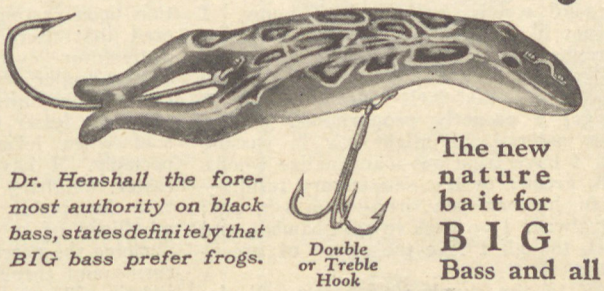
Like 'em BIG—and Plenty?



See the Heddon Double Space Exhibit at the Izaak Walton Sportsman's Show, Hotel Sherman, Chicago, April 7, 8, 9.

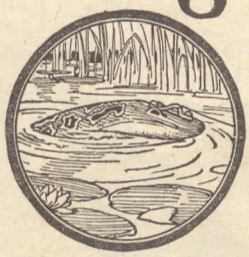
The New Heddon Big Fish Getter *with the* Guarantee Luny Frog

See page 42 for announcement of Heddon Metal-Body, triple-luring baits giving FULL spoon attractiveness without line-twisting, fouling or poor casting.



Dr. Henshall the foremost authority on black bass, states definitely that BIG bass prefer frogs.

Double or Treble Hook



The new nature bait for BIG Bass and all Game Fish.

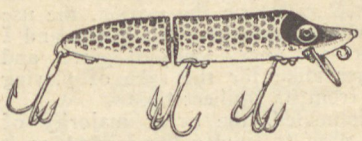
HERE'S what you've waited for. This new Heddon bait gives to the artificial frog *for the first time* real casting quality, buoyancy, correct hook presentation — every fundamental element — that has made the wooden lure the world's most popular and successful casting bait. Here are both — science and nature linked in one — lifelike food appearance and the proved principles of luring, hooking and holding. One look and it's yours — and so are the fish.

THE LUNY FROG *sits up* in lifelike position when floating; dives and swims when pulled in. Practically indestructible. Made in Meadow Frog and Green Frog colors. Double hook (nearly weedless) on belly, or treble if ordered. Each—in the Red Edge Box, with Heddon Guarantee Tag — . . . $1.25

Send for "My Best Tip for a Fishing Trip" by Bob Becker — outdoor authority and editor of "Woods and Waters" Dept. of Chicago Tribune.

Sent free on request.

The New Swimmer in the famous "Vamp" family—



No wooden bait has ever surpassed the Vamp in effectiveness. Now note the new jointed feature adding a distinctly different movement — the short rear section giving a life-like tail-kick. All standard and scale finishes, each $1.25

"Regular" and "Baby" Vamp, each . . 1.00

Be certain it's this "Box with the Red Edge"

This red-bordered box is seen and recognized in more anglers' kits and tackle stores than any other feature in the angling world. Look for it as a guard against imitations.

In all the 16 years of Field & Stream's nation wide contests for largest fish, Heddon Tackle is shown to be far in the lead over every class admitting of fair comparison. Each single year—for 16 years! Think of that for proof of both effectiveness and widespread use.

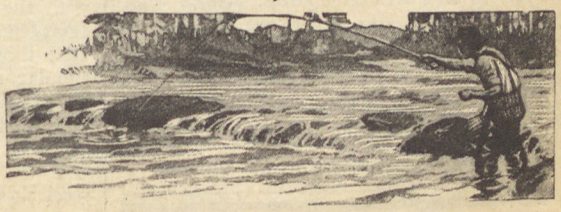
16TH YEAR

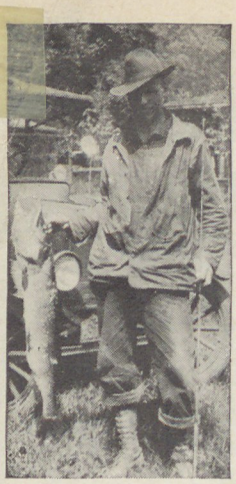
JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, Dowagiac, Mich.

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Genuine Dowagiac

Heddon Fly Rods

A *New One at $15* Added to the $35.00 Heddon and $25.00 Heddon Standard Fly Rod appears this new one — No. 14 at $15.00. Made from genuine Heddon Brown-tone Tempered Bamboo. 8½, 9, 9½ feet. Extra tip. Wonderful backbone and poise—an exceptional value at an exceptional price for true Heddon quality. *For bass or trout.*





lying on the table before me, sturdy and thick of waist, I certainly believed it much heavier. Imagine my astonishment if you can to find that it weighed a scant half ounce more than the regular rod, that too, on my postal scales. I found it difficult to believe, and called in my wife to verify my findings. Result was that I used the rods interchangeably in all fishing, bass, great pike and 'lunge, and never suffered an accident. I have both rods yet, straight and actionable as when first received. I am recommending 5½ footers these days as the ideal length, though for certain types of fishing, like spooning, I go to the "long" rod, 6½ feet.

Enters continually the question of material and I guess the average choice would stand about as follows, split-bamboo, steel, solid wood. You will note I give steel second place, though there are rods

For the man who desires to pack his whole outfit in a tackle-box,—rods, reels, lures, everything, of course he must select joints to fit his case. I have one tackle-box, 20 inches long, into which I pack two steel rods, three reels, all the lures and impedimenta required for a week's fishing. It is always loaded and all I have to do is grab that case and start, serene in the knowledge that I have every possible requirement. No getting ready at all, for I am always ready. Such a thing is out of the question unless you have a short jointed rod. I have built such of wood, but the multiplicity of ferrules interferes with action, and I am all for the metal rod.

(What was that question, Joe? Oh, "Why three reels?" Shucks, we are discussing rods not reels, but seeing you have asked, I will ask the other fellows to skip this paragraph, while I answer.

but it takes a real fly-fisherman to create a *living* rod, if you get what I mean. Perhaps I had something to do with guiding this fellow's fingers aright in the beginning, of that modesty forbids me to speak, but today the pupil is the master. If you want a real de-luxe rod, get in touch with some fellow like him, who builds "just for fun," and see what he can do for you. Of course it is better to do the work yourself, but all do not possess the time and skill requisite for the task. For them are the amateur builders who love to work. Oh, I am not saying anything derogatory of the rods of famous builders. Dear no, I love 'em, I am accumulating 'em as fast as a short pocket-book will allow; but just the same, these amateurs "purloin my angora," they are doing such wonderful work. You might persuade this preacher, or some fellow of his ilk, to create an individual rod for you; of that I don't know, but it sort o' tickles a fellows fancy, this individual rod business.

* * *

CAMP OUT

The angler who has not experienced the great joy to be derived from camping on the bank of stream or lake has something to live for. I love to blow up my air mattress, spread my blanket and crawl in under the mosquito-proof doors, and listen to the ripple of the unquiet water along the shore. More than once the splash of some feeding fish has impelled me to get out in the middle of the night to cast a speculative fly or plug, and many a time has the result been amusing. To battle a big fish in the night-time is something of a task. But it is the freedom camping offers which endears it to me. Just invest in a tiny shelter tent, pneumatic mattress—for the latter is a great comfort—and try camping out a night or two and see if the doors of paradise don't open. "But should it rain?" Well let it. Oh, it's a great life, just great.

* * *

DONE BROWN

"Mother," asked the small boy drying a towel before the camp-fire, "is it done when it is brown?"

* * *

IN MAY

will appear a page of pictures

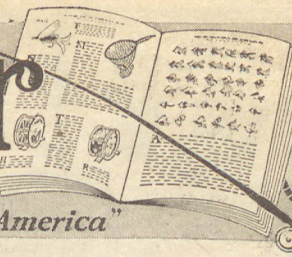
By

HAL G. EVARTS,

well known outdoor writer and sportsman. Hal Evarts has taken outdoor pictures all over the world.

Weber

of Stevens Point
—the
"Fly Tackle Capital of America"



Fine Fly Tackle and Lifelike Lures
American Built for American Conditions

25¢ Fly Free

and this 64 page color catalog

YOU must send a quarter and your dealer's name for this beautiful book in many colors—showing Weber (and Water-Witch) flies, tackle and lifelike luring novelties. Honor built, especially for American style fly-fishing, by the world's largest fly-tackle institution. You will prize this book—and get your 25 cents back *twice.* **Not free!**

We credit you the quarter on your first order from catalog or this ad and send you free any 25-cent fly; tell us size and pattern or leave it to us.

Or Simpler: Slip in a dollar bill for $1.00 in goods and get catalog and extra fly free.

Our Values Supreme:—

Vacuum Dressed Line

Most satisfactory made. No kinks. Dressed through and through, highest quality, Brown. 100 feet. Level

C—$5.00 E—$4.00
D— 4.50 F— 3.75

Double Taper
HCH, $10.00. HDH, $9.00.
HEH, $8.00.

Straintest Leaders

6 in round metal carrying box with moistener pad. Level. Trout, 6 ft. $2. Bass, 4½ ft. $2. Salmon, 9 ft. $6. Dry Fly Tapered, 7½ ft. per box of 6, $3.

Weber Real "Henshall" Fly Rod Lures

A fuzzy morsel of of enticement. Drops lightly, no strain to pick up. Practically self-striking as no hard body interferes with hooking. Inspired and recommended by Dr. Henshall, world renowned authority. 12 patterns. Trout sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 at *65¢* each; bass sizes, 2. 1/0, 3/0, *each 75¢.*

"Aklenat" Dry Fly

Specially good during first hatches of early season. Ostrich body very quick to dry. Driest, highest riding fly made. Expertly dressed on finest rustproof hollow point hooks.

Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. 12 patterns, *20¢* each, *$2.00* per doz.

Weber's Expert Tied Wet Fly

Matched flat wing, decorated silk body on downeyed Pennell hooks or snelled. With natural untrimmed wings and hackle—expertly tied. All standard patterns. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12. Each *15¢.* It is staple flies like these that have built the Weber name.

Cain River Salmon

An American masterpiece—with a record. Rapidly replacing standard type. Also very effective for bass. Ringed or turned down eye, 6 patterns. Sizes 4, 6, 8. Single or barbless *65¢* each; double *75¢.*

"Ask 'em in New Brunswick"

Streamer Type

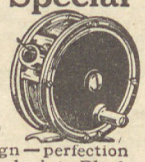
Whisker-bug Spinner

A wonder combination of spinner with the successful Weber Whisker-bug fly rod lure—a record breaker for BIG wary trout, small mouth bass and all game fish. Non-fouling spinner—weedless. Sure working and not too tough on the rod. 12 patterns. Sizes 4, 2, 1/0. Ea. *75c.*

Deer Tail Hair

Weber Special

Perfect Balance FLY REEL



Large capacity

Exclusive design—perfection from every standpoint. Black composition; click: bronze bushed. Same as shown but without agate ring:
Trout *$7.00,* Bass *$8.00*
Salmon *$9.00*
With agate ring as illustrated: Bass size . . *$11.00.*

Attention You Bait Casters!

LINE up with the times. Add the EASY art of fly casting and the Weber sure-shot way of nailing the BIG bass. Fly casting instructions free!

3-Way Dresser
"Dri-a-Fli-or-Line"

The slickest little gadget ever tucked into your kit. With a handy nip of the fingers you are ready to dry out your fly, apply fresh water proofing and to dress your line with Weber's genuine deer fat. All in a neat leather covered book, only 2¼ x 3 in., with separate pairs of pinch-pages properly prepared for the three jobs. Big improvement over our fifty cent line dressing book. Each $1.00

The Famous Camouflaged Leaders

These leaders are toned in alternating bands of translucent colors making them practically invisible. Not a theory but a proved factor of success. Best "Selecto" gut, triple inspected and tested. Trout, bass, salmon; sizes. 1 to 3 yd. lengths, level or tapered. 2 yd. level. 5 lb. test, *50¢ each,* Doz. *$5.50* —all other sizes priced proportionately to above.

"If Weber makes it —a fish takes it."

The
Weber Lifelike Fly Co.
Stevens Point, Wis.
Also Operating
FROST FISHING TACKLE CO. *(Est. 1896)*
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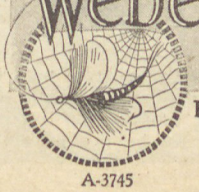

Weber of Stevens Point "The Fly Tackle Capital of America"
WATER WITCH
World's Largest

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YOU CAN'T LOSE!

We have been noted for over 50 years for the Quality and Value of our HIGH GRADE Products. We, however, have not been so well known for our lower priced goods (which, price for price, we consider THE BEST VALUES ON THE MARKET). To make this fact known we are here mentioning one of our *special value* Moderate Price Goods. If These Goods are not better than you can purchase *anywhere* else for equal price, return and have price refunded (without question).

Imported Trout Flies

(All the Popular Patterns)

MONARCH BRAND
(As Good as Others' Best)
Wet Flies—on Gut.....$1.00 per dozen
Dry Flies, Double Wing—on Gut..$2.00 per dozen

WILLIAM MILLS & SON'S EXTRA QUALITY
(Finest Possible to Make)
Wet Flies, Regular Tie—on Gut..$1.50 per dozen
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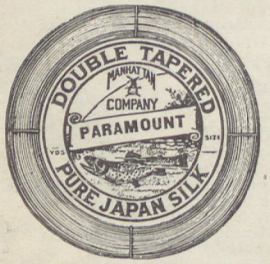
Dry Flies, Double Wing-Eyed Hooks .....$2.00 per dozen

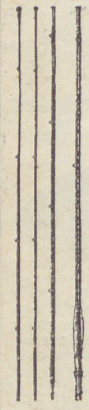


A LOW-PRICED TAPERED LINE

These lines are made of a good quality pure Japan thread silk enameled in a new and superior manner; they are serviceable lines at a moderate price.

Double Tapered:—Made in mottled water color only, in 30-yard lengths.

Size..	C	D	E	F
Each.	$4.00	$3.50	$3.25	$3.00



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Good Quality Split Bamboo

SOLID CORK HANDLE
HAND WELT FERRULES
GENUINE AGATE FIRST GUIDE AND TIP

These rods are not "junk" but are well balanced and good value. Made in—

8¼ feet for Brook Trout
9 feet for Larger Streams
9½ feet for Western Waters

Price Only

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Fishing Tackle Specialists
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Sole Agents for
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The Rod You Will Eventually Buy

Our CATALOG contains not only descriptions and prices of goods, but also COLOR PLATES of FLIES; FISHING MAPS of MAINE and NEW YORK (nearby); ANGLER'S KNOTS; FLY COLORATION DESCRIPTIONS and a "NOVEL INDEX" describing outfits for angling for various Game Fishes. COPY MAILED ON RECEIPT OF 10c IN STAMPS.

SEE OUR EXHIBIT AT CHICAGO CONVENTION
Space 24, April 7, 8 and 9

The Primitive in Florida

By JAMES O. LEWIS

NOWHERE else in northern America can one leave the scenes of ultra modern civilization and so quickly be submerged by utter wild as in some parts of Florida. This will not be the rugged towering wildness of mountains, but rather the flat, primeval semi-jungles of the sub tropics. There are spots where, in spite of motor roads and lorgnettes within three hours' ride, the report of a gun has scarcely ever been heard; places where tinned fare has not entered and native animals are so unfamiliar with man that they pillage his camp while he sleeps. Reelfoot Lake, in Tennessee, is the only other region east of the Rockies that compares with Florida's hammocks in primitive naturalness; and Reelfoot is a state preserve used yearly by hundreds of southern sportsmen.

It is not necessary to go into the Everglades to find remoteness. A canoe trip from Lake Tahopokaliga south would take the adventurer through enough solitude to satisfy the most ardent outdoorsman. True, one day he would glimpse towns with electric lights and pavements, but the next he would see none of man's cruelly civilizing influences among the deep cypress swamps, where things are as God fashioned them.

My first look at this country was from above. Gazing down from three thousand feet I saw palmetto prairies stop abruptly at the edges of comfortable appearing forests. Lakes of the middle chain sparkle in their settings of deeper green than the surrounding pale or browned colors of the prairie. Until these colors came to be familiar enough that they told me their stories, it seemed that I might land my ship at the very shores of these little lakes. When trying to penetrate, however, to one of these prairie lakes I found it to be surrounded by a dense growth of saw grass and saw palmetto as high as my shoulders above a bed of water.

The watered areas that are enclosed by woods are more easily accessible. Even where the timber stands in water a boat may be thrust from the swamp's edge to the open lake. There is less tangled vegetation in such canopied places than in the open and the big boles seldom stand so closely together as to bar a small boat of passage. Low hanging branches bewhiskered with Spanish moss often protest the way, but they may be pushed aside with no more discomfort than that afforded by an occasional moccasin dropping into the brown water beside the boat.

The water almost everywhere is tinged with brown from tannin contained in the scrub palmetto that grows profusely on all the land drained by these water courses. Such hidden waters are seldom serenely quiet as they seem from a distance. They are disturbed here by a giant gar pursuing his dinner and there by an ugly bowfin driving an invader from his nest. Turtles drop from fallen trunks into the safety of mud bottoms; slimy, creeping things, rather sensed than seen, make ripples as they dart away and big fish leap clear of the water to fall back with explosive splashes. Fishing birds croak or chatter at your presence before fanning the swamp's surface with their wings, thus complainingly avoiding your close approach to their stately persons.

I spent what time I could at Rattlesnake hammock. This little jungle was easy to reach from Arcadia by a thirty-mile drive across prairie. There was an old trail leading toward Okeechobee that we followed most of the way, afterward treking across jolting plain, rough because of the ever present palmetto roots. We skirted many small hammocks and drove through a pine island.

FOUR HUNDRED years ago and more
When Ponce de Leon reached our shore,
This native son, a youngster then,
Smiled on him and his merry men.
"My domain—this land superior,
Welcome all to my interior."
And ever since, fur, feather, finny,
Pig, pup and tender piccaninny
Have one by one gone to their rest
Down the red lane behind his vest.
He's hungry still and "smilin' through."
In Florida he waits for you.

—L. A. Sharp.

Hammocks are high, rich soil a few square feet or many acres in extent. Usually they have water about them kept present through dry seasons by seepage from the hammocks themselves, therefore are free from fires and deeply carpeted by fallen fronds, moss and leaves. Live-oak, water-oak and pepper trees grow so thickly, and their tangled limbs are so matted with moss and air plants that only the palm is erect enough to push its tasseled head through them to a position of prominence.

We arrived at Rattlesnake hammock the first trip with only enough daylight left to collect firewood before dark. We arranged our makeshift camp under a live-oak near the bank of Rattlesnake creek. After supper Baum, my companion, could not resist some night fishing. He rigged a line on a cane pole, baited his hook with rabbit meat and before I had the coffee pot rinsed had thrown three or four catfish upon the bank. Baum had never been spoiled by game fishing, so was as delighted as a

child. I was, too, for that matter. I knew the perfect deliciousness of fried catfish steaks as a pagan feast to the rising sun.

While we yet lay awake in our bedrolls, night prowlers howled and barked and sang in the hammock. We rested because we did not recognize all the voices of the wood nor the deep grunts of male alligators that sounded like those of big hogs, varied at times by a chorus similar to the rallying noise of wild boars. In the morning we found a pile of small, tough eggshells within an arm's reach of our grub-box. A 'coon had entered our camp and dug out turtle eggs which we never would have suspected were there. Also there was evidence that our visitor had investigated our own effects.

From nearby woods flocks of curlew flew to their feeding grounds. Cranes croaked and herons cleared their throats. I heard a sound learned years before in the Ozarks—young turkeys' piping calls and the cautious reply, "Caouk, caouk," from the hen. After breakfast I followed these birds through forest and myrtle thickets, but because of the dense foliage could secure no more than fleeting glimpses of the young ones. We never drove them into the open until we took a native guide and his dogs with us.

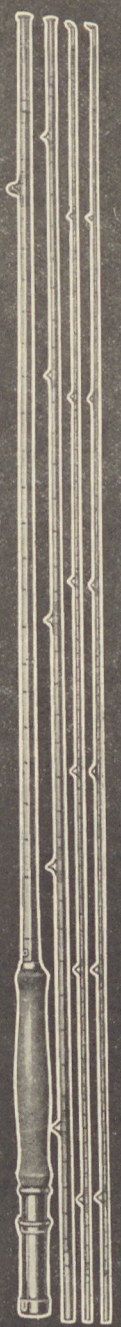
This guide, Hall, recommended half a dozen other camp sites to us, but Baum and I were too well pleased with our first love. I wanted a big alligator and Baum liked still fishing. We knew we could find what we both desired at Rattlesnake hammock.

A long slough below the hammock was selected as the proper place to kill my longed for alligator. The main body of this water was not more than sixty feet across and from visible indications not too deep for wading. The guide's idea was that I could shoot my game on the far side if need be and wade over to it before it should cease struggling and sink. So this slough was chosen in preference to some other water with better footing about its shores. I had shot at the big reptiles before, but had never killed one. There is not a big enough brain in an alligator's head to be reached with ease and what there is can evidently be severely injured without causing instant death.

As a prelude to actual hunting we had to wade through a marsh surrounding the slough. This margin had water all through its growth of lily bonnets and cattails. The "bonnet" stems are tough and become twisted with one another below the water's surface, piling up from year to year until there is a thick, spongy carpet at the bottom through which a man's feet sink. After pulling a foot out of this slimy mess it is difficult to put it forward for the next step. Moccasins of three kinds lay upon the broad pads; ugly, wormlike creatures showed their heads and disappeared toward my feet. Swimming fish or reptiles struck against my legs. I stepped on a bowfin that had built a nest among the bonnet stems. I did not mind snakes and insects; I had met them before, but slimy, squirming things which I could only feel held no lure for me.

At a little distance from the slough proper we found a rude nest made by packing reeds and sticks together until it was built above the water to a height of a foot or more. It was quite wide and solid, too, as I proved by stepping upon it. This was an alligator's nest in which eggs are laid and covered in successive layers until all are deposited. Sunshine and spontaneous heat of decaying vegeta-

TROUT!
4 Essentials to Greatest Sport



NO matter how many trout may lurk in a stream—no matter what skill may lie in the hand and mind of the angler—the supreme pleasure of angling does not become a fact until the angler has just the right rod, reel, line and lures.

Thousands of veteran "Waltons" tell us that no other tackle combination affords the delightful sport obtained with our "DE LUXE" fly rod, mounting the famous Shakespeare automatic reel with our double-tapered super-silk trout line carrying the right Shakespeare dry flies.

The excellent rod, of finest split TONKIN BAMBOO, is a model of swift resilience. Three joints with extra tip, price, $25.00.

The reel surpasses all others in its positive, quick, perfectly controlled self-winding feature. Only $5.00 in 30-yard size.

The line contains only pure Japan cocoon silk so skilfully braided that, for its diameter, this line excels all others in strength—protected against moisture by our special water-proof flexible enamel dressing, carefully hand-rubbed—selling, per coil of 30 yards, at $6.50 to $9.50.

Equipped with these four essentials every moment you spend in the stream will be filled with sheer joy.

SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
419 Pitcher Street
KALAMAZOO - MICHIGAN

Shakespeare
FINE FISHING TACKLE

Shakespeare Ideal Fly Rods
In every detail of design, materials and workmanship this rod is the ultimate in rod-making achievement. Balance is perfection itself. You can fish all day long with no hint of tiring.

Shakespeare Automatic Reel
Embodying the individual ideas of many expert anglers concerning the requirements of a perfect automatic reel. Smaller, lighter, greater capacity, smooth powerful action, staunch and rigid—yet easily taken apart.

Shakespeare Flies
The experience of several generations of fly makers contributes to Shakespeare imported flies.

Shakespeare Super-Silk Enameled Line
A double tapered, enameled line made from the finest super-silk that can be produced, braided with special care and hand-finished. No finer line was ever made.

Send for 1927 Catalog FREE

Shakespeare Company
419 Pitcher St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Gentlemen: Send me postpaid your new FREE BOOK "TACKLE TRIUMPHS."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

14¾ lb. caught on Heddon "Queen"

Since my trolling days I've been strong for spoon baits but could never get one that would work decently for casting. Your Queen is IT. I enclose snap of 14¾ pound bass (largest of 10) that it brought me Wednesday at Minneola. (Fla.)
Fred C. Markoron, Milwaukee, Wis.

BEATS the old-fashioned spoon at its own game; all its successful glitter, flash and revolving *appearance* accomplished without the penalty of line-twisting, constant fouling or poor casting. Easy to cast even against wind.

"Queen" Size
2⅜ in. blade.
"King," 3 in.

Metal Bodied Triple Luring

Gleaming body, brilliant feathers, fluttering flasher-blades. Always works. Runs any depth. Usable with or without pork-strip. Nickel or copper metal surfaces or one side in brilliant red-and-white or scale finish enamel, each, $1.00.

New: Above baits also in real gold plate non-tarnishing finish at same price.

Heddon Reel No. 3-25

Level Wind

Not to be compared to today's run of ordinary level wind reels.

Double steady-bar takes strain and wear from line carrier and gears. Fully hardened; level winder is rust proof. A superior reel made by strictly selective work instead of "production" methods. . . $25.00

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, DOWAGIAC, MICH.

"The Box with the Red Edge" —seen and recognized in more tackle stores and angler's kits than any other feature in the fishing world.

IN 16 years of Field & Stream's National Contests more prize Bass have been taken on Heddon baits than on all similar lures combined.

16TH YEAR

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Genuine Dowagiac

tion accomplish incubation while the female alligator stays close by, feeding, wallowing in muck and awaiting developments. Hall had provided himself with a long pole which he now thrust down through a great hole, indicated by a clear space among the cattails. The alligator's mud bed was at the bottom of this hole, from which probably ran a tunnel to the slough.

We approached the slough as cautiously as possible. At the very brink of it we saw the heads of seven or eight alligators, none of them big enough to suit my fancy. Hall tried to point out two larger ones farther down the slough. I could not see them and said so.

"Can't you see the sun shining on a big bright spot right at the mouth of that little inlet?" Hall asked. Certainly I saw that.

"Well, that's your big 'gator's head. Looked at slantwise they shine like a tin coffee pot. We'll go get him."

We skirted the marshy edge toward the inlet. Hall walked in front, poking the ground ahead of him with his stick after telling me to stay directly behind him to avoid tumbling into caved-in dens. I followed his instruction until I lost sight of my alligator's head. Then in my anxiety to relocate it I stepped forward at Hall's right. All bottom fell from beneath me and I went down!

Falling into muddy water up to your chin is never pleasant. This time I knew I was in an alligator's home, and I was not yet very well acquainted with those brutes. To be sure, I had Hall's word that they always retreated from man; but my visit there had been entirely unexpected and unannounced. I could feel the soil giving way under my feet, carrying me deeper and deeper. So far I had held the rifle high and safe, but every age-long second brought new impulses to drop the thing and swim away. Hall splashed to me. He grinned and the flash of his teeth gave me visions of others that might then be at my legs. He reached for the gun, by which he pulled me out of the hole. That big southerner was a true sportsman. Instead of "I told you so," he said:

"The big one's sunk now. I'll have to grunt him out."

That is exactly what he did. He held his nostrils shut and emitted a series of high pitched, nasal grunts.

"Shoot right back of his eyes when he comes up," Hall instructed.

"Maybe he's gone for good," I moped.

"Grunt, grunt. No, he ain't. Grunt, grunt." So effective was this call that the alligator did rise; also another on the far side. I chose the near target—and hit. Instantly the entire slough was in a violent turmoil.

"Let him flop," Hall advised, "when he turns his belly up, go get him quick before he sinks." In a few minutes the terrific struggles did stop and my quarry turned over. "Now get him. He'll sink," said my guide.

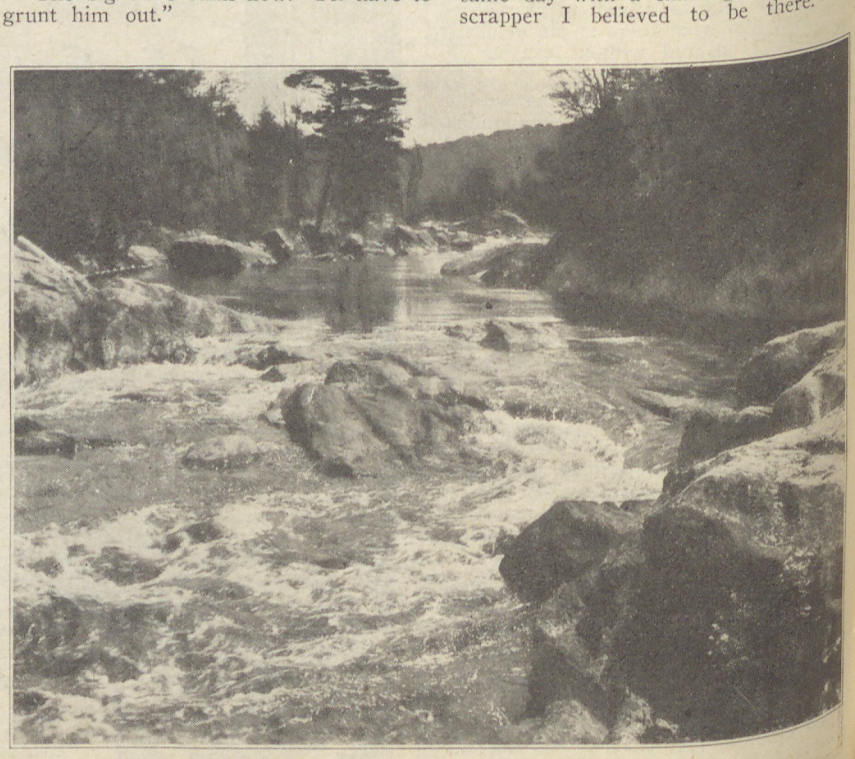
I lacked the courage to go into that water. A time or two I started, but to Hall's disgust with me I hesitated even as the alligator sank slowly from sight.

"He's mighty dead," said Hall, "oughtn't to lose him."

I did at last force myself to go blindly in search of the dead saurian. Only sheer cowardice made me do it then, as I demonstrated when I stepped on the thing. I leaped over it into swimming depth. Returning, I raised it with my foot and dragged it ashore by a front leg in entire disregard of Hall's wise admonition to seize it by the snout; thus to prevent any spasmodic muscular reaction from drawing a claw through my hand. But I had my trophy.

The fishing at Rattlesnake hammock was not limited to the slow, plentiful sort that appealed to Baum. I located, among a bed of bonnets, a school of goggle-eyed perch which rose avidly to small black grasshoppers. These fellows gave me a spell of complete enjoyment extending through the supper hour.

In Hawthorne creek, a stream slightly larger and more energetic, I found bass fishing to the fullness of my desire. Friends in Arcadia had touted certain far away lakes as the only bass inhabited water nearer than Okeechobee. While crossing Hawthorne one morning I saw a fallen leaf or insect so voraciously attacked and worried in the swirl of an unmistakable strike that I returned that same day with a challenge to the game scrapper I believed to be there. The



A stream in the primitive north, 2000 miles from Florida.

creek is narrow enough in places to be leaped across, spreading out in others to wide, deep pools. Reeds and undergrowth rip-rap its bank, while branches of big trees practically roof parts of it. Casting light baits with a five-foot rod under such circumstances requires a fine degree of patience and at least fair accuracy. What I knew of this business had been learned on the open Ozark streams and the hill creeks of southern Oklahoma. Conditions there are sweeter unless the presence of black bass be the only condition sought.

Never before had I spent a half day as full of angling enjoyment as that first ramble I made down Hawthorne creek. My first strike was by a baby bass; he couldn't have weighed more than eight ounces. Five minutes later I was playing his grandfather. There was not a single dull moment from then until I quit dreaming that night, and then only if the serene rest following a perfect day may be called dull. My creel was a haversack. At first it swung about in the way of my elbow, but not after I had kept six fish.

The biggest one of the lot I hooked while standing on a small log that had fallen across the creek. Below me there was but a scant two-foot depth of water. Above my log lay such a pool with such edges as only a bass fisher may fully appreciate. I cast to the far end of that hole, experimentally. Half way back to me my pork rind was barely missed by a finny torpedo. I hurried the return to encourage the fish and sped my bait too fast.

The next cast was taken. I sank the hook and gave him the line he demanded. That fight was one of the kind sometimes told about on the way home. My bass surged, broke water, leaped into the air and shook his head. I gave him slack, thumbed my spool or reeled in line as seemed to be needed. Luck was with me in that my hook was well stuck. At the beginning of his last dash upstream, I slipped off the log. That was the bass' opportunity and he knew it. He came toward me and out of the water. Off balance, I could but swing the rod tip in a semi-circle. He should, by all the laws of probability have been a free fish. By my good fortune he stayed hooked and I landed the whole four pounds of him.

I kept six of that day's catch. I still ponder what manner of fish the big one that got away must have been. While I waited on the road for my car a farmer came by and seeing my rod, remarked:

"I suppose you know by this time that there are no fish in Hawthorne." A minute later this man was my friend.

I doubt that the slanderer who says Florida bass are less game than those of the north has ever hunted them with a single hook lure. Any bass can be killed by a wooden club, spiked with fifteen hooks. I have seen ripped bass lying dead in White river, bass that some man thought had escaped.

Struthers Burt

—famous author of "The Delectable Mountains," will write an article for OUTDOOR AMERICA

In May

When I Go Fishing I take these Lures along!

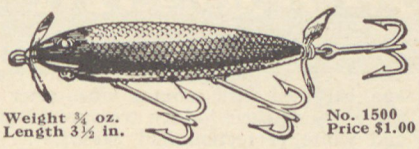
H. S. DILLS
the originator of Creek Chub True-To-Nature Lures!

"Listen, Fishermen! This is not just so much 'readin' matter'—but the best kind of advice to you—if you're really anxious to make your vacation and fishing trip a rousing success!

"Years ago, I started fishing with spoons, spinners, pork rinds and underwater minnows! But to improve my fishing, I created and developed these floating, diving, swimming minnows which today are easy to cast, and control in the water and give more pleasure than a sinking bait 'cause they 'Catch More Fish'!

"I want to tell you in just as few words as possible how I catch MORE FISH—also the big, old crafty warriors which have lived longer—(and grown larger)—than other fish—the kind that are too smart to tackle the ordinary run of baits! But with these Creek Chub True-To-Nature Lures—it's a different story!

The Floating Injured Minnow



Weight ¾ oz.
Length 3½ in.
No. 1500
Price $1.00

"First of all, I tie on a Floating Injured Minnow, especially if the fish are up near the shore and over or near the weeds! By retrieving in slow, short jerks, this Bass-getting wonder represents a wounded minnow—lying on its side—just about all in—but able to make a little fuss on the surface! Just as I do, you, too, will get more of a thrill because you can hear and see the strike! I often use this lure at night, too, reeling very slowly!

The Famous Pikie Minnow

Weight ¾ oz.
Length 4½ in.
No. 700
Price $1.00

Make Bass Mad

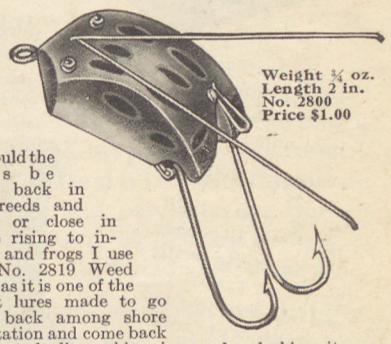
"If the water is clear, I toss out our No. 700 Famous Pikie Minnow, the greatest all-round lure made! All game fish go for it—in salt water or fresh—as it is made to accurately represent a natural Pikie Minnow in size, shape, color and natural swimming movement! By all means don't go to Canada or the northern waters without a supply of Pikies! Its tantalizing motion makes those Big Muskies, Pike and Bass, mad! And they strike hard—to kill it!

Jointed Pikie Minnow

Length 4½ in.
Weight ¾ oz.
No. 2600
Price $1.25

"If the water is a bit cloudy, I then use the Jointed Pikie Minnow No. 2618, Silver Flash Finish, and with its unusually lively action, this lure closely resembles a silver side minnow—making it very attractive in cloudy water! I reel this lure rather fast in most instances as it has a rapid, natural swimming movement.

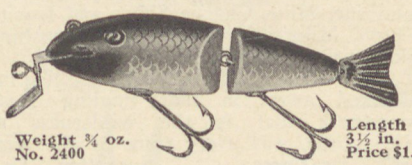
Weed Frog



Weight ¾ oz.
Length 2 in.
No. 2800
Price $1.00

"Should the bass be 'way back in the reeds and pads or close in shore rising to insects and frogs I use the No. 2819 Weed Frog as it is one of the finest lures made to go way back among shore vegetation and come back without fouling, skimming and splashing its way along—and it gets practically all strikes! I sometimes cast it on shore and hop it off into the water like a frog jumping in! With short jerks, it represents a frog struggling along! This is also a splendid lure for dark nights.

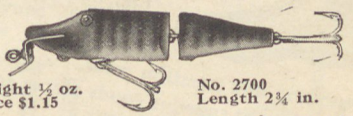
Wiggle Fish



Weight ¾ oz.
No. 2400
Length 3½ in.
Price $1.25

"When starting across the lake for any reason, or when fish are apparently down deep, I tie on the No. 2402 white and red Wiggle Fish Minnow and troll with it as it has a wonderful motion and a flashy attractive appearance enhanced by the bright 'wag tail.' It runs quite deep and often I get a good sized fish while trolling this way! The perch coloration Wiggle Fish No. 2401 is also a splendid fish getter.

New Baby Jointed Pikie



Weight ⅛ oz.
Price $1.15
No. 2700
Length 2¾ in.

"Finally there comes a time when all game fish have a hankering for perch! Then I use the New Baby Jointed Pikie, in the perch color, No. 2701! In looks, in color and most of all in action it's the closest rival of a lively baby perch that has ever been produced. This is a nice size lure for river fishing in different colors—especially the 2718 Silver Flash Finish!

"That's how I get 'em—plenty of 'em! You can, too, if you use these lures! Many other Creek Chub Lures are favored in certain localities—and on certain days—such as our original Creek Chub, Crawdad, Gar Minnow—husky lures for Muskie Fishermen, Flyrod lures that are different, and light tackle for others—in many sizes, colors and movements to suit the individual fisherman's fancy, but you can't go wrong on the lures shown above! Every one sold with a guarantee to catch fish—or money back! At your dealer's or direct! Our beautiful, new colored catalog of True-To-Nature Creek Chub Lures sent FREE upon request."

1. W. L. A. Convention, April 7, 8, 9
Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Ill.

See Our Exhibits

Out-Door Show, May 9 to 14
Coliseum, Chicago, Ill.

Creek Chub Baits Catch More Fish!

CREEK CHUB BAIT CO., 324 So. Randolph St., GARRETT, INDIANA

Manufactured in Canada by Allcock, Laight & Westwood, Toronto, Ont., for Creek Chub Bait Co.

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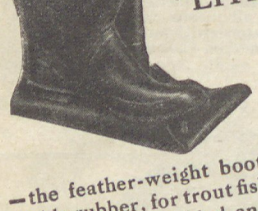
dry-footed
untiring
comfort

if you know these names

Comfortable feet are "half the battle" in fishing, trapping or dry land sports. That's why it pays to know



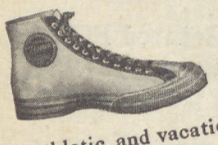
"LITENTUF"

—the feather-weight boot, of tough, pliable rubber, for trout fishermen and others. Can be folded and carried in minimum space when not being worn.

"DUBOIS"

—the water-tight, lace boot, all rubber —a favorite with hunters, trappers and all who wade through wet, soft ground.

"ZIPPS"



—for dry land sports and tramping. Strongly reinforced canvas sport shoes for athletic and vacation wear.

Get them at sporting goods stores and regular footwear dealers.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Established 1870 AKRON, OHIO
In Canada:
Canadian Goodrich Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ont.

Goodrich
HI-PRESS
Footwear

Trailing Arbutus and A Little Fishin'

By HAL KANE CLEMENTS

AT least *once* upon a time there came a Spring day. Quite a lovely one, in fact. The world was full of a warm, drowsing sunshine that made you look around for a nice, quiet spot where you could sit and dream a bit.

Far to the north, pasturing in a blue sky, was a flock of snowy-white cloud sheep, . . . huffing and puffing a crisp little breeze to you, fragrant with the lung-filling delight of faraway pine trees and . . . you sniff again . . . and again . . . that heavenly, indescribable spicy sweetness . . . *must* be trailing arbutus!

Across your memory there sweeps a vision of northern Ontario seven years ago, carpeted with arbutus vines after all the glory of their hidden treasure of pink and white perfection had passed, . . . and the resolution then taken that *sometime* before you, too, passed forever from the haunts of trailing arbutus, that you would see the wilderness abloom with all that eerie star-dust.

A time table . . . and there you are, your duffle bag beside you, . . . at Metagama, Ontario, the trailing arbutus garden of the world, . . . all within twenty-four hours.

From the station, his lair and stronghold, emerges a much puzzled Mike Bates, alleged misogynist, and Grand Mogul of all the arbutus hunting grounds surrounding Metagama. He has only known me for ten years and any ripple of surprise that I can raise on that kind face of his scores high for me.

Besides being an alleged misogynist, a writer and one of the best sportsmen in the world, Mike Bates is a very understanding person and knows that trailing arbutus fever needs to have something done about it quickly.

Almost before the smoke of the train had cleared out of the nippy morning sunshine, Mike, Charlie Sykes and I, with Chum, Mike's Airedale partner, mushing along at our heels, were on the trail.

Ah, what a wonderful world we live in! Washed away in that tingling fresh sweetness that is the wilderness at Springtime, was every trace of the winter's weariness . . . forgotten the aching disappointments, the dissatisfied ambitions . . . every last scar of the cruelty of civilization. It was the most effective church-going I'd had in many moons.

The arbutus were there . . . everywhere around us, like a wonderful magic carpet, covering the drabness of the still unawakened earth. As I knelt and pushed back the heavy dark leaves that jealously tried to hide the star-like sprays of pink and white beauty so bravely unfurled as a promise of the awakening soon to follow, from my heart there rose a prayer of thanksgiving to the Maker of Worlds. Wafted on the glorious incense of those fragrant beautiful blossoms, I hope it reached Him.

Now, next to arbutus an early Spring day's fishin' is something to think about. And, nowhere . . . no time . . . is there anything more so than fishing for salmon trout. The boat at the cabin at Second Lake (Mike has built cabins throughout the bush around Metagama for fishing and hunting trips) . . . needed a lot of fussing before it really promised to keep us from drowning, . . . but at last we were casting our lines 200 feet to the bottom of that icy lake.

Perhaps the usually elusive trout were bored after their long, undisturbed winter and were looking for some amusement, . . . anyway, two big fellows hesitated too long over the shiny spinner we were trolling, . . . and were lost forever to their family.

The sun was just going down as we rowed back to the cabin to cook supper.

"The Little Lady Vagabond" and Chum.

The evening star was already shining like a great jewel set in the vivid blue of the eastern sky.

Artistically speaking, I'm not sure that trailing arbutus and sunsets should be mixed with fried salmon trout, . . . but humanly speaking, it had to be that way. I was a starving woman . . . and if there is a more heavenly meal than hours of brown, fried trout, bread and strawberry jam and plenty of hot tea, . . . I'm willing to wait for the next world to try it.

After every last crumb was cleaned out of the frying pan, we started back over the trail by lantern light.

In that sublime contentment that follows a good meal after a wonderful day out-of-doors, we followed the shadowy path . . . too pleased with ourselves and the world to even talk. In the clearness of the night sky, ten million stars twinkled down at us, near enough to reach up and gather a handful, it seemed.

Once in a while Mike's lyric voice rang out through the stillness with that funny little French song of his, "Roll on, my bullet, roll on." Once in a while my tired feet would stumble and then either Char-

lie or Mike would help me over the rough going.

Next morning I awaken to the soft patter of rain on the roof of my cabin . . . all the glory of yesterday seems to have disappeared. I'm stiff and sore . . . and wonder if I'm too late for breakfast. And then, on that cold, rainy day I found the Something that made that long trip from Chicago worthwhile to me all my life long. With Chum I climbed the hill back of the station, the trail covered with puddles of rain . . . the sky a dull gray drizzle.

I found myself in a little hollow, giant pine trees edging it, . . . the bare branches of the white birch the only relief against all the gloom. Dead trees all around me, . . . rotting logs along the path. Dreariness. As my eyes searched out the dim mist, I found myself in a veritable sea of arbutus leaves . . . and gently turning them back, there smiling up at me were the largest, pinkest, most Heaven-sent blossoms I've ever seen . . . their spicy fragrance all the sweeter for the raindrops on them.

Sitting there on a wet log, the soft rustle of the rain on the dead leaves the only accompaniment to my thoughts, Chum's wise eyes watching me as I studied my lesson, I lived one of the most satisfactory hours of my life. For me those arbutus, coming alone to that bleak, bare wilderness, still wrapped in Winter, meant a lesson in Faith . . . and Hope . . . and great Courage . . . that I shall never forget. Instead of bleak, bare branches on the trees around me, I could see buds of fresh, tender green. Behind the dull gray of the clouds I caught a glimmer of the sunshine that would flood the world tomorrow.

Florida Coming to Life

(*Continued from page 33*)

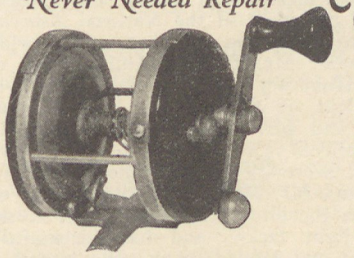
other organized sportsmen, Mr. Royall will present to the legislature a first class statewide game and fresh water fish law to take the place of the multitude of local laws which now interfere with statewide progress. In addition to clarifying the general situation, some of the salient features of the legislative program include permanent breeding areas or refuges for game and fish, a closed season for fresh water fish during the spawning period; stopping the sale and transportation of black bass; restricting bag limits and seasons for game; protecting female deer and fawns; and providing for a resident fishing license.

All of these proposals are constructive and are all badly needed. The waters of that state are now being looted of their black bass by the tons for market purposes, and both the fish and the game must be given far more protection than is now provided.

Florida is indeed awakening to the value of her wild life resources and is to be commended for the fine progress made during the past year.

When King Tarpon Leaps You'll be glad of your Meisselbach

Used 35 Years— Never Needed Repair



This Meisselbach Surf Reel is the property of Mr. David S. Braden, of Philadelphia. He has used it every year for 35 years, has never had it repaired and has never had a single part wear out or break. Mr. Braden is so fond of his veteran Meisselbach that he refused a new reel in exchange for it.

Every Meisselbach is built to deliver just such long service and complete satisfaction. Design, materials, workmanship all combine to guarantee exceptional value and long years of fishing joy.

Meisselbach Surf Reels at $10, $22 and $36

THE bigger they come the easier they fall when you're fishing with a Meisselbach Surf Reel. This husky reel becomes like part of yourself when the excitement begins—it does whatever you want it to do and almost thinks for itself.

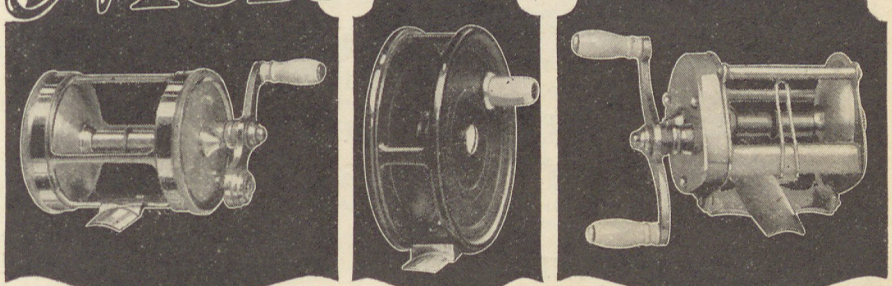
There's a powerful drag when you want it—but you can throw it off with a touch. Free spool or fixed by pressing a button. A big sturdy handle and a reel seat as solid as rock. Every part and parcel of the Surf is made to stand hard battles and help you come out on top, and built to last a life-time.

Nothing has been cheapened in the Surf—it's the finest reel money can buy—the reel you'll be proud to own and delighted to use.

Illustrated Catalogue and the famous "Bite Book" free on request.

THE A. F. MEISSELBACH MFG. CO.
212 Taylor St. ELYRIA, OHIO

Meisselbach



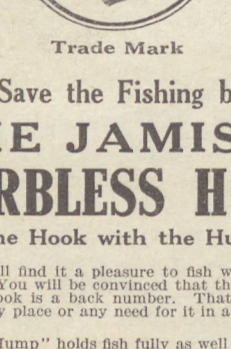
The popular Meisselbach Takapart, $7, Quadruple multiplying, capacity 100 yards. Can be taken apart for cleaning without use of tools. Free or fixed spool.

The Rainbow—America's most popular trout reel. Capacity 50 yards. $5.50.

Meisselbach Flyer, $7.50. Most modern level wind reel on the market, and the best buy. Quadruple multiplying, capacity 100 yds.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD Says:

"The day is not far away when every true sportsman will use Barbless Hooks . . ."



Trade Mark

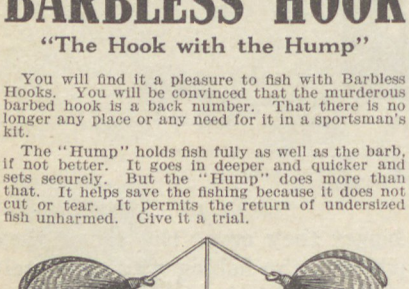
Help Save the Fishing by Using

THE JAMISON BARBLESS HOOK

"The Hook with the Hump"

You will find it a pleasure to fish with Barbless Hooks. You will be convinced that the murderous barbed hook is a back number. That there is no longer any place or any need for it in a sportsman's kit.

The "Hump" holds fish fully as well as the barb, if not better. It goes in deeper and quicker and sets securely. But the "Hump" does more than that. It helps save the fishing because it does not cut or tear. It permits the return of undersized fish unharmed. Give it a trial.



Barbless Hook Wet Trout Flies to Gut. Highest quality. 24 patterns. No. 4, No. 6, No. 8, No. 10 and No. 12 hook. Five for $1.00 or $2.25 per dozen.

Barbless Hook Dry Flies, no snell. Highest quality. 12 patterns. No. 8, No. 10, No. 12 and No. 14. Four for $1.00 or $2.50 per dozen.

Barbless Hook Inverted Bass Flies, No. 1/0 Ringed Hook, no snell. Highest quality. 14 patterns. Each 35 cents. $4.20 per dozen.

THE SHANNON TWIN SPINNER

Made under J. P. Shannon Patents

It's all the same to the Shannon whether you cast or troll. It's a sure fish-getter either way. Besides being extremely attractive, it is absolutely weedless. You can fish the thickest weeds with ease—and that's where the big boys hide.

Made with Red, Yellow or White Feather Fly; and Natural, Red, White, Yellow or Black Bucktail Fly. Price each, 85 cents.

Barbless Hook Style Same Price

Write for full details about our Remarkable MOVING PICTURES OF FISHING

If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct

Send for Catalog of Barbless Flies, and Hooks, Shannon Spinners and other Up-to-Date Tackle.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.

Up-to-Date Fishing Tackle

Dept. 54

739 S. California Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Scientific Angling

National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the N. A. S. A. C. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

Annual Meeting—Chicago Fly Casting Club

Monday evening, February 14th, 1927, will go down in the history of our Club as one of the greatest meetings for election of officers, etc., ever held. Well we may be proud of it, for out of a membership of one hundred and thirteen, there were close to ninety present.

We had with us several speakers, Mr. Fred Peet, Dean of the Casting game, and a fisherman of note; Mr. George Chatt, President of the National Association of Scientific Angling and world's champion; Mr. Thomas Ambrose one of our Honorary Members; Dr. Davis, President of the Lincoln Park Casting Club, and Mr. Fred Lane, President of the Illinois Casting Club; Mr. Frank Leach, Secretary of the National Association, and Mr. Morris Clark, who was we believe, the first to attempt to fish musky with light tackle, and has successfully hooked and landed many,—the largest, a thirty-five pounder on a seven pound test line.

The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year:

Louis Hodges, President.
George Case, Vice President.
Robert Clarkson, Secretary-Treasurer.
Louis H. Kuester, Captain.

All present were greatly entertained by the very fine picture taken by the late William Jamison, and shown by Mr. Cullerton, assisted by Mr. Theodore Nordholm. The title of the pictures—"Bass Fishing in Florida Waters"; also "Salmon Fishing in Cains River," New Brunswick.

Just previous to adjourning the meeting, motion was made by Mr. Leach, and seconded, that the following be entered as of record, on our books—the secretary as instructed, reports

"Chicago Fly Casting Club 35th Annual Meeting,—100% attendance."

Southern States Casting Tournament, Orlando, Florida

February 10, 11, 12, 1927

By THOMAS W. LANTZ
Superintendent of Public Recreation

The first official Southern States Casting Tournament was held in Orlando, Florida, "The City Beautiful," February 10, 11 and 12th. All events were cast under the rules of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. The tournament was conducted by the Department of Public Recreation, the Orlando Casting Club (affiliated with N. A. S. A. C.) and the Izaak Walton League.

The tournament was a great success. All games were played on the lawn in Lake Eola park which is located within two blocks of the central section of the city. The crowd was the largest that ever witnessed a casting tournament according to the "old timers." This same crowd watched the events eagerly until the final cast, as it was not until the final cast on the last day that the all-around championship was decided. By casting on the ground instead of in the water it is evident that tournaments and casting will grow more popular with the public for it provides the public an opportunity to see the plug hit the target and witness the scoring at closer range.

The feature of the entire program was the boys' events. According to "Curley" Moulton, the Orlando boys are considered champion casters of the world. Orlando has six boys who are not over 14 years of age that can consistently cast over 99%. It is quite probable that the Orlando Casting Club will send a delegation to the National Tournament. Weekly tournaments conducted by the Recreation Department of the city are responsible for the accurate casting of the boys. Practice makes perfect.

Another feature was the battle between Mrs. Lou Hurst of Indianapolis and Mrs. Walter Willman of Oakland, Florida. Honors were evenly divided. Mrs. Lou Hurst won a close event in the ½ ounce accuracy contest and Mrs. Walter Willman narrowly defeated Mrs. Hurst in the ⅝ ounce accuracy contest.

Lou Hurst and Walter Willman contested keenly for the all around championship. It was not decided until the final throw of the final event which is considered by casters as quite unusual. Walter Willman finally won the beautiful silver loving cup presented by the Orlando Izaak Walton Chapter.

The Department of Public Recreation presented gold, silver and bronze medals to first, second and third place winners respectively. Hundreds of merchandise prizes were awarded to those who did not win a first, second or third prize. The merchandise prizes were contributed by sporting goods dealers of national prominence. The medals had "Southern States Casting Tournament, Orlando, Florida, 1927" engraved upon them.

On Friday evening, a fine banquet was held at the Angebilt Hotel. Carl Hunt, former secretary of the Advertising Clubs of the World, was the principal speaker. R. E. Kelgard, president of the professional entertainers club, New York City, acted as toastmaster. Several musical and dance numbers made the evening very enjoyable.

Next year, an even larger and better tournament will be staged. The Orlando Casting Club contemplates bringing the National Mid-winter tournament to Orlando in the near future. The first three high scores are as follows:

ALL AROUND CHAMPIONSHIP

1st—Walter Willman.
2nd—Lou J. Hurst.
3rd—Sterling Moulton.

⅝ Oz. Accy.
Heavy Tackle, 5 ft. Rod, 14 lb. Line

S. Moulton 99-8
Clarence Stiles 99-4
E. Johnson 99-4

Ladies' ⅝ Oz. Accy.

Mrs. Walter Willman 99-1
Mrs. L. J. Hurst 98-8
Mrs. G. P. Wilmot 97-7

Ladies' ½ Oz. Accy.

Mrs. L. J. Hurst 97-6
Mrs. Walter Willman 96-9
Mrs. G. F. Gimbel 94-7

⅝ Oz. Accy.
Level Winding Reel, 16 lb. Line, 4½ ft. Rod

C. Perel 99-1
E. Johnson 98-6
A. C. Stuart 98-6

Boys' ⅝ Oz. Accy.—"A" Class

Marvin Flynn 99-5
Billy Wilcox 99-3
John Talaferro 99-3

Boys' ⅝ Oz. Accy.—"B" Class

Walter Hudson 98-8
Raymond Barlow 98-7
Henson Perkle 98-7

Dry Fly Accy.

Walter Willman 99-11
G. F. McCain 99-4
L. J. Hurst 99-3

Accy. Fly

Walter Willman 99-4
L. J. Hurst 99-3
Dr. Thayer 98-9

Distance Fly

Fred Brown ..... 94 ft.
Dr. Thayer ..... 89 ft.
G. F. McCain ..... 83 ft.

Surf Distance ¼ Oz. Lead

E. Johnson ..... 277 ft.
Walter Willman ..... 275 ft.
A. C. Stuart ..... 264 ft.

¼ Oz. Distance Bait

Walter Willman ..... 166 ft.
S. Moulton ..... 144 ft.
L. J. Hurst ..... 140 ft.

½ Oz. Distance Bait

L. J. Hurst ..... 242 ft.
Walter Willman ..... 219 ft.
S. Moulton ..... 190 ft.

⅝ Oz. Distance Bait

Walter Willman ..... 194 ft.
L. J. Hurst ..... 188 ft.
Dave Phillips ..... 158 ft.

¼ Oz. Accy. Bait

L. J. Hurst 99-1
E. Johnson 98-8
Walter Willman 98-6

½ Oz. Accy. Bait

L. J. Hurst 99-4
Dave Phillips 98-8
H. L. Pierce 98-5

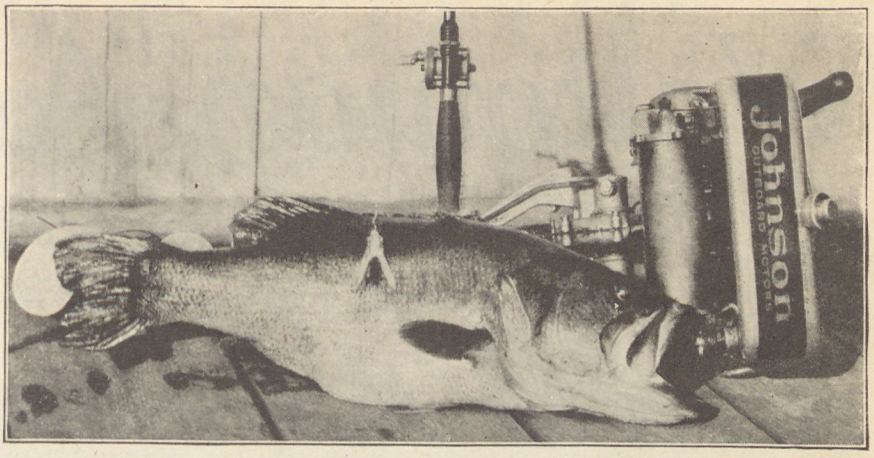
⅝ Oz. Accy. Bait

S. Moulton 99-6
Fred Brown 99-4
H. L. Pierce 99-2

Editor's Note—The local Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, the Orlando Casting Club, and the Board of Public Recreation are to be congratulated. A great step in the casting game was taken when the Orlando people succeeded in bringing together in one event some twenty boys who were able to cast scores many of which would have been a credit to their elders. Had this event been the only one of the program at the Southern States Tournament it would have brought credit to the agencies responsible for it. When chapters of the League can interest that number of boys in an outdoor sport, and one requiring considerable skill, not at all akin to the natural love of sports inborn in every boy, then their future is secure and the casting clubs will have cause for rejoicing.

Conditions at Orlando may have prohibited casting over the water as is customary in most of the N. A. S. A. C. events, but the main point of interest is the remarkable gathering of some two thousand spectators who could see every cast and understand every point scored.

If our casting is to interest the public more than it does now, some steps must be taken to make it as attractive to the spectator as to the contestant.—F. J. L.



Almost as long as a Johnson Motor!

Large Mouth Black Bass—caught by Walter Willman, of Oakland, Fla., in Lake Apopka.

Actual weight—when placed on scales in Oakland Post Office—13 pounds 10 ounces.

Taken on light tackle; Lure, Al Foss Frog Wiggler, ½ oz. size; line, 9-lb. test; reel, Meek No. 3; rod, Willman 6 ft.

There is no knowing the age of this Big Baby—but there is one thing certain—he had seen some fourteen or fifteen summers.

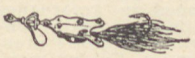
I wonder how many ordinary lures he had passed up—in all these years—as they **vainly strutted their stuff?** But when the Al Foss Eight-Course-Dinner was set before him—he stepped right into the "first-course."

Thousands viewed him as he lay in state in Rock & Jones Sporting Goods Store window at Orlando.

I was Mr. Willman's guest at his winter cottage at Lake Apopka, Fla. The first day out I was surprised to see my host tie on a gang hook plug, as I knew him to be an expert angler.

After I had caught three bass to every one he caught, with his assortment of plugs, we stopped for lunch and he told me the secret.

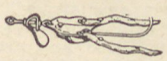
He said he had been using the Al Foss lures and never caught less than three to six bass to every one caught by a plug caster, both fishing from the same boat, and that as an experiment, and to have a little fun with me, he wanted to see what he could do with plugs against a man who knows how to fish. He found out!


1st—Just as received with bucktail fly.

2nd—With bucktail and two strips of fly-rod pork rind buttoned to the little studs to form legs.

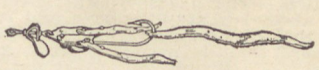
3rd—Same as No. 2 with fly-rod pork on curve of hook.

4th—With bare hook only.


5th—With bare hook and two fly-rod pork strips for legs.

6th—With bass pork rind impaled on hook and buttoned to center button.

7th—Same as No. 6—with two fly-rod pork strips for legs.

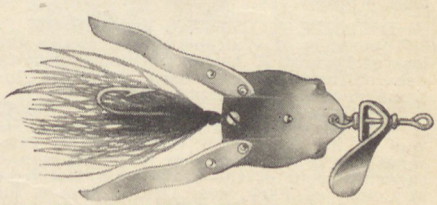

8th—Same as No. 5—with bass size pork strip full length on curve of hook.

All you need is one Foss Frog Wiggler, a bottle of bass size pork strips, and a bottle of fly-rod pork strips.

AL FOSS

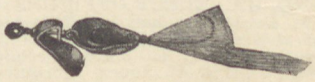
Originator, Patentee and Manufacturer of the Pork Rind Minnow

9508 Quincy Ave., Cleveland, O.

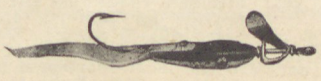


Foss Frog Wiggler $1.00. ½ or ¾ oz.

Use These Successful Foss Lures



SHIMMY WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00



ORIENTAL WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00. All Red, All White, or Red and White

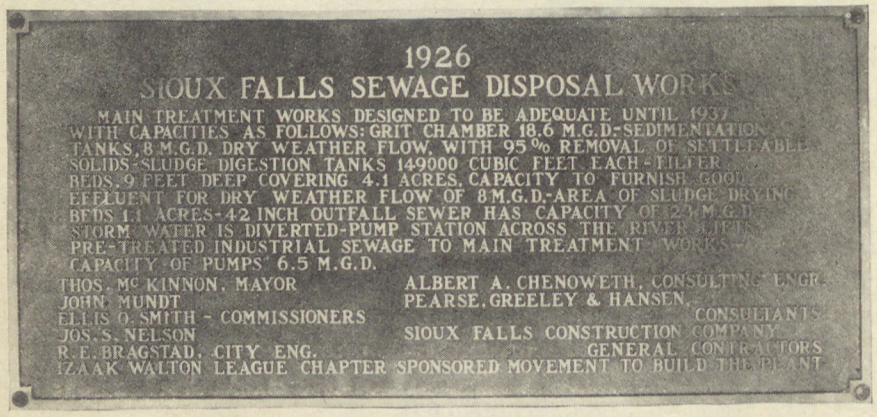
Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows and pork strips are the original products of this type. They have now been on the market eleven years. Many imitators have sprung up. Insist on the genuine.

45c—Bass, Musky and Fly Spinner sizes

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited by ED. H. PHILIPPI
Executive Secretary


1926
SIOUX FALLS SEWAGE DISPOSAL WORKS
MAIN TREATMENT WORKS DESIGNED TO BE ADEQUATE UNTIL 1937
WITH CAPACITIES AS FOLLOWS: GRIT CHAMBER 18.6 M.G.D.-SEDIMENTATION
TANKS, 8 M.G.D. DRY WEATHER FLOW, WITH 95% REMOVAL OF SETTLEABLE
SOLIDS-SLUDGE DIGESTION TANKS 149000 CUBIC FEET EACH-FILTER
BEDS, 9 FEET DEEP COVERING 4.1 ACRES, CAPACITY TO FURNISH GOOD
EFFLUENT FOR DRY WEATHER FLOW OF 8 M.G.D.-AREA OF SLUDGE DRYING
BEDS 1.1 ACRES-42 INCH OUTFALL SEWER HAS CAPACITY OF 23 M.G.D.
STORM WATER IS DIVERTED-PUMP STATION ACROSS THE RIVER LIFTS
PRE-TREATED INDUSTRIAL SEWAGE TO MAIN TREATMENT WORKS-
CAPACITY OF PUMPS 6.5 M.G.D.
THOS. MC KINNON, MAYOR
JOHN MUNDT
ELLIS O. SMITH - COMMISSIONERS
JOS. S. NELSON
R. E. BRAGSTAD, CITY ENG.
ALBERT A. CHENOWETH, CONSULTING ENGR.
PEARSE, GREELEY & HANSEN,
CONSULTANTS
SIOUX FALLS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
GENERAL CONTRACTORS
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE CHAPTER SPONSORED MOVEMENT TO BUILD THE PLANT

A lasting tribute to the Sioux Falls Chapter

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., SEWAGE PLANT

Largely through the efforts of the Sioux Falls chapter, this city will soon have in active operation a large sewage disposal plant constructed to care for a city of 50,000 people, according to Dr. G. C. Redfield, secretary of the Sioux Falls chapter. Sioux Falls, population 35,000, voted on a bond issue of three-quarters of a million dollars a year ago, followed by the members of the Walton League chapter backing the proposition with such results that the idea of cleaning up the beautiful Big Sioux River, which flows through the city, was spread to all sections of Sioux Falls. The women's clubs of the city co-operated 100% with the Waltonians in this laudable project. The new sewage plant is expected to be in full operation by the first of July, Mr. Redfield declared.

NORFOLK, VA., FISH HATCHERY

E. A. Pitts, president of this chapter, reports that they have inaugurated and are well under way with a plan for making Lake Taylor one of the largest fish hatcheries in the country. Through the co-operative efforts of this chapter, the city of Norfolk and Bureau of Fisheries, the latter represented by H. O'Malley, commissioner, the work of preparing Lake Taylor to function as a hatchery, is rapidly nearing completion. The hatchery will cover an area of about seventy-five acres and it is expected that its production will be considerably more than is needed to restock local waters.

DWIGHT E. LYDELL PASSES ON

Thousands of Waltonians will mourn the loss of Dwight E. Lydell, nationally known fish culturist, who passed away at his home near Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Grand Rapids Chapter of I. W. L. A. was named in Mr. Lydell's honor. He was in the employ of the Michigan Conservation Department for forty years and superintendent of the State Bass Hatchery at Comstock Park, near Grand Rapids, for thirty years. Mr. Lydell was a nationally known fish culturist and world authority on hatchery propagation of small mouth black bass.

While on his death bed, cognizant of the assuredly fatal nature of his disease, Mr. Lydell dictated, out of his forty-three years' experience, the material for a volume on bass culture, which, edited by his friend, Henry Schuil, will perpetuate in printed form the essentials of his findings. Mr. Lydell unquestionably was one of our greatest conservationists and the loss of so great a character is keenly felt by the Izaak Walton League.

FRANKFORT, IND., HONORS LOWRY

Everett E. Lowry, the well known cartoonist creator of laughter and seriousness, is one of the founders of the Frankfort, Indiana, chapter. Mr. Lowry was recently made an honorary member of that chapter; not because of his reputation as one of the aces of cartoonists but for his unfailing interest and the many constructive contributions to further the work of conservation since the inception of the Izaak Walton League.

TIFFIN, OHIO, BANQUET

Six hundred sportsmen and conservationists were present at a banquet given by this chapter. The program, besides being the most extensive bid for public favor yet made by this chapter, was the largest gathering of sportsmen held in this section of the state in a number of years. A. F. Long, state president, gave a brief talk asking the support of all present for House Bill No. 17 which is in the hands of the Ohio General Assembly. The bill is a non-partisan fish and game measure which has been developed in accordance with action taken at the last state convention. It would substitute for the present system of fish and game division management, a non-salaried and non-partisan commission which will have full charge of the expenditures of hunting and fishing money and the administration of all business of the department. Those in attendance gave Mr. Long assurance of their unanimous approval by a standing vote. Delegates were present at the banquet representing several neighboring chapters. El Comancho was the entertainer of the evening with an illustrated lecture.

OIL CITY, PA., BUSY

An interesting report of their chapter activities comes from Secretary J. Frank Russell. They took active part in helping to reduce and shorten the bag limit on grouse in Pennsylvania; planted 2,500 rainbow trout, 10,000 brook trout, 180,000 pike perch, 1,000 black bass and 5,000 sun fish in local streams; raised to maturity many ring neck pheasants; entertained the public with three showings of moving pictures; staged an indoor rifle meet with a dinner and moving pictures. This chapter is taking a great interest in the anti-stream pollution bill being fostered by the state division. They have appointed committees to organize a rifle and trap gun club, and a fly and bait casting club.

LAKELAND, GA., ELECT OFFICERS

Senator A. D. Rivers has been elected president of this chapter; R. M. Penland, first vice-president; W. L. Miller, second vice-president; and H. H. Jones, secretary and treasurer. A resolution was passed by members requesting the next legislature to provide for uniform opening and closing dates on all game. Peter S. Twitty, fish and game commissioner of Georgia, spoke to the local sportsmen at the organization meeting. Miss Ruby E. Smith was elected general counsel to the chapter.

PITTSBURG, KAS., GAME REFUGE

The State Forestry Fish and Game Commission accepted the gift of a 420 acre game refuge site near Frontinac in Crawford County, from A. L. Scott in behalf of the Chamber of Commerce and the Pittsburg chapter.

MINN. STATE MEET AT ST. PAUL

The Fourth Annual Convention of the Minnesota Division is to be held at Ryan Hotel, St. Paul, Minnesota, March 17th and 18th. Governor Christianson and Mayor Hodghson are to make the address of welcome at the opening session of the convention. George H. Selover, Esq., president of the Minnesota Division is to make the response to the address of welcome. Dr. Harry Carl Wilson, pastor of Trinity M. E. Church, St. Paul, is to make the invocation. A formal invitation was extended to Charles W. Folds, national president, to be present.

KENTUCKY DIVISION GETS GOING

J. Quincy Ward, Cynthia, Ky., who was the first executive agent of Kentucky Game and Fish Commission, was elected president of the Kentucky division at the closing session of the two-day convention; with the unanimous election of Mr. Ward, came the last step in the organization in the Kentucky division. Claude C. Meredith, superintendent of wardens for the Kentucky Game and Fish Commission, ably addressed the convention on the relationship between the wardens and the sportsmen. Dr. Willard Rouse Jillson, state geologist, addressed the convention on "Pollution of the Stream Waters in Kentucky." These instructive talks were followed by a splendid address from Mr. G. C. Waggoner, ex-

B. F. Masters, Secretary of the Vineland, N. J., Chapter.

ecutive agent of the Kentucky Game and Fish Commission on the subject "The Progress of Conservation." A very fine menu was served at the banquet. Mr. Harry V. McChesney most ably entertained those present as toastmaster. Mr. Seth E. Gordon from national headquarters ably described the Pennsylvania conservation system. Mr. Tom Wallace, chief of the editorial staff of the "Louisville Times," made a most excellent talk on conservation and the convention went on record as appreciating the aid rendered by Tom Wallace, Desha Breckinridge, editor of the "Lexington Herald," Harry Giovanoli, editor of the "Lexington Leader," Warren Fisher, Jim Allen and other Kentucky editors for their fight to preserve Kentucky's great scenic assets and their assistance in organizing the state division. The convention adopted a resolution endorsing the project to make Mammoth Cave a National Park; endorsement of the Boy and Girl Scouts of America because their teachings advocate conservation; endorsement of the proposal of the Federal Government to establish game and migratory bird refuges; fishing licenses for resident and non-resident fishermen; bag limit and size limit on fish; law to prohibit selling of game fish; passage of a law to relieve the pollution of streams; abolition of the use of steel traps as a method of taking wild life and the keeping of politics out of game and fish work.

Other state division officers elected include J. R. Alexander, first vice president; Leonard Shoun, Sr., second vice president; W. N. Bennett, third vice president; Dr. N. E. Berry, fourth vice president; Houston Hall, fifth vice president; Dr. James T. Ware, secretary; G. B. Montgomery, treasurer. The directors are: Dr. Fred Cartwright, Dr. W. E. Fallis, Dr. Max Ogden, J. F. McCarthy, L. R. Benjamin, and Roy K. Dudley.

DETROIT GETS MICH. CONVENTION

The Michigan State Division Convention will be held at Statler Hotel, Detroit, on March 25th and 26th.

INDIANA HONORS WRITER

A movement has been inaugurated to honor the late Gene Stratton-Porter, noted nature writer and contributor to OUTDOOR AMERICA, whose home for more than half a century was in northeastern Indiana. An organization known as the "Gene Stratton-Porter Memorial Highway Association" in co-operation with the Hoosier State Automobile Association will beautify a highway in Indiana to be known as "Limberlost Trail."

OSBORNE, KAS., ACTIVE

R. M. Bays, secretary, reports their chapter's first anniversary and the celebration of their accomplishments. In co-operation with the farmers, they have taken care of quail shipments, inspected ponds and planted several thousand fish. This chapter is experimenting with the raising of muskgrass in their ponds, which has good value as fish food and cover.

SPOKANE, WASH., PROTECTS FORESTS

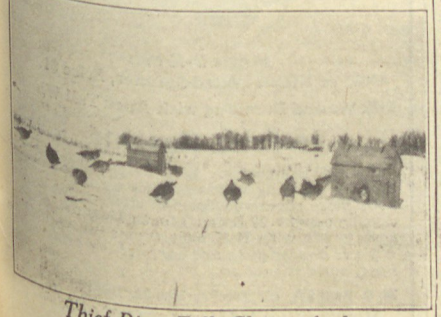
Carrying out the conservation policies of the I. W. L. A. as defender of the woods, waters, and wild life, the Heideman chapter is attempting to conserve the natural beauty of their state highways by posting "Cut No Trees" signs in conspicuous places on the highways.

ROCK RAPIDS, IA., RURAL POLICY

George Raveling, secretary, with the co-operation of the "Rock Rapids Reporter," has made public his instructive and interesting views on conservation with relation to the farmer. The articles appearing in a recent issue of "Rock Rapids Reporter" covers the protection of birds with the view of combating crop pests, and the mutually beneficial results from close co-operation between the farmer and the sportsman.

THIEF RIVER FALLS, MINN.

Martin K. Nelson, game warden, sends us in an interesting report. C. B. Knutson, president of the Fertile, Minn., chapter, made arrangements whereby chapter members would pay all expenses for



Thief River Falls Chapter feeds prairie chickens.

MONTAGUE CITY ROD COMPANY

Offers your club an

Evening of Fishing Thrills and Fun!

Three Unusual Fishing Films

of great interest to all anglers now may be booked *without cost* by Izaak Walton League chapters, lodges, churches, clubs, etc. The three films offer a fascinating hour's entertainment.

To increase interest in the use of the split bamboo rod and promote fishing as a sport, W. Bruce Pirnie, chairman of our board and an ardent angler, led an expedition to Newfoundland last summer. Onog Melkon, former official camera man with MacMillan, took what clubs recognize as some of the finest salmon pictures ever shown in action on any screen.

"Fish Tales"

In absorbing story form, this reel tells the tale of the "Doubter," who was skeptical big fish could be caught. Animated cartoons and choice comedy bits are followed by action—and plenty of it—in Newfoundland, land of leaping fish. It makes any true Waltonian's hand itch for his trusty bamboo rod.

"How to Fly and Bait Cast"

The right and wrong way to fly cast. How to bait cast. Even an old-timer can get pointers from this.

"The Birth of a Nation's Fishing Tackle"

The interesting story of how the famous MONTAGUE BAMBOO RODS are made, with frequent cut-ins of fish being caught.

The films are offered as a group. Non-inflammable. Fit any standard machine. Shipped express collect and to be returned express prepaid. Because of their great popularity, we advise early bookings for fall and winter dates. Write for ILLUSTRATED FOLDER ABOUT FILMS.

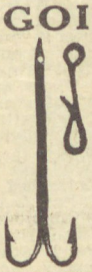
Address Film Department OA-1

MONTAGUE CITY ROD CO.

[World's largest makers of bamboo fishing rods]

MONTAGUE CITY, MASS.

GOING FISHING?

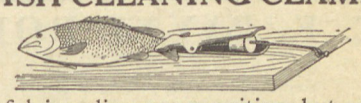


Don't Forget the "Sure Catch" The Hook That Hooks 'Em

Sizes 1 to 8, 15 cts. each or 2 for 25 cts. 1-0 and 2-0, 20 cts. ea.; 3-0 and 4-0, 25 cts. ea.; 5-0, 30 cts. ea.; 6-0, 35 cts. ea. At your dealer's, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Descriptive booklet on request. Liberal discount to dealers.

ELSA V. WEBB
Box 391 Red Lodge, Mont.

FISH CLEANING CLAMP



A fish is a slippery proposition; but you will find this Clamp pretty slick too. Holds the fish while you scale, clean, gut, and cut off head and tail. A time and profanity saver. Send 25c for sample.

Jobbers and Dealers write for discount.

FREIDAG MFG. CO., FREEPORT, ILL.

THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW, April 7, 8 and 9, Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Will be of great interest to all sportsmen and lovers of the outdoors.

More Fun

Bait Cast with a Martin

You can make more and better casts in a day with less effort than you can in any other way. The light weight of the Martin Automatic with its attractive aluminum frame—its lightning-like pick-up—its freedom from backlash—make it the livest, most sportsmanlike and most satisfactory reel ever used.

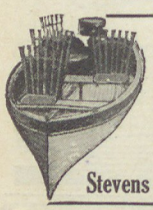
MARTIN AUTOMATIC
FISHING REELS

To bait cast with a Martin, place the reel on the rod above the hand, with the brake lever extending back over the rod grip. To start the cast, take off all spring tension, then cast your bait in the usual manner keeping your finger on the brake lever. As the line pays out, the spring tightens—and eliminates backlash. Enough tension is stored up in the reel-spring to retrieve the entire cast when you touch the lever, and when you get a strike—you play the fish on your finger tip where every wiggle—every sudden jerk is registered. You can strip out line or retrieve it like a flash—your fish can't leave you with slack line. The Martin takes care of all that.

Try a Martin on your next fishing trip, they are made for all kinds of fishing and are inexpensive—from $4.50 to $10.00, depending upon the size.

Ask your dealer for a demonstration or write us for free illustrated booklet.

Martin Automatic Fishing Reel Co., Inc.
400 Main Street Mohawk, N. Y.



BETTER MODEL BOATS

Send for free catalog and prices, outboard motor boats, row boats, round and flat bottom. Prices $25.00 and up. The RED STREAK outboard motor boats. Boat, canoe and camp chairs—Settees, Anchors.

Stevens Tank & Tower Co., Auburn, Me.

E. F. PAYNE ROD

The name Payne on your fishing rod signifies that you have the finest there is to be had.

E. F. PAYNE ROD CO.
Highland Mills New York

Mr. Fisherman: Are you interested in a better silk or linen casting or trolling line for less money? Inclose stamp for card with samples and prices.
SILKLINE CO., Dept. P, PEKIN, ILLINOIS

Mr. Nelson to experiment on a practical method of feeding the prairie chickens. With the help of local Waltonians, feeding hoppers were built as shown in the accompanying photograph which also speaks for the success of the experiment, by the number of prairie chickens shown feeding at the hoppers. Mr. Nelson and members of the Fertile chapter are to be highly commended for this valuable work.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA., ENTERTAINS

This chapter was host to 800 people providing diversified entertainment comprised of a minstrel show, speakers program, dinner and a dance. Dr. A. L. Murray was speaker of the evening and his talk emphasized the necessity of co-operation between League and civic organizations towards the creation of a commission to study the problems of river sanitation. Following Dr. Murray's splendid address the membership voted for the appointment of a committee to co-operate with local organizations to develop plans for an ultimate sanitation committee. Earl J. North, first vice-president of the chapter, was toastmaster and expressed the importance of unity of effort towards the accomplishment of a sanitary commission.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., PLANS REFUGE

At a meeting of the local chapter it was announced that Mendon Pond Park, one of the several parks established by the county park commission, will be maintained as a game refuge. Leon C. Allyn, chairman of the game propagation committee, spoke in behalf of a proposed program for use of the old Erie Canal bed throughout the state, as a game refuge. It would be used as a feeding and rearing place for game, and wild animals would be protected within its borders. The members were well entertained by Alexander M. Lindsay, Jr., who described his African travels, illustrating his lecture with motion pictures.

QUITMAN, GA., PROTECT FISH

This chapter passed a resolution to be submitted to the next legislature prohibiting the sale of fresh water game fish throughout the state.

WEBB RICE CONTRIBUTES

Mr. Webb Rice, chairman of the legislative committee and counsel for the state division of the League, has written and had printed in pamphlet form an interesting story entitled: "Nebraska was a Sportsman's Domain, It Can Be Made So Again." This story is in support of the enactment into law of House Roll No. 92 which provides for the placing of the conservation project for restoring hunting and fishing in Nebraska through practical methods. The introduction to this beautiful little story gives the reader an idea of Mr. Rice's attitude towards conservation.

"Fishing and hunting are the masculine sports preeminent. They have wide appeal. In them boys find delight and development, busy men release from care, and old men contentment. Maybe they have moral values. Anyhow, they bring happiness, promote health, guard sanity, and that's enough. We want them. Nebraska won't be Nebraska without them."

NORTH LIBERTY, IND., RAISE FUNDS

L. R. Adams, president, reports that this chapter has, through sport contests, obtained funds for providing greater conservation activity this coming season. Last summer they planted approximately 7,000 fish in two lakes in this vicinity.

NICHOLASVILLE, KY., HONORS JUDGE

Raymond H. Burch, secretary, reports great activity from its forty-eight members. They have selected the name of Judge W. H. Phillips for the chapter.

ROCHESTER, MINN., BIG EVENT

One of the largest public dinner events ever staged in Rochester, attended by 650 persons, was given by the local chapter. The State Fish and Game Department furnished an exhibit of birds, animals, fish and pelts, and the large attendance was further entertained with music, motion pictures and swimming pool sports.

INDEPENDENCE, KAS., PLANS WORK

C. J. Bryant, reports the proposed program of action for the local chapter: They will secure the support of the Boy Scouts in their tree planting program and propagation of fish, game and birds. Plans are under way for the establishment of game refuges and the organization of a casting club to keep up the interest and provide activity for both the men and boys.

MORTON, MINN., BUILD CABIN

O. P. Lofquist, president, reports that a splendid site for a log cabin has been deeded to the chapter about one hundred feet from the Monuments on the Birch Cooley Battle Field, a historical location visited by thousands of tourists every year. The boys are now hard at work with their plans for a suitable structure that will provide them with a permanent home and one that will be a credit to the community.

Sittin' on top o' the world!

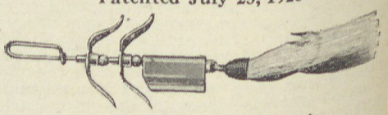
Luck is with you when you own a "Luckie." The makers of the very best steel rod, the "Bristol" make the "Luckie," the best steel rod at a popular price. Be it Fly, Bait-Casting, Still-Fishing or Trolling—for any kind of rod fishing there's a "Luckie" for you. Write us, today, for the free catalog describing and giving prices of the many models.

Luckie Bait Caster, $6.00
No. 700 Luckie Bait Casting Steel Rod is 4½ to 6 feet long. 3 joints. Cork Handle. Agate casting guides. Price $6.00. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct, enclosing price.

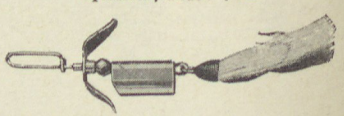
THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
833 HORTON ST., BRISTOL, CONN.

LUCKIE
Steel Fishing Rod

For Bass, Pickerel and Pike use
BILL BAILER'S
B-K BAIT
(Made by a fisherman and guaranteed to catch fish)
Patented July 25, 1925



Double Spinner B-K Bait
Combination Gold and Nickel Plated Spinner, Price $1.25



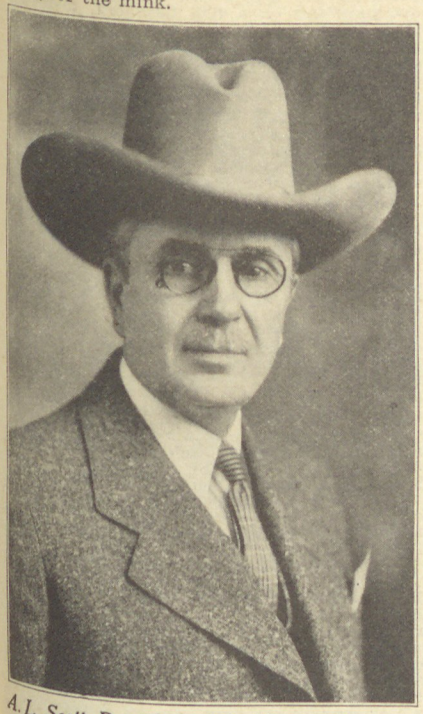
Single B-K Bait
Gold or Nickel Plated Spinner, Price $1.00
Silk Wound Bass Bug with Buck Tail Wings

The IDEAL Casting Bait

and a real fish getter. Keel weight keeps hook upright avoiding weeds and snags, also makes hook more effective when fish strike. One user says he caught 27 Small Mouth Bass out of 31 casts made with B-K Bait (name on request). *If your dealer does not carry this wonderful bait, send direct to*

W. C. BAILER, 405 Breckenridge St., BUFFALO, N. Y.
Money refunded if you are not satisfied.
DEALERS—SEND FOR PRICES

Ringneck pheasants distributed here the last two years are doing wonderfully well. Mink trappers report that they find pheasants in nearly every mink-den and therefore recommend that trappers make a specialty of the mink.



A. L. Scott, President of the Kansas Division.

CAMDEN, N. J., ELECT OFFICERS

Wm. M. Strang, a widely known ornithologist and sportsman, has been re-elected president of the John James Audubon chapter. Under his direction it has grown from fourteen charter members to eighty. He has figured actively in our campaign against pollution. Frank Hineline, Sr., has been given the honorary presidency of the chapter. He is one of the leading trap shooters of the east. Charles B. McLaughlin is vice president and has charge of the membership drive. Mr. Strang has created great interest among his chapter members by conducting a prize contest over a period of one year, offering prizes for the largest trout, pickerel, bass and several species of salt water fish, caught by members.

SAGINAW, MICH., STARTS DRIVE

This chapter held a big membership meeting February 11th, entertaining at dinner Prof. Leigh J. Young, director of conservation; Senator Karcher, chairman of Senate Conservation Committee; Sen. Rushton, chairman of Senate Fish and Game Committee; Representative Ming, chairman of House Conservation Committee. H. A. Savage, secretary, reports that they have over two hundred members in the chapter and it is their intention to increase the number to at least 500 before the end of their fiscal year.

WAUSAU, WISC., RE-ELECTS OFFICERS

Officers of the Marathon County chapter, headed by Dr. M. L. Jones, who served during the last year, were re-elected at the annual meeting.

WILLIAMSPORT HONORS DR. LOSE

Dr. Charles Lose, of Montoursville, for years prominent in Pennsylvania educational work and one of our ardent advocates of conservation, was elected permanent honorary president of Williamsport chapter, No. 10.

INDIANA LEGISLATIVE RESULTS

Passage of the Indiana anti-stream pollution bill, by the state senate here, marked the third measure endorsed by the Izaak Walton League and sponsored by Sen. L. G. Bradford, president of the Indiana state division. Two other bills providing for state reforestation and the remodification of Indiana fish laws, also sponsored by the League, were passed recently. The anti-stream pollution bill was drawn up by the South Bend Chapter and citizens interested in the sanitary conditions of rivers, throughout the state. This bill has for its purpose the elimination of future pollution of all inland waters.

CYNTHIANA, KY., DISTRIBUTES QUAIL

The Marcus A. Smith chapter have bought 108 pairs of quail to be distributed in their county. The state allotted two crates and the chapter purchased seven crates at $36.00 per crate.

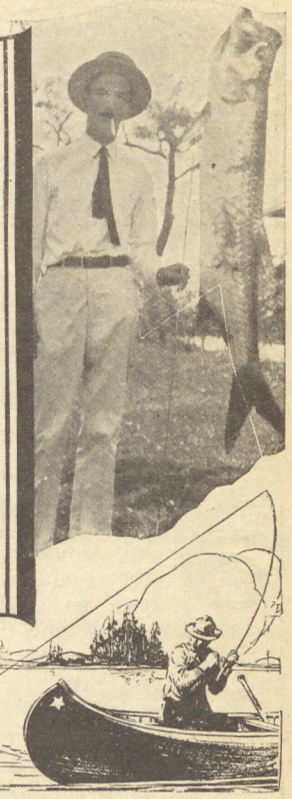
Four reasons why the TRUE TEMPER FISHING ROD has no equal!

1. No joints or stiff spots mar its uniform flexibility or spoil its superb casting action—there are no ferrules to slip or turn. There is only one connection to make and your guides are always lined up true.

2. A hand ground taper and a perfect temper made possible by electrical heat treating, give this one-piece, solid steel rod a strong backbone that holds a taut line on the liveliest catch. It permits you to use the lightest of lines and saves many a strike that would otherwise be thrown.

3. You will cast with one-third the effort taken by *any other rod* and in a long days fishing this spells SPORT instead of work.

4. It needs no loving care on the trip. Let the muskie wrap it around the boat, let him jump or sulk—your True Temper Rod needs no consideration. And afterward it needs no silk or varnish—only a few drops of oil.



"I consider my rod the best that can be bought.

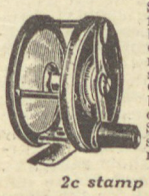
It took one hour and twenty minutes to land this 59½ pound Tarpon with a five foot True Temper solid steel casting rod," writes Mr. E. M. Hankin who is located at Tampico, Mexico. Just imagine the joy you get from a four or five pound black bass and then increase that ten or twelve fold. What a thrill it must have—especially when you know that your True Temper Fishing Rod is more than equal to the strain. See your favorite tackle dealer today and examine the True Temper Rod.

Be sure the words "True Temper" are stamped in the steel of your rod.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE COMPANY
Sporting Goods Division
General Offices: Cleveland, Ohio *Factory:* Geneva, Ohio

TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

FISHING TACKLE
Deal Direct With the Manufacturers



Security in buying tackle comes from the honor of the house that builds it. We serve a multitude of anglers who insist upon "value received" for the money they spend and we have no comebacks. Our name on a rod or reel symbolizes the highest achievement of this highly developed art. Since 1867 we have made and sold Tackle. This is surely a recommendation in itself.

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96 Fulton Street New York City

Slim Eli Says:

"You'll want to get a copy of **Hildebrandt's Hints**, because it's chuck full of good fishin' dope. Tells you what kind o' baits and how to use 'em. Shows the hull **Hildebrandt** line of spinners, flies and specialties — fish catching baits for thirty years. You'll enjoy every page fer they's not a dry line in it. Send fer your copy — you'll get it by return mail FREE."

John J. Hildebrandt Company
745 High St. Logansport, Indiana

Abbey & Imbrie
FISHING TACKLE
New York

They Will Insist!

You know fish—the bigger they are the sharper they wear their eye teeth. And you know how mad every Big One gets when he finds you've hooked him. Beating them at their game is not going to be any easier this season. They're bound to call for really good tackle.

Outfit yourself with Abbey & Imbrie "Fishing Tackle that's Fit for Fishing." Equips you to both lure and land the Big Ones, and that includes all comers. Rod, reel, line—everything exactly right. Tackle backed by more than 100 years of equipping discriminating big-fish anglers. Ask your dealer; should he fail to supply you, send us his name and your order and remittance, and we will forward direct to you.

Write for new Complete 1927 Catalog

Abbey & Imbrie
FISHING TACKLE

97 Chambers Street, Dept. A4
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Divine RODS

Priceless Possessions for Priceless Pleasures

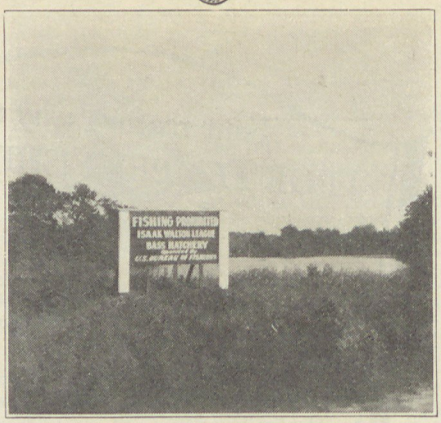
If you are the kind of fisherman who has had revealed to him the real sport in fishing, this announcement is of interest to you. For you can appreciate the qualities that make a fine sporting instrument.

To you we say—*insist* upon seeing, and getting the "feel" of a Divine Rod before you buy.

No mere discussion of materials or skillful workmanship can possibly convey to you the sort of nerve-like sensitiveness, action and sinuous strength that live in a Divine Rod.

Send for catalog. And ask your retailer to show you the kind of Divine Rod you want. If he hasn't that one, he can get it for you.

THE FRED D. DIVINE CO.
522 Roberts St. Utica, N. Y.
Rods to order if you wish.



Norfolk, Va., Chapter, Fish Hatchery.

FINDLAY, OHIO, ADVERTISES

The Findlay Chamber of Commerce, through the efforts of the chapter officers, donated this chapter a booth in the exposition show. Mr. A. D. Altman, taxidermist, furnished a display of mounted game and fish and the exhibit was arranged by a committee of Howard Langstaff, N. C. Hugus and A. D. Altman. During the week, 25,000 people passed this booth and hundreds heard of the Izaak Walton League and its principles from an efficient corps who were always on hand to explain. Magazines were handed out to interested persons and many new members were obtained during the week. The local officers are R. W. Shoupe, president; Carl Watson, Vice President; E. W. Vossler, Secretary-treasurer. Moving pictures are always shown at the monthly meetings. When the weather permits the casting club will again become active since challenges have been received from Lima and other cities.

CLINTON, IND., CLUB HOUSE

The Clinton Chapter recently had a reorganization meeting and got started with considerable enthusiasm and from present indications this will be a banner year.

Plans are on foot to build a club house in a grove which is near a large pond that the league has been stocking with fish and in a location which is ideal for a rifle range and for trap shooting. Many local sportsmen who have not been interested in the work of the league before now are asking to join and before the year is up we expect to double or treble the present membership.

GLENNS FERRY, IDAHO, FISH POND

One of our chief accomplishments the past summer and fall was the building and maintenance of a fish retaining pond. The chapter raised and liberated 31,500 rainbow trout, the fingerlings being supplied by the State Game Department. The State Game Warden pronounced the undertaking an absolute success and the pond capable of raising from 200,000 to 250,000 fish. This is our aim for the coming summer.

DESPLAINES, ILLINOIS, CABIN

This chapter held a well attended meeting on the night of March 3, 1927. The boys are working with Chicago chapters to secure a site and build a log cabin in the Forest Preserve.

OWATONNA, MINN., ROUNDUP

The Owatonna, Minnesota, Chapter of the I. W. L. A. held their first Annual Banquet and Roundup on the evening of February 21, 1927.

The program opened with a fine three course dinner. A number of valuable prizes donated by the local chapter and local sporting goods dealers were awarded.

After the dinner, Toastmaster Dr. E. W. Senn introduced Mayor Jim Adair, who told of his fishing experiences. Rev. Anton M. Hanson, a great lover of the out-doors, introduced the principal speaker of the evening, Stafford King of St. Paul.

Five reels of pictures were shown.

MUSKOGEE, OKLA., MERGE

The Civitan Club has merged with the local I. W. L. A. chapter and George K. Powell was elected chairman of the board of directors of the Muskogee county chapter. The Civitan Club has ceased to function as a separate organization, and in merging with the local chapter Mr. C. L. Hanan, former president of the club, states that: "We feel that the Civitan Club has served its purpose in Muskogee, that there is a broader field of unlimited work where the endeavors and efforts of our membership can grow and expand without restraint, without overlapping others, and where our actions will do the most good for the most people. This work is the Izaak Walton League which we have elected to join in order to carry on the spirit of co-operation and endeavor that has characterized the Civitan Club." This chapter has fifteen hundred acres leased for a state game preserve for quail, and have another one thousand acres to add to this preserve as soon as the leases can be signed. They are planning on a fish hatchery, fostering state conservation legislation, and have many activities that they plan to carry out during 1927. Their present membership is over 200 and their aim is to increase the membership to one thousand.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, BROADCASTS

Earl Dutro, president of this chapter, reports, "Our entertainment of January 21st was a great success. We had 500 people out and all had a great time. We had the use of the W. O. C. Radio Station from ten thirty o'clock until after twelve. We asked for letters and telegrams from our distant radio audience and to date we have received over five hundred letters and telegrams on our program of that date. We are offering a prize to the one writing in from the most distant point. We have heard from the west coast, east coast and the northern sections of Canada, and one from Nova Scotia. So it seems that it would be well to arrange for a series of musical programs for the I. W. L. A."

LEWISTOWN, PENNA., BROADCASTS

A. M. Dreifuss, president of this chapter, addressed the radio audience over station WJZ making a plea for pure streams. Mr. Dreifuss based his remarks on the appeal "Help make Pennsylvania streams pure and wholesome for household purposes, for industrial uses and for fish and plant life."

STERLING, ILL., COUNTY MEETING

Wm. J. Neumann, secretary of the Sterling-Rock Falls chapter reports a very successful county meeting attended by 138 members and friends who were served with a pigeon dinner and unusually well entertained by Dr. Walter H. Macpherson of Joliet, Illinois. Mr. Neumann reports that the talk given by Dr. Macpherson, which was an eloquent plea on conservation and anti-pollution, will long be remembered by all who heard him and they have had a large number of requests for a return engagement.

LENORA, KANS., START GUN CLUB

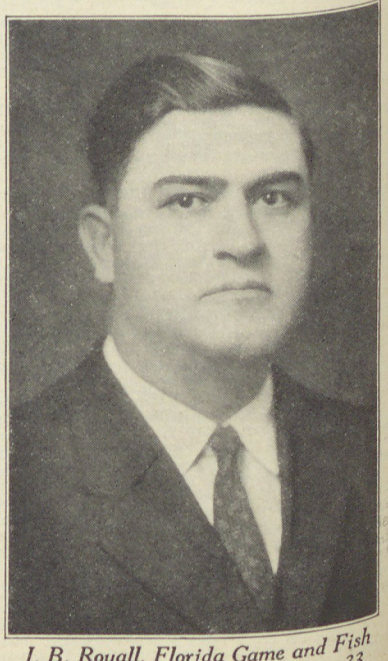
This chapter, at a regular meeting, elected officers and discussed plans for the organization of a gun club among the members. A regular feature of the club will be a trap shoot to be held on the same day as the chapter meetings.

MANITOWOC, WISC., MEET OFTEN

A. W. Storms, secretary, reports that this chapter is arranging frequent meetings and interesting programs in order to increase the keen interest in chapter activities. Committees have been appointed for entertainment, publicity, propagation and pollution, legislation and attendance.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., GOING STRONG

Reports of the excellent progress of the Jacksonville chapter during the last year featured the annual meeting of the chapter supported by Hugh Gulley. Mr. R. G. Marr, re-elected president, delivered an able address in which he dwelt upon the high aims and ideals of the League. This chapter was organized in 1925 with 150 charter members.



J. B. Royall, Florida Game and Fish Commissioner. *See Story, Page 33*

YAKIMA, WASH., BOOMING

The Quohtchuch chapter of this city closed its charter on the evening of February 7th with an enrollment of 164 names, all as charter members. At the first meeting a complete constitution and by-laws were adopted and the president, James T. Kerr, appointed all the standing committees, giving explicit instructions for them to "get busy" and remain that way during the entire year. Each member present promised to secure a new member by the next meeting night March 7th, and an intensive campaign is to be waged to make the entire Valley solid for the Izaak Walton League. The following men will officiate during the year 1927: James T. Kerr, president; H. A. Gillispie, vice president; Francis M. Million, secretary-treasurer. J. O. White, T. L. Brown, Frank J. Moss and I. C. Howard are the board of directors.

SPARTA, WISC., HAS HATCHERY

George Hall, president of this chapter, reports that through the co-operation of R. L. Ripple, assistant superintendent of fisheries, this chapter now has a fish hatchery with present capacity of 500,000 eggs. The hatchery is located on Perch Lake and was made possible through contributions and support from the cities of Superior and Eau Claire. The hatchery will be in charge of Frank Suthers of the Department of Fisheries at Madison.

JOHNSTOWN, NEBR., VERY ACTIVE

Johnstown Chapter, No. 56, entertained their members and their families to a real fish feed and entertainment on Tuesday night, January 25th, 1927. They own a pavilion located on Plum Creek, about three miles west of Johnstown. One of the nicest trout nursery ponds in the state is located about one-fourth of a mile from the pavilion. It is fed by one large spring and each year there are thousands of baby trout raised here to grow to the length of four to six inches.

WICHITA, KANS., BIG INCREASE

When the membership drive was started last fall, this chapter was asked to increase their membership to 125. Their last report shows that they now have a membership of 252.

FREDERICK, MD., ELECT OFFICERS

Important recommendations to be made to the State Conservation Department for the protection and conservation of game and fish, together with the election of officers, has been accomplished by this chapter. The officers for the ensuing year are: President, G. Hunter Bowers; first vice president, William S. Gosnell, second vice president, James H. Gambrill, Jr., secretary-treasurer, S. Edward Shaw.

GREEN BAY, WISC., WEEKLY MEETINGS

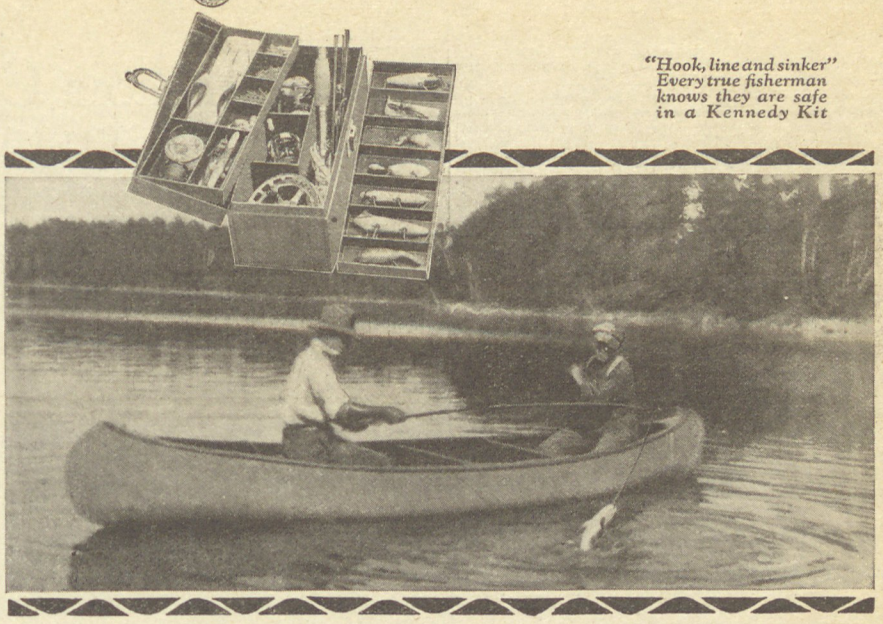
This chapter elected to office Dr. Ed. S. Schmidt, president, and Dr. E. R. Grebel, secretary, who called a meeting of the board of directors. At the suggestion of Judge Henry Graass, they outlined the plan for weekly luncheon meetings. At the last meeting it was decided that thereafter all members and others interested in the Izaak Walton League would meet at weekly luncheons held at the Beaumont Hotel and there discuss activities in connection with the conservation commission and the preservation, reforestation and propagation of Wisconsin's and the nation's out-of-doors.

NEVADA, MO., OWNS LAKE

Dr. W. A. Bonar, secretary of this chapter, writes a brief description of their new lake and their I. W. L. A. fishing club. "Fifty members decided to formulate a club and build a lake, so we did so and called the club the Izaak Walton Fishing Club; these men are all members of the League. This lake was built in August, 1924, is one-half mile in length, and a quarter of a mile wide, ranging in depth from two to twenty-five feet. It is well stocked with fine fish and we will soon be able to try our luck at catching some of them. For the past three years we have had quite a little duck shooting. To the west of the lake we have about four acres of fine timber land suitable for picnic grounds, etc. We expect to build a club house soon and plant shrubs and flowers, and also make a pretty driveway, in fact do everything in our power to make it an asset to Nevada as well as a credit to the members of the Izaak Walton League of America."

LEXINGTON, KY., OLDEST MEMBER

Col. R. Perry, Jackson county, the only sportsman to be elected to honorary membership in the newly organized Kentucky division, is the oldest Waltonian in the state and has been practicing the precepts of our League for half a century. Col. Perry is 82 years old, a veteran of the War Between the States, former postmaster, newspaper publisher, traveler, philosopher, and above all, a fisherman and true conservationist.



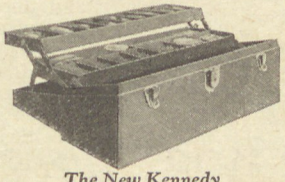
"Hook, line and sinker" Every true fisherman knows they are safe in a Kennedy Kit

TALK ABOUT FISH

—remember this?

PFUT!—the line tightens—Shoosh! He's down again. Now he's sawin' the line on a sharp rock. Not a chance, beauty—that line's been in my Kennedy Kit—it's right.

Kennedy Kits keep your tackle right. Waterproof and rust-resisting. Electrically spot welded, double seamed, finished in Kennedy Brown baked enamel. Nine styles.



The New Kennedy Kantilever Kit

Carries your bait, sinkers, rods, reels and line. Can't spill.

Kennedy Kantilever Kits

Lift the lid and see how the trays swing out of the box. Yet it's the most compact tackle box you have ever seen. Everything accessible. Top tray divided for plugs.

All good hardware and sporting goods houses have Kennedy Kits reasonably priced.

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Kennedy Kits

TRADE MARK

WRIGHT & McGILL'S
"WILTLESS WING" FLIES
(*Trade Mark reg.*)

Do not spoil Your Vacation by gambling on the dependableness of ordinary trout flies. Use exclusively "Wiltless Wing" Flies. Thousands of fishermen annually are being convinced of the superior trout-catching qualities of these improved flies. They perform and get results as though by miracle. For dry and wet fly fishing they have no equal. Made in all standard patterns and sizes. Successfully used for bass, salmon and trout. Ask your Dealer, or send us a postal card today for descriptive matter.

WRIGHT & McGILL COMPANY

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The King Minnow Net

A combination of common sense, skill, and material, opens and folds like an umbrella. Is guaranteed unconditionally for one year; all we ask is that you return the broken net to the manufacturer for either repairs or replacement. No charge will be made.

Furnished in three sizes, 4x4 feet square at $3.25 each; 3x3 feet, $2.75 each; and 2x2 feet at $2.25 each. Ask your dealer for the King Net and assure yourself of an ever ready source of supply for live bait.

MADE BY
The W. H. REISNER MANUFACTURING CO.
HAGERSTOWN, MD., U. S. A.

"This is my LUCKIE day"

Every day's your lucky day when you own a "Luckie" Steel Fishing Rod. We don't claim that the Luckie is the very finest steel rod, but it is a mighty good rod at a popular price—the best at that price. There's a Luckie for every type of rod fishing. **Write** us, today, for free catalogue describing and giving prices of the many models.

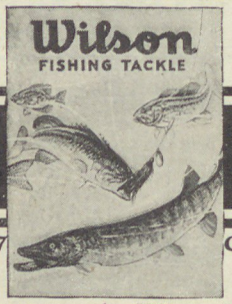
Luckie Bait Caster—$4.25

No. 600 Luckie Bait Casting Steel Rod—3 joints—4 to 6½ feet. Cork Handle. Weight from 6½ to 7¾ ounces. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct enclosing price.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
834 HORTON ST., BRISTOL, CONN.

LUCKIE
Steel Fishing Rod

THE
MOST COMPLETE
LINE OF TACKLE
ON THE MARKET



1927 CATALOG

For this reason the Wilson dealer can give you the best quality, price and service obtainable. Be sure you see a Wilson dealer when getting new equipment.
IT WILL PAY YOU

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FISHING TACKLE
Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

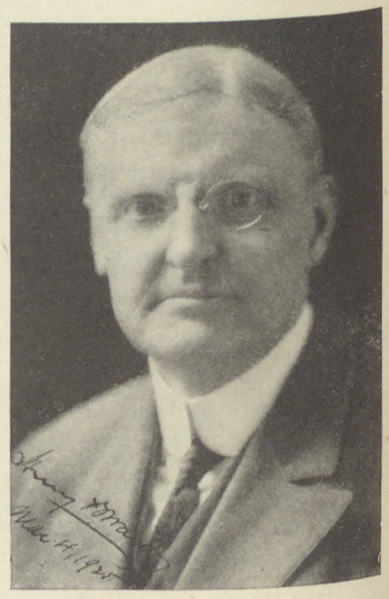
Illinois Convention

By PAUL D. BURRESS

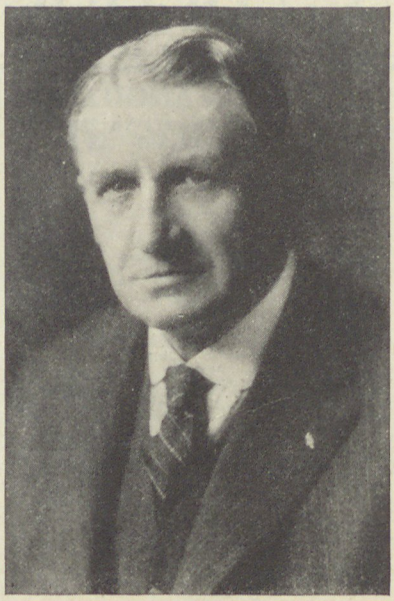
AFTER several weeks of intensive preparation, the Illinois State Convention was called to order at 1:30 o'clock, Wednesday, February 23d, at the Hotel Wolford, by state president Robert Scholes. The invocation was read by Father Arthur G. Wilson. Judge Walter C. Lindley of the Federal Court welcomed the delegates.

By unanimous vote Robert Scholes was elected president for another year, Dr. Henry B. Ward, vice president, Wm. B. Kemp, secretary and Frank L. Meyers of Pontiac, treasurer. Aurora was chosen as the 1928 convention city. The recommendations of the committee on legislation were: That all constables be educated in game and fish laws, that the I. W. L. A. take the necessary steps to end the slaughter of game and fish by law violators and others, a penalty for anyone possessing fish or game out of season; that pole and line fishing be allowed in the state between April 7th and December 15th only, and that net and seine fishing be permitted after August 1st until the season closes; that there be some curtailment to drainage district projects which tend to pollute fish spawning places on all rivers of the state.

The resolutions adopted provided for the state purchase of Lima Lake in western Illinois consisting of about 1,400 acres of marsh land for game preserves for fish and birds; the purchase of Deer Park in LaSalle county as a preserve; the purchase of Horseshoe Lake in Alexander county and the establishment of a national department of conservation; conservation of shell and pearl resources of Illinois; the season for duck and wild fowl open September 15th and close December 31st; that hunters be permitted to keep in storage ducks shot in season for thirty days after the close of the season providing an affidavit had been filed by the owners with the clerk in a United States district court certifying that the game birds had been killed during the open season, such certificates to be filed within five days after the close of the season. This resolution brought forth a long debate from the delegates. Further, that the fifth annual convention was the most successful in the history of the state division and thanking Danville Waltonians for their part in the success of the meeting. Dr. P. R. Blodgett of Chicago Heights was elected for a term of three years to serve as a member of the Board of Governors succeeding L. B. Elstock, who resigned. Another resolution from the committee on legislation provides for the support of a bond issue for acquiring by the state, of grounds to be used for public hunting and fishing and as game preserves through a bond issue not to exceed five million dollars, the funds to be derived from hunting and fishing license fees. The delegates accepted another report of the legislation committee recommending the appointment of an advisory board to function with the state department of conservation.



Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Vice-President Illinois Division.



Robert Scholes, President Illinois Division.

National president Charles W. Folds, Ed. H. Philippi, National executive secretary, Seth E. Gordon, extension director, and Dr. Wm. D. Hatfield, director of the pollution department, all from National Headquarters attended. Mr. Philippi addressed the delegation on Friday afternoon stressing the need for a close relationship between national headquarters and the divisions and chapters saying, "National headquarters is a service bureau for our divisions, chapters and members, a clearing house for the exchange of constructive ideas and the means of intercommunication within the League among its component chapters. Headquarters serves to unify and centralize the purposes of the League into an effective force." Mr. Philippi in an interesting way conveyed the fact to the delegates: "that the organization plan of the I. W. L. A. is the reverse of the military plan of organization, that orders are not initiated from headquarters, but that headquarters acts as a clearing house for the nearly 3,000 League chapters."

The Wednesday afternoon session opened with an address by President Scholes and reports were read by Secretary Wm. Kemp of Joliet and Treasurer Frank L. Meyers of Pontiac. The report of State Secretary Kemp called special attention to the reorganization and that, "since September 1st, personal visits had been paid by the state officers to 105 of the 200 chapters in the state, during which time the membership has grown from less than 8,000 to nearly 11,000." The report also described the plan under which county chairmen are named throughout the state with counties grouped according to congressional districts with district chairmen.

After discussing methods of curbing "game hog" and "fish hog" menace to wild life, the delegates approved a suggestion to make every Waltonian in the state a deputy game and fish warden. Other topics discussed were the domestic habits and characteristics of game, native to Illinois. The convention adjourned at noon after an inspection of Lake Vermilion, Danville's new artificial lake.

The principal address of the Thursday night session was made by Charles W. Folds, national president who outlined the purposes of the Izaak Walton League and its growth, stressing the conservation program that will assure posterity of the beauties of nature, which have rapidly been disappearing.

W. B. Kemp, Joliet, Ill., Secretary Illinois Division.

Stream pollution and methods of prevention were freely discussed. Dr. Henry B. Ward, chairman of the League's National Pollution Committee, opened discussion with a description of conditions in England, and an explanation of how the English system could be adopted to American needs.

Dr. Ward was given a rising vote of appreciation by delegates for his work on pollution and the "highest degree of honor" was voted him by members.

The banquet on Thursday night was attended by more than 300. Speakers of the evening were H. E. Hutton, former president of the Danville chapter, and Rev. Meyer A. Madson of Pontiac. During the dinner the guests were entertained by several vaudeville numbers. Ab. Deutsch, president of the Danville chapter using a croquet ball instead of the crystal gave a demonstration of "Psychic power and Mysticism." Witty replies to random questions, humorous sidestepping of difficult questions and comedy remarks by "Ab" kept the big audience in good humor, throughout the act.

The fifth state convention was pronounced a great success by all who attended.

{OUTING'S "MASTER ANGLER"}

Pat. Pend.

New! Green Spanish Leather Lacquer Finish

AGAIN Outing produces a masterpiece, rightly called the "*Master Angler*". New and radically different in appearance, with a three-coat lacquer finish that looks like green Spanish leather, applied *over* the hard-baked enamel. It is far and away the most beautiful, and at the same time practical tackle box made. Truly it is *master* of them *all*.

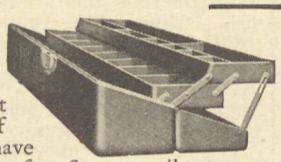
A box you'll be proud to own, yet the using of it will give you even more satisfaction, for its construction is the new well known cantilever tray construction, originated by Outing.

Every compartment in the entire box immediately available as you lift the lid. Its rounded corners and edges give it pleasing lines, but even more important, this construction *eliminates* edge and corner seams that open up and leak. No detail has been overlooked. All fittings are heavily nickel plated and the comfortable handle is metal which won't get soggy. Nothing has been left undone to make it deserve the name "*Master Angler*". And it *does!*

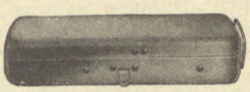
Your choice of three lengths—12, 16, 21 in. 6½ in. wide, 7 in. high. $7.00, $8.00 $10.00.

Ask your dealer to show it to you.

The "Prize Angler"



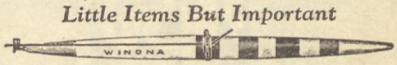
It's just what hundreds of fishermen have been looking for. Same cantilever tray construction as the "Master Angler". Same dimensions. Same general style, but with brown-green hard-baked enamel finish, less expensive fittings, a saving here and there. Many fishermen will prefer it at $5, $6, $7—and we claim at these prices it is the best buy on the market.



A Handy Tackle Box

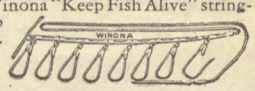
Holds tackle for a day's fishing. Put what you need for a day's fishing in this handy auxiliary box. It's handy—easy to slip in that big pocket of your coat or hang from your belt. Its ten compartments hold a lot of tackle. Removable tray pivots on hook. Brown-green hard-baked enamel on alloy steel. 2⅝x4¾x11¾. And $2.00 will buy it. In aluminum at $3.25.

Little Items But Important



So many times a float comes in handy. You will want this Winona celluloid float for still fishing for pan fish. Durable and strong. Finished in a combination of five different colors. **25c each.**

When you catch a good fish what do you do with it? With this Winona "Keep Fish Alive" stringer you can keep it fresh all day. Slip snap thru lips. Fish can't drown. **75c ea.**



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YOUR MONEY BACK IF THEY DON'T CATCH FISH

These Fly-Rod Lures Float. They arouse BIG FISH to a frenzy and smashing strikes result

Six Models {GRAY BODY — WHITE TAIL / GRAY BODY — YELLOW TAIL / YELLOW BODY—YELLOW TAIL} Small Boy or Shaggy Boy

Prices Postpaid: 75c each or three flies for $2.00 or one fly and a four foot leader $1.00

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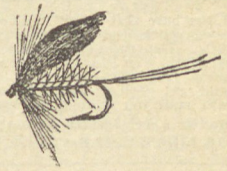
Cut Shows Medium Size

GET YOURS NOW!

Here's the grandest fish-getter you'll ever own! This lure weighs ⅝ oz., 3½ in. long; only 90c. Pick your own color combination: white with red head; silver, red head; gold, red head; yellow, red head; red, black head. Also "Old Black Joe" the **original all-black** lure for night or dark day fishing. CARTER LURES famous all over America. Ask any fisherman. See your dealer, or order direct from us. Write today for new free catalog: "The Lures They Like".

CARTER BAIT COMPANY

46 Cordova Building Indianapolis, Ind.

Flies  **Flies**

Our Celebrated Wet Trout Flies, on Looped Gut, or on Eyed Hooks. Size 12, 45c; Size 10, 50c; Size 8, 55c per dozen. Dry Flies on Looped Gut, or on Eyed Hooks. Size 12, 70c; Size 10, 75c; Size 8, 80c per dozen.

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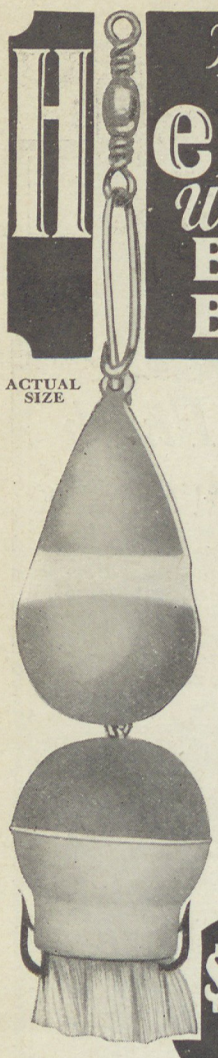

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Korrect Kor Lines have that "feel" ordinary lines lack. Are easy casting, quick drying, extra strong, made of finest Japan Silk. Won two Championships at Oklahoma I. W. L. 1926 Meet. Won also the Accuracy Bait Casting Championship 1925 and 1926. That's the kind of line YOU should use. Tell us what Dealer can't supply you and we will mail you samples and prices at once.

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THE DRONE
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Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut

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Some Famous Fishermen

By E. C. B. Jenkins

FOR the man who never knew how to play, I am sorry; for the man who once could play, but, in the stress of worldly gain, has forgotten how, I have only pity.

The man who never has played is not conscious of his loss; but the man who, in the mad quest of gold and power, has forgotten, must occasionally realize the extent of his loss.

In my boyhood days, spent in the heart of Maryland on the Potomac River just above where it cuts through the Blue Ridge Mountains, the black bass fishing—then the best in the country—lured some of the country's greatest men. There I had the unusual opportunity of knowing and observing some of the most wonderful men of the age fully relax in play. And how they did enjoy it! Affairs of state waned in importance to the strike of a game fish. The scent of world battle faded before the aroma of bacon and fish sizzling at the camp-fire.

There was that Chesterfield of perfection among our Presidents, Chester A. Arthur; there was Grover Cleveland, rugged, picturesque, and his more than rugged and picturesque friends; there was Admiral Rodney Evans, who could cuss more artistically than any other man of his time; Don Cameron, the great Secretary of War; Colonel Crook, Custodian of the White House under more Presidents than any other man before or since; the quaint Andrew Carnegie and his friends, Harry C. Frick, Phipps, Gilbert Refferty, the coke king; John W. Garrett and his son Robert, railway giants of that day; also came there "Teddy" Roosevelt; also Missouri's "little giant," Senator George Graham Vest; and Senator Wade Hampton; Arthur Pugh Gorman; Justice Lamar of the Supreme Court of the United States, with his father-in-law, Pendleton, of West Virginia; the Van Renssallers; the Vanderbilts; A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince of New York; Judge Harris, of the Supreme Bench of Louisiana, father of the beautiful Natalie Harris, wife of John Hays Hammond; George Innes, America's greatest painter, feet in water as he watched hook and line and painted, all at one time, and his friend, Joseph Jefferson, who could play as well off the stage as on.

These and hundreds of other prominent men of the day, either members or guests of members of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club, enjoyed the hunting and fishing in the three-thousand-acre preserve at Dam No. 6, coming from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, as well as from cities of greater distance.

President Chester A. Arthur, when a guest of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club, presented Mrs. Charles Muehlenberg, of Great Cacapon, West Virginia, a small black bass, his catch of the day. Mr. M., not having any alcohol, had preserved it in good old Monongahela Rye. Several weeks later a good Quaker friend, who was in the habit of calling several times a month, dropped in and was told of the incident and shown the

LANDS 200 BASS WITH MANSFIELD BLACK NIAGARA Waterproof Silk CASTING LINE

"I have used this wonderful line since 1922," says Paul C. Bork, Akron, Ohio. "It has a cat's life. I can't wear it out. "In K. P. Lake, Northern Michigan, I landed *over 200 small and large mouth bass* without tearing off an inch of line, returning fish to water. Later with same 14 lb. test line I landed many pike. I used the same line for two seasons *without losing a fish.* This line *does not kink* or twist. You feel sure of yourself and your line."

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GO-ITE MANUFACTURING CO. Flint, Mich.

fish, while enjoying a toddy, and was asked what he thought of it. Without a moment's hesitation he said, "Well, friend Charles, I think thee hath spoiled some mighty good 'licker' with a very small fish."

Wonderful to me was the play of these big men, their care-free enjoyment of real communion with Nature.

None wished to carry away the game or fish. What they relished was the change of environment and scene, the grandeur of nature, and the companionship of men not afraid to keep young in spirit in spite of advancing years.

They played just to be playing and not for results. Direct purpose was absent from their play. Their very abandon attracted as they ran, talked, kidded, and joked. They acted as foolishly as kids on a picnic. The further they got away from their business, the more they enjoyed themselves.

I never will forget the day Admiral Evans pulled from the stream a seven-pound bass that had given wonderful play.

"You're just too damned game to die!" he exclaimed, when, seeing the hook had not touched a vital spot, he threw the black beauty into the water.

He was a real sportsman! His creed was the creed of most of the men of affairs who came there to play. They came, not to kill, but to play, and to be kind and friendly to their fellowmen, and to all the works of nature.

Try it. Be a sportsman in the good old-fashioned way. And leave something for the other fellow to enjoy.

Conservation

By ROBERT DODGE BALDWIN

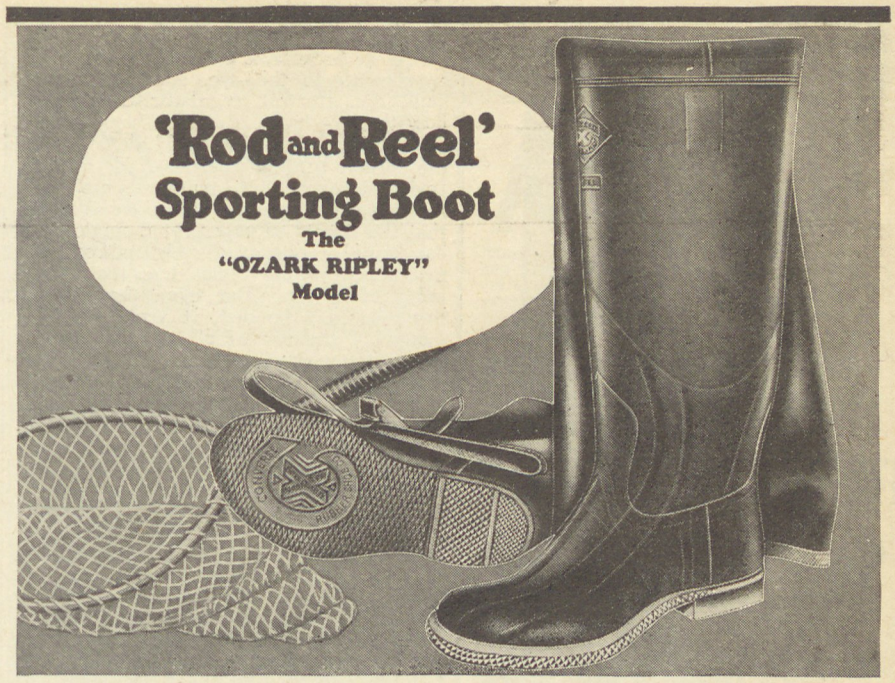
A MAN whom you can readily recognize once said "Yes, I'm strong for conservation, for if there's anything I like to do, it is to talk." Conservation has too often been just that—all talk. Perhaps many of us have been guilty, as was the individual just quoted, of confusing conservation with conversation.

Let us consider what conservation really means. The English translation of the Latin is "cooperative saving." That is to say, conservation may be fittingly applied to any form of cooperation where saving is the objective or the goal. Thus it may be applied to a consumers' cooperative, where the goal is the saving of money in the purchase of commodities; or to a producers' cooperative, where the aim is saving through reducing the costs of marketing commodities.

But the particular angle from which we are approaching conservation is that which is concerned with the cooperative saving of our natural resources. The chief purpose of the examples of conservation that have just been cited is to emphasize the cooperative nature of conservation. Cooperation as the keynote of conservation cannot be over-preached. The great danger today is that it may be under-preached.

What then are the natural resources which we in Wisconsin are to cooperate in saving? What are some of the means that we may employ to increase the efficiency of our conservation program?

The first of these resources is our forests. These constitute not only our source of supply for lumber, fuel and paper, the shelter and home of our wild



Full height, and lighter

than ordinary boots," writes an enthusiastic angler. "I can reach trout streams that were forbidden to me — and the weight means a lot in an all day's tramp. The tops are light and flexible; the bottoms rugged and stiff to prevent snagging and sore feet from sharp rocks. They are ideal for the sportsman."

And there's from two to three full seasons of fishing and hunting mileage in each pair of "Rod and Reel". Made in three widths so that you may wear perfect fitting boots. Look for the big "C" stamped on the sole as illustrated — it identifies the genuine "Rod and Reel".

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CONVERSE RUBBER SHOE COMPANY, *Factory and General Offices, Malden, Mass.*
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Never fail Lures for gamey trout.
Send one dollar for two killing patterns. Free descriptive list for your dealer's name.
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"Get 'E-M" Bait
A Real Bait for Catfish
Turtles, carp and coarse fish will not bite this bait. STAYS ON THE HOOK.
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"tells when the fish bite"
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FITS ANY ROD
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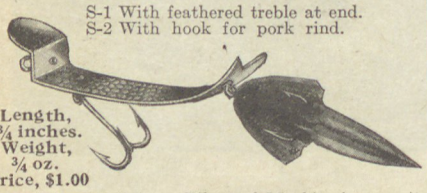
THE WICKED WIGGLER



S-1 With feathered treble at end.
S-2 With hook for pork rind.

Length, 2¾ inches. Weight, ¾ oz. Price, $1.00

Those Big "He" Bass, Pike and Muskies just can't leave it alone! Its wild, wicked wiggle—a sharp, violent, zig-zag movement—is so flashy, so fiery, so peculiar and so different from the movement of a natural minnow—that it makes 'em furious, and they strike it hard—to kill it!

H. M. Johnson. Frankfort. Ind. (Photo above) says: "Look at the seven Bass your wiggling spoon caught in Irish Lake (Barbee, Ind. Group) one afternoon."

The Wicked Wiggler is a real killer! It does not revolve or twist the line. For surface or deep water! Fast reeling brings it to the surface—skimming and splashing its way along!

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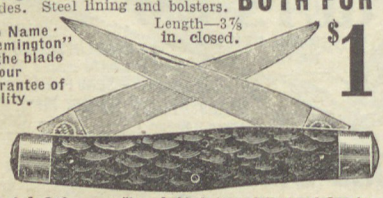

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animal life, but also an important source of supply for pure oxygen in the air which we breathe, a contribution of alluring beauty to the eye, and finally perhaps the greatest regulator of stream-flow that we have.

With respect to the rapid depletion of the forests through their use for lumber, fuel and paper, there may be some cause for concern, especially when we are told that the supply of paper for a single Sunday issue of one of the big metropolitan newspapers requires not less than 10-16 acres of forest. But even these heavy demands may be met, if waste is eliminated by the use of all the tree and if reforestation is given a fair chance. You will recall that Henry Ford and his engineers have brought the force of their genius to bear on this problem to such an extent that the smaller wooden parts required in the manufacture of the Ford car are cut from the smaller limbs of the trees. This is a practice which needs much to be followed in place of the more common procedure of trimming and slashing and letting the smaller limbs lie as brush to furnish fine timber for a forest fire and fairly effectual hindrance to ready reforestation. This is a good rule for farmer, logger, and paper-mill men: Use the whole tree and keep the forest floor clean.

But the exploiter of timber, wasteful though he be, is not the worst hazard to the forests. The *worst hazard is fire,* which destroys annually so much of their beauty and value. The Forest Service is evidence for the fact that *90% of our forest fires originate in the ignorance or carelessness,* or both, of human beings, mostly tourists and campers. An unburned cigarette butt, a glowing match stick, or an undoused campfire—what untold destruction has each of these brought not only to the forest but also to its wild inhabitants. Out of the experience of many years spent in the northwest where fires are so many and so costly, I can truthfully say that there can hardly be anything so depressing to a lover of the out-of-doors as to gaze for miles after miles on mute, black skeletons of what were once stalwart, living trees. This is a good slogan for hunters, woodsmen, campers, and tourists: Slumbering sparks may wake to burn; dead fires never turn.

The conservation of our forests is very closely related to the conservation of another of our natural resources, our streams. When the rain falls in the autumn and summer, and when the snow falls in the winter and melts in the spring, then it is that the importance of our forests to the regulation of stream-flow is evident. I remember some years ago in the month of June driving along the divide between the Des Chutes and Klamath rivers in the Siuslaw National Forest in Central Oregon. It had been a very early spring and summer and there was no snow on the open meadows of the high plateau. But as we began the southern descent toward the Klamath basin on a road winding down through stately pines and Douglas fir, back on the forest floor beneath these giant trees were still great, deep banks of the winter's snow. In the cool shade of the forest it was melting slowly, the moisture feeding gradually into the numberless little mountain streams which sought the larger stream in the valley below. The forest was controlling the flow as man could not control it. So also the forest absorbs a large amount of the moisture which falls as rain, helping to prevent the glutting of the streams with floodwaters. Like a mighty control gate in a dam it acts as a great perpetual reg-

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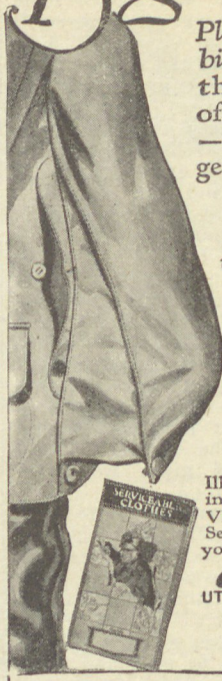

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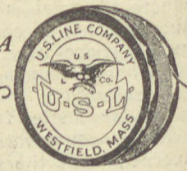

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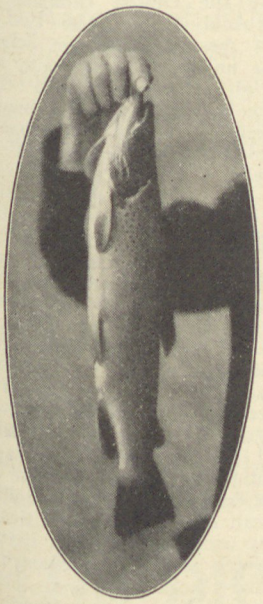
ulator of stream-flow. The Yangtze-kiang River is known as China's sorrow. But China's real tragedy lies farther back than the great yellow floods which so often overwhelm her. China, so scientists and historians assure us, once had her great forests at the headwaters and along the course of the Yangtze-kiang. *But China had no forest policy. Her forests were inexhaustible, she thought, doubtless in much the same way as we today boast of our inexhaustible supply of timber. So China is today virtually a treeless country.* The tragedy is that she pays perpetual penalty in loss of beauty of landscape, and almost annual penalties in devastation by flood—all because she did not know the value of her forest growth. We cannot plead ignorance. China's example deprives us of that alibi. *Wanton and wilful waste is the only plea we can honestly make in the face of our rapidly diminishing forest area. Let us awake, all of us, to save our forests* for conservation means cooperative saving.

See how nature does it: Moisture nourishes forest growth, and trees act as great sponges to control stream-flow, holding rivers in leash and making them a blessing instead of a curse to man, not only bearing his burdens and providing him light through hydro-electric developments, but also giving endless days of sport to swimmer, canoeist and fisherman. Isn't that cooperative saving on nature's part? And all for whom? And in return, as man's share in this great co-operative saving or conservation program, what doth nature require of thee, O man, but to deal squarely, to love beauty, to walk humbly with nature's laws.

THIS fine specimen of a German brown trout was taken from the West Branch of the Delaware River, at Walton, N. Y. The trout measured twenty-three inches in length and weighed four pounds, and was captured after a game fight by E. K. Harrington, who has fished the mountain streams of the Catskills all his life. The waters of this region abound in these fine fish, also in the native brook trout, although these seldom



attain the size shown in the picture. It is a fact worth noting that in several sections of Delaware and Greene Counties steps have been taken to *restrain pollution of the waters,* and in these parts *there is a corresponding increase in the number of trout.* Let's hope the good work continues.

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BASS MOCCASINS
HAND-SEWED
Best for All Outdoor Purposes

Fishing or hunting, hiking or camping, you'll find Moccasins the lightest, most flexible and most *comfortable* footwear you've ever worn.

Behind BASS MOCCASINS is the reputation of a concern noted for the quality of its products for more than half a century.

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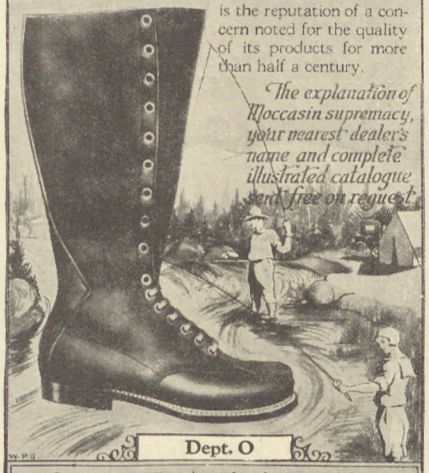

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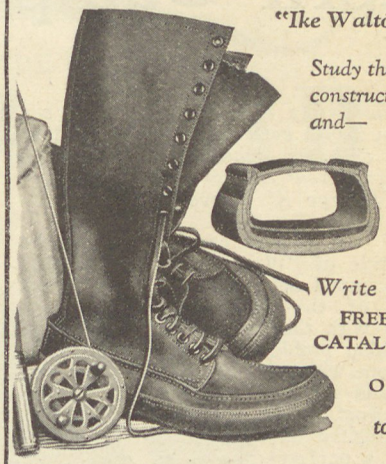
"Ike Walton"

Study this construction and—



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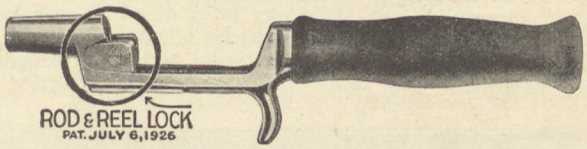

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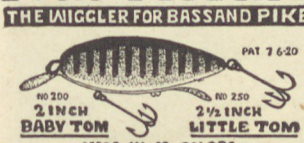

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Camping

Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than living in the open

Camping and motor camping questions will be gladly answered by Paul D. Burress, Field Editor, whose knowledge of camp life is full and practical

April Camping in the North Woods

By MURDO GIBSON

"I am firmly convinced that if I can give my boy a keen desire for the out of doors, with its clean wholesomeness, I have done about all that a dad can do."—Judge George W. Wood.

NO one, I think, can justly claim the title of "Woodsman" until he has camped out during each and every month of the year. Conditions vary greatly with the seasons, each presenting its peculiar problems, and the best camper is the one who can solve them all successfully and achieve greatest comfort with least effort.

Assembling an adequate outfit and selecting a perfect site for an April camp is a rather severe test of woodcraft. April, in the north woods, being neither winter nor spring, weather characteristic of both these seasons may be confidently expected. That, however, should deter no one from undertaking a camping trip between April Fool's and May Day. Ordinary intelligence applied to the planning and preparations, together with a modicum of caution practiced in the field, will eliminate most of the risk of real hardship or serious accident.

Physical comfort on such a trip is largely a matter of suitable equipment and good campsites, but enjoyment will depend chiefly upon one's *attitude* toward the adventure. Continued cheerfulness is so essential that the utmost care should be taken in the selection of camping companions. Querulous grouches are a nuisance anywhere, but in camp they are simply unbearable.

If I were planning to spend the month of April camping for pleasure in the north woods I would want a roomy wall tent, good-sized, sheet metal, camp stove, two empty five-gallon gasolene tins, two light boards (six to eight feet long, ten inches wide and one-half inch thick), short, crosscut saw, large auger (1½ to 2 inches), spikes, nails, annealed wire, two wide-runnered sleds, snowshoes, ice creepers, 75 feet quarter-inch rope, canoe and paddles, leather top rubber pacs, waterproofed leather boots (hobnailed), slippers, winter mittens, leather gloves, winter cap, felt hat, colored spectacles, binoculars, magnifying glass and student's microscope.

Perhaps I should explain my reasons for including so many things not generally listed in wilderness outfits. One gasolene tin is used as a hot water reservoir. It is supported on stakes driven into the ground and it rests *against* the back of the stove. The other tin acts as a warming oven and is placed, in a horizontal position, alongside. If its upper side is flush with top of stove, available cooking space is nearly doubled. These tins weigh very little, fit nicely on a sled and, when properly filled with other plunder, add practically nothing to bulk of the load.

Boards are easily carried on a sled or toboggan and a smooth, flat table top is a very great luxury in camp.

Sometimes it is necessary to build rafts on lakes to which it is impracticable to carry the canoe. Although a fairly good raft can be made with no other tool than an axe, a stronger and better one is possible when auger and spikes are available. A good Waltonian wrote me for some information on this subject, so I will go into greater detail farther on.

For many years I have wanted to learn more about the minute, shiny black insects that woodsmen call "snow lice." They appear on the spring snow and dense swarms of them are often seen in snowshoe tracks, or other depressions. That is one reason why I would take a microscope on a spring holiday trip.

All this, added to provisions, bedding and the numerous other articles generally taken on an ordinary camping trip, constitute a considerable load, so I wouldn't plan on moving camp until the vacation was ended. By that time it is likely that adjacent waters would be free from ice, and canoe transportation possible.

My camping ground would be within an easy day's march of a traveled road and I wouldn't attempt to drag a loaded sled until a good snowshoe trail was broken to the chosen campsite. This would probably mean that two nights would be spent at the spot where the outfit was unloaded from train, auto or horse sleigh. Hauling would then be comparatively easy, as the new trail would likely be packed and frozen hard enough to support the runners of the loaded sleds.

At this time of year the requisites for my ideal campsite are, proximity to navigable water and unlimited fuel wood, southern exposure, shelter from wind on three sides, unobstructed view of sun from dawn to dusk, well drained surface for tent and dooryard, elevation of fifteen to thirty feet above the water and a steep slope to the shore.

I realize that some of these requirements seem contradictory. How, you may ask, can I expect both shelter from wind and an unobstructed view of one hundred and eighty degrees? The answer is, I have had just that, repeatedly, and one fact can upset a thousand theories.

Quite by accident I learned that winds vary in *depth* and do not always travel along straight horizontal lines. This, of course, is well known to aviators, but I found it out before I had seen my first flying machine. Actual experience taught me that a wind current is rather easily deflected from its course and that the resulting back draughts and eddies resemble those of a swiftly flowing river. It is therefore quite possible to determine in advance the approximate course of what-

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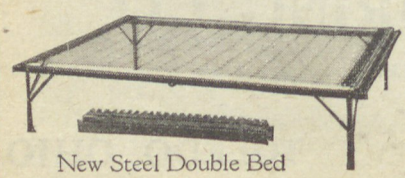
Famous No. 1 Wood Cot



New Steel Double Bed

ever winds the camp might be exposed to and to select a tent site accordingly.

The best April campsite I ever had was located on the north side of a short, river like channel between two large lakes. Midway between these the blunt, flat topped end of a jack pine ridge terminated in a steep bank about fifty yards long and, perhaps, twenty feet high, that reached to the water's edge. On either side the slope was more gradual and a good stand of miscellaneous timber grew on the lower levels. The tent was pitched on this little plateau, about forty feet from the brink and facing south, directly towards the water.

Protected as I was by wooded hills, gales from the north passed harmlessly overhead. Those from the east, or west, were raised by the timbered and brushy slopes or else deflected to mid-channel by the contour of the short line. South winds had but a short two hundred yards in which to gain velocity and the steep bank in front caused them to rise well over the tent.

My reasoning in this matter may be all wrong. I am not a trained meteorologist, but it is the result of close observation at a time when loose snow, drifting on, and over, the ice showed plainly the force and direction of every breeze. Whatever the true reason, this camp was nearly windproof. It convinced me that shelter without seclusion was a practical possibility and not the unattainable dream that most campers imagine it.

A correspondent asks, "How can I make an emergency raft without nails and no tool except an axe, or with as few tools and nails as possible?"

The accompanying sketches purport to show a simple, though quite practical, method that is frequently used by timber cruisers of the north.

Before commencing to build any raft, make sure that it can be *launched* successfully. The simplest way is to assemble the logs in shallow water. If it must be built on land, see to it that the bottom logs rest on smooth, slippery skids that reach to deep water. Rollers will do as well if the raft is built "head on" to the shore. The April camper may be able to build his raft on the ice, but in this case he should secure it to some safe anchorage ashore. Ice sometimes drifts away before it melts.

Occasionally it happens that only *one* large log is available at the spot where a raft is needed. If this log is buoyant enough to support the intended load, it can, by the use of an outrigger, be made to serve acceptably. The distance at which an outrigger should be set depends on its weight and the tendency of the main log to roll. This can best be determined by trial. The saddle-notch and wedge-pin type of fastening, shown in Fig. 1, can be used on an outrigger raft, but a much better job can be done with the aid of an auger and spikes.

Wedge-pin fastening.

—Fig. 1—

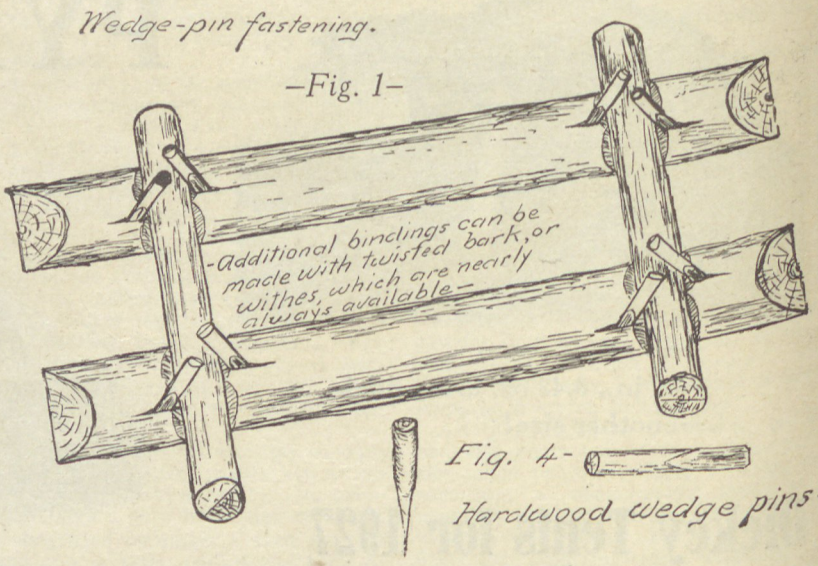


Fig. 4—
Hardwood wedge pins.

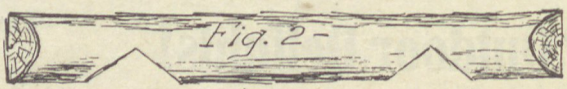


Fig. 2—
Cross piece notched to fit over "saddles"

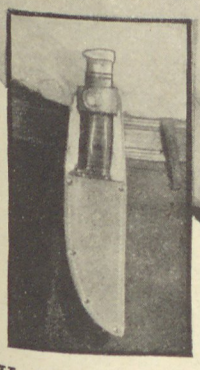
—Fig. 3—

A Wisconsin farmer wants to know the difference between the tracks of a "brush wolf" and those made by a timber wolf.

Ans. The tracks of a "brush wolf," or coyote, are small and pointed, like those of a collie dog, or a large fox. A timber wolf's track is nearly, if not quite, four inches wide and well rounded.

Readers: Old sourdoughs, like this writer, are quite apt to take it for granted that everyone who reads outdoor literature has at least an elementary knowledge of woodcraft. For this reason we may fail, at times, to be explicit enough when describing details of camp life. If there is any subject pertaining to wilderness camping that you think is being neglected by this department, please do us all a great favor by calling our attention to it.

The Greatest Knife a Sportsman Ever Carried



Keen as a razor—shaped for outdoor service—generous of blade—tempered to stand all the 1001 uses you will find for it—modeled to fit a man's hand with a sure, easy grip—metal tipped and guarded to make your hold more certain—pointed to find its way quickly—double-edged to follow through, this Marble's Woodcraft Knife has no equal for the sportsman, tourist or camper. Whether you are cutting your way through underbrush, sharpening tent stakes, slicing bacon, dressing game, or doing one of the innumerable other jobs a sportsman asks a Knife to do, you will be glad the knife at your belt is Marble's Woodcraft.

No. 49—Leather Handle, 4½" blade, with Leather Sheath $2.25
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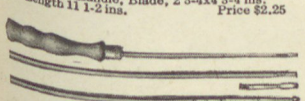

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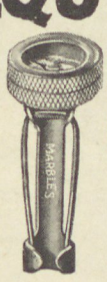

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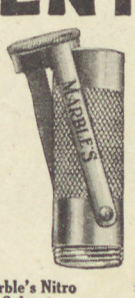

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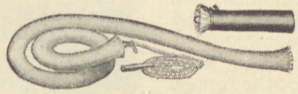

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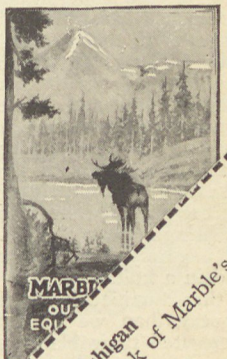

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Motor Camping

The Week-end by Camp-Car

By GERARD FRUIN HUBBARD

MAX was downstream fishing.

I want you to know Max, a tough, sweetly tempered sort that the world hails. Not a seasonal sportsman, he is not a one-sport man. His ceaseless, varied activities illustrate the only pure philosophy of life outdoors.

Sportsmen there are with a single purpose and a single resource. Max is none of these. And yet he is one with all. He takes his pleasure with the best, deriving from the forests and the fields and the streams the greatest measure of happiness.

This August evening he was downstream fishing. I felt a comfortable assurance of his return as I sat in my canvas chair and blew broken rings of smoke toward a beech tree top, darkening in the twilight, from which fell the silver night-call of a wood thrush. Behind the beech sat the moon, a golden crown. The upper waters of Beaver River, sunk in shadow, whispered before me.

Camp stood ready for the night. Beds were made on the seats of the car; screens were at the windows; dishes washed; food was stowed away for protection against the inquisitive, hungry squirrels and chipmunks—we had seen no sign of hedgehogs—which might come scampering into mischief at dawn. Forest lay on all sides. The last village we had left six miles to the south.

For an hour I sat alone. For another hour following Max's return with five brook trout for breakfast—just at their juiciest, sweetest and tenderest—we enjoyed together the stillness and the woods' odors and the lonesomeness in the moonlight.

Later, as I dropped asleep, I heard Max murmur:

"Crowds! Sometimes how I hate 'em!"

The next morning, with the dew still gleaming on the cobbles and the golden rod, we cooked breakfast. The trout and bacon sputtered, the oatmeal gurgled, and the coffee steamed on the gasoline stove. For the sake of our immortal souls we renewed the birch and maple campfire.

No human voice except our own. No one else to claim a single pool for a bottle of cream or a jar of butter . . .

But before we could sit at table, a small touring car rumbled over the bridge upstream, bringing two short, thin men, two large, ungainly women and a baby wrapped in a knitted shawl.

Out they tumbled. Closer to one side of our car than we were to the other, they deposited their blankets, pillows and baskets. After awhile I rose and ambled around to their side.

"Fine day," I said. They nodded.

"Fine place, too," I added. "We couldn't decide whether to camp here or to go downstream a bit." I waved my hand generously in the direction of another clearing twenty rods farther from the bridge.

"This suits us!" responded one of the women, in fine cheer.

So there we were, four men, two women and a baby.

Max and I went fishing.

In the afternoon, when we returned, the blankets and the pillows had been shifted with the sun until they covered ground actually on our side of the car.

With no heart we cooked dinner.

As we drove off, I wanted, oh, I wanted to cry back:

"So glad to have had you with us! Just like Coney Island!"

But Max objected. Smiling, we waved goodbye.

In all my experience of week-end camping by automobile, this incident stands out as the only occasion on which this type of incivility has been displayed.

The true camper—perhaps he must be born with an innate sense of the eternal fitness of things—possesses a nice discrimination, marking him for good company in any circumstance. Another's solitude he cherishes. Companionship of the out-o'-doors is all he asks. With no set plan, he waits in readiness to enjoy the myriad programs enacted before him whenever he leaves the boulevard.

But the week-end camper's time is short! He must use to the full his few brief hours.

The automobile, fortunately, enables him to reach the heart of the wilderness for a day's vacation and provides in large measure the conveniences of the city.

In matters pertaining to equipment, it pays to proceed thoughtfully and prayerfully. Traveling by automobile, you need not apologize for the range of your outfit or the variety of your provisions. A pack basket is too heavy for the muscles of your neck and back if it weighs more than fifty pounds, but an automobile supporting several times that burden will never stop by a stump to ease the shoulder straps.

Physical satisfaction must be regarded as a sacred right. Your purpose should be to live as comfortably in camp as you would live at home.

I hesitate somewhat to give the menu for a sample camp dinner:

Tomato soup, celery, tenderloin steak, mashed potatoes, yellow bantam corn on the cob, sweet pickles, jelly, buttered rolls, raspberries and cream, coffee and cigars!

You will dine from folding chairs at a folding table.

I am also slow to declare that I sleep in camp on springs and mattress at least as soft as any in the best hotels.

Eating and sleeping—these are the problems to be disposed of first.

A long box, waterproof and dustproof, fitted to the running board and readily attachable by means of bolts and wing nuts, will do to store food. The perishables—meat, butter, fruits, etc.—will go in an ice box especially designed for automobile service.

In a two-gallon can you will carry drinking water. Let your friends laugh. A spring is hard to find and streams or lakes generally are unsafe.

Your stock of utensils and accessories should be sufficiently complete.

The following list has stood the test of several seasons' use:

Large and small frying pans; covered cooking dishes, two sizes; coffee pot; bread knife; small sharp knife; fork with long handle; stirring spoon; pancake turner; potato masher; can opener; corkscrew; holders for hot dishes; bowl; two knives; two forks; four spoons; salt and pepper shakers with covering for the holes; dishwashing powder; wire dishwashing cloth; six plates; four cups; two vegetable dishes; two dessert dishes; first aid kit; paper napkins; waxed paper; needle and thread, and hand soap. If a baking oven is added, an assortment of pans should be included.

Build you a campfire—tradition and inspiration equally demand it!—but for the serious business of getting a meal let

"Five brook trout for breakfast, just at their sweetest."

gasolene be your fuel. Your pans and kettles will not smudge (and I insist that dishwashing must be held to its lowest terms); you will always have instant heat and if necessary you may cook inside a tent.

I do not suppose, you see, that you will camp without auxiliary shelter in rainy weather.

My own tent is simply a roof and one side. The roof extends over the top of the car. Ropes go from the two corners of the canvas to the wheels. Away from the other side of the car the canvas passes over a hinged ridge pole. The ridge, supported by two jointed poles, is eight feet high to give plenty of slope both ways. The outer corners of the roof are fastened with ropes to stakes in the ground. The upright poles are guyed.

The end cloth, cut to fit and provided with hooks, may be hung on the windy end. The front is always open. You don't want a complete tent; you will sleep inside the car. Merely a protection from rain is what you need.

Nearly any car may be converted into sleeping quarters. In my coach I arrange the removable rear upright cushion in front of the rear seat cushion. Ahead of these I use the front seats. The backs of the front seats, removed, are blocked up to furnish the foot of the bed.

Over all the cushions I spread two narrow mattresses. Upon the mattresses I fold the blankets.

Once you have fixed your car in some fashion, you may apply for membership in the Pullman Porters' Union.

The sporting goods market offers a different type of bed for cars with rigid seats. On a wooden frame resting above the backs is stretched a sheet of canvas. The outfit is collapsible, but not during the night! Using this arrangement you lie rather close to the top. Don't leave your car on a decline, no matter how reliable your emergency brakes may be. It's terrifying to awaken with the feeling that you are trapped on a chute-the-chutes, sliding toward Eternity.

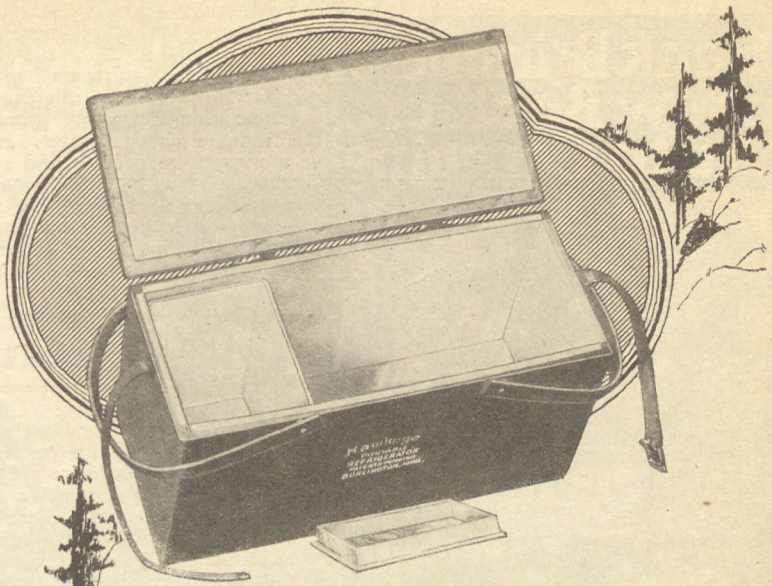
Mosquitoes, punkies and the all but invisible "no-see-ems" will enjoy a night's lodging with you if you let them in. It isn't necessary. Fit screens to the windows. Brass strainer cloth—a 65-mesh—is the best material. It makes up for its cost in durability and effectiveness.

One of the sweetest sounds in Nature is the buzz of a baffled insect.

Another important item of equipment is a set of topographical maps, for you must not underrate the value of knowing where you are headed when you start on a Saturday-to-Sunday journey. These maps, sold at a low price by the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., give all the roads, trails, streams, swamps, hills and buildings. By all means buy enough to cover the desirable sections in your vicinity within a radius of seventy or eighty miles. You can sit at home and tell almost exactly how a given spot will look. Arrived there, you know the surrounding territory more accurately than the oldest native.

Your camp clothing must be comfortable and proof against brambles. Be sure to carry a complete change. Go prepared for rain. Expect an evening drop in temperature. A canvas roll does splendidly as a suitcase—much more satisfactory, in fact.

And there you are! Aside from incidentals—a sheathed hatchet, an extension light from the car, a suction pump for getting gasolene for your stove, and a few small items which you will add as you think of them—there is nothing else you need.



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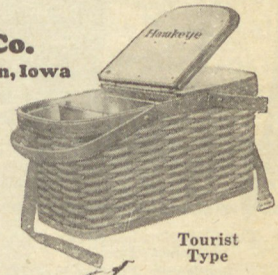

Tourist Type

Frank Brimmer's New Book on Auto Camping

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Tells how to get the utmost pleasure and benefit out of your trip—at the least expense.

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.....

You are fixed to eat and sleep in comfort—indeed, in luxury—under all conditions.

Yet enjoyable as preparations for camping are and pleasant as the camping itself is, these things are not primarily what the outdoors person is after. In the spirit of a pioneer he goes to find some vague brotherhood with the living creation. Even to himself he will not admit that the nearest telephone is only a few miles distant. With his rod or gun, his binoculars and camera, his senses keen and his heart willing, he sets civilization behind him. In a day—not much more—he builds up energy and enthusiasm for the coming week and a tall structure of joyous incidents to remember when the snows are deep and the roads closed.

Probably every man who goes afield collects much more than he ever can recount. I hold no envy for the leisured man on his travels by rail or sea. The camping car has carried me to other worlds, converting spring, summer and fall into one fair holiday.

From Indiana to Tennessee

THE inquiries on motor camping received by this department apply to every phase of this popular outdoor sport and the questions vary from—how to set back your speedometer to the best route and how and where to camp between Seattle and Miami. Many of the questions submitted are constructive and would be of interest to most of our readers.

The following letter recently received from M. W. H., Elwood, Indiana, is interesting and we will let our answer speak for itself.

"Dear Editor and brother Waltonian:—I am taking advantage of your kind offer to supply your readers with information about motor camping. The purpose of this letter is to solicit your advice about a motor camping tour from this city to Lebanon, Tenn., and return.

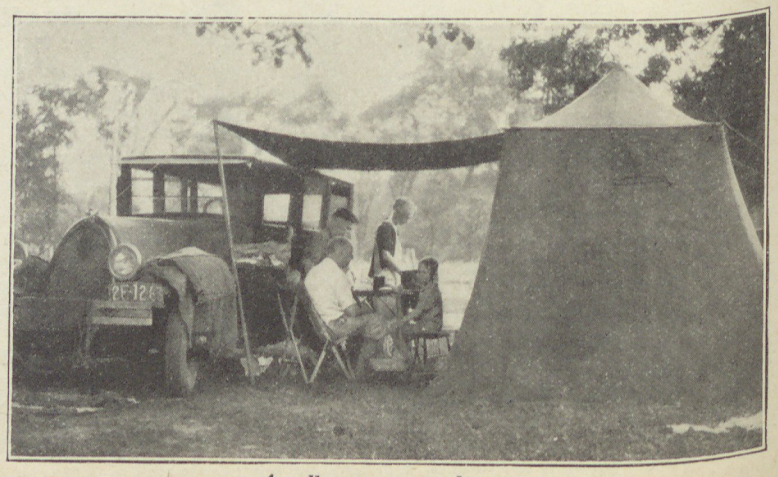
"Here is the problem with which I am confronted and about which I desire your advice. We made this trip by train last summer, and, being Waltonians, it is obvious to you why we would rather go by automobile if the cost will not be prohibitive. There are four in our party. We have a Ford sedan in good condition and intend starting about June 15th and returning in two weeks. I will list my several questions numerically for your convenience. 1. What equipment will we need? 2. How much will such equipment cost? 3. What is the best route for good roads and interesting scenery? 4. What is the approximate mileage between this city and Lebanon, Tenn.? 5. Can you give me an idea about the cost of such a trip excluding equipment?

"We would appreciate any information that you think would be of assistance to us that is not covered by these questions, for we are inexperienced motor campers."

"Dear Mr. H..... Answering your recent inquiry relative to a motor camping trip from your city to Lebanon, Tennessee, we are indeed glad to include you among our great number of enthusiastic motor campers and it gives us pleasure to be of assistance to you.

"Answering your questions in numerical order we will first tell you about the equipment that we think you should have, keeping in mind that economy is a necessary requisite. We will assume that you have such necessary articles for camping as blankets, cooking and table utensils and other articles to suit your personal convenience. In addition to such articles, you will need a tent, four folding cots, four folding camp stools, one gasoline cook stove and a folding table. This, we believe, covers your question number one. This equipment will cost you about $92.00, considering the 9x9 or 9x11 umbrella tent at $55.00, four cots at $14.00, four camp stools $5.00, one stove $12.50, and one folding table $6.00.

"Answering your third question on good roads and interesting scenery, we would suggest that you follow the Jackson Highway state road number 1, from Indianapolis to Louisville, Kentucky. From Louisville follow the Dixie Highway or the U. S. Highway number 31 to Cave City, Ky. From Cave City to Mammoth Cave, which is a point of great interest, is ten miles. Return to Horse Cave and follow a four mile improved road to Bear Wallow. From Bear Wallow follow state highway number 6 southwest through Scottsville to Nashville, Tennessee—distance about 106 miles. From Nashville to Lebanon follow state road number 24, a distance of 34 miles. On your return trip, you follow the same route except at Bear Wallow, Ky., where you will keep straight ahead on state highway number 6, to Buffalo, Ky., instead of turning west to Cave City. Abraham Lincoln's birthplace is near Buffalo and the distance is not greater by returning to Louisville by way of Buffalo. From Louisville you may take the same route to Indianapolis as you came over, that is, U. S. Highway number 31.



An alluring practical camp.

"If you desire to make a more extended return trip, we would suggest that in leaving Lebanon you go east to Knoxville over state highway number 54 to Sparta and number 1 from Sparta to Knoxville. North from Knoxville over state highway number 32 and 33 through Cumberland Gap and thence to Corbin, Ky., where you will pick up the Dixie Highway leading to Lexington. From Lexington to Frankfort and Frankfort to Louisville. This return route from Lebanon to Louisville by way of Knoxville is about 486 miles and is 254 miles farther than to return to Louisville by way of Buffalo. This return trip is not figured in the cost figures of your trip.

"Nearly all of the roads referred to, are paved roads. You might run into about 15 miles of gradcd road about half way between Buffalo, Ky., and Nashville, Tenn., but this road is under state supervision and no doubt will be in good condition. Lincoln's birthplace and Mammoth Cave are the two principal points of interest on your route unless you would care to return by way of Knoxville and thereby get into mountainous territory.

"Answering your question number four, which asks the approximate distance between Elwood, Indiana, and Lebanon, Tenn.: The distance from your city to Louisville is about 178 miles. From Louisville to Cave City about 88 miles and from Cave City to Lebanon 140 miles.

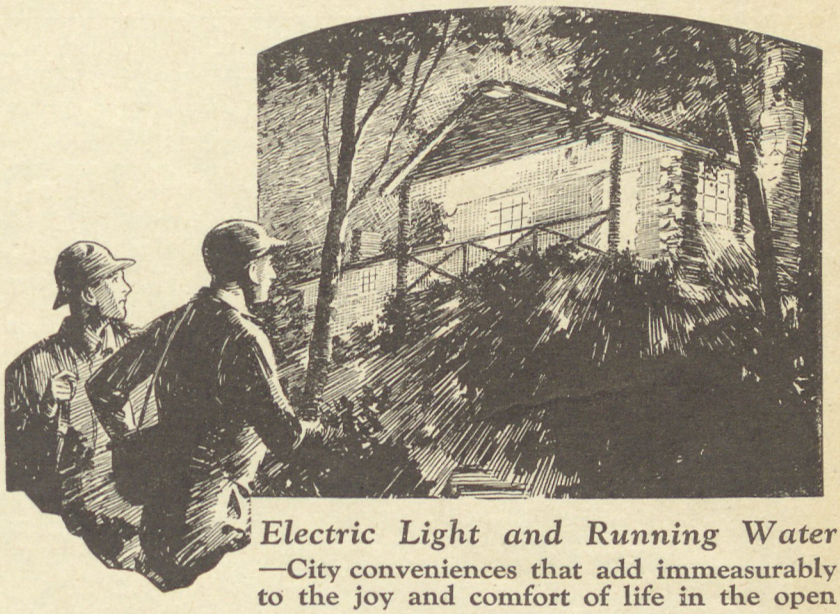
"Answering your fifth question: The cost of a motor camping trip for you and your family enroute to and from Lebanon, Tenn., without stop over costs being figured, will be about $50.00. We have computed this cost as follows: Estimate gasoline and oil expenses for the trip, $15.00. We are assuming that your car and tires will be in good condition before starting. Food for four for six days at $2.00 per day is $12.00. Incidental expenses covering amusements, camping site fee, tire repairs and so forth, should not run over $15.00 for the entire trip. This totals $42.00 and you may safely figure that $50.00 will more than cover your actual expenses while enroute. We have requested manufacturers of camping goods to send their catalogues to you, and after you receive them it would be well for you to discuss the matter of tents and stoves with your local sporting goods dealer.

"Do not cover too much territory in a day, especially the first day. It would be well for you to camp in smaller towns rather than cities and we would suggest that you do not try to make Louisville the first night. There is a state forest reserve 22 miles north of Louisville on route 31 where you might camp the first night. The second day do not try to go farther than Cave City or Mammoth Cave, whichever offers the best camping facilities, thereby allowing sufficient time to inspect Mammoth Cave. The third day you should easily reach Lebanon by way of Nashville, which is about 140 miles from Cave City. We estimate the railroad fare for you and your family at about $100.00 for the round trip considering half fare for the youngest member of your party and also Pullman berths, and not considering the meals on the train.

"Your camping equipment will be good for several years and in addition to greater enjoyment you may safely figure that it will be half paid for after your first trip.

"Trusting that we have covered your questions to your entire satisfaction, we are, Yours very truly, OUTDOOR AMERICA."

The Thrill of Outdoors with the Comforts of Home



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Delco-Light electric plants are a product of General Motors—with all that that means in fine engineering and conscientious construction. The experience of over 275,000 users assures you of their absolutely dependability. Delco-Light plants are built either with or without storage batteries—in capacities ranging from 750 watts to 2500 watts. Prices are as low as $225, f.o.b., Dayton, Ohio.

Let us send you more specific information about Delco-Light electric plants, D-L Water Systems, or both. Write today.

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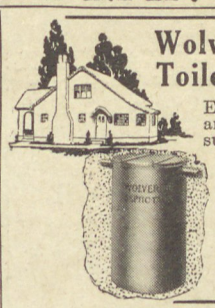

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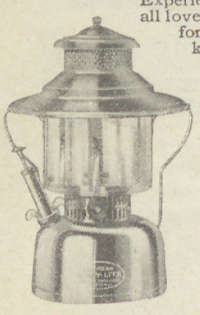
KAMPKOOK
AMERICA'S FAVORITE CAMP STOVE

Cook With Gas in Your Vacation Cabin

With *Kampkook* on the job even a cabin in the backwoods will provide the best of hot meals—and kampkooking is one of vacation's real pleasures. *Kampkook*, with its fine built-in oven, bakes and broils as well as it cooks and boils; gives you all the conveniences of a kitchen gas range in the space of a small suit case.



American Ready-Lite Lantern. Lights the camp as bright as day. Burns gasoline; lights with matches—no torch. Has blue vitreous enamel top, which cannot rust or corrode. Complete, with built-in pump.

Experienced campers, tourists and all lovers of outdoor life are strong for *Kampkook* because they know it is reliable. Burns motor gasoline; its blue flame is as hot as gas and free of smoke and soot. Simple to operate, lights quickly, going full speed in a jiffy. The folding wind-shield makes it weather proof; large capacity fuel tank with built-in pump and funnel is detachable for handy filling. *Kampkook* is built to stand the hard knocks of camp life and it is safe anywhere—its use is permitted where open fires are prohibited.

Kampkook, being the original, has many features found in no other stove; that is why it is used by more campers than all others combined. If not at your dealers', write for illustrated folder showing the full line, and names of nearby dealers who can supply you. Address Dept. M6.

American Gas Machine Co., Inc.
ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA
Branches in New York and San Francisco

American Gas Machine Company, Inc.
Dept. M. 6, Albert Lea, Minn.
Send me full particulars about American Kampkooks, and name of nearest dealer.

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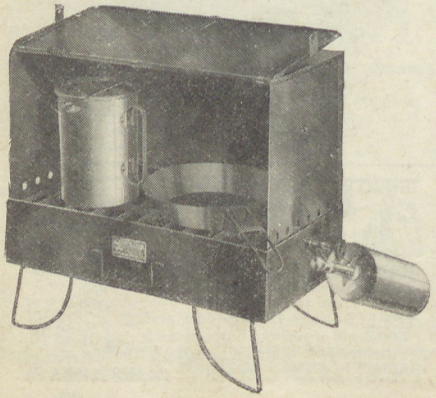
Address.....

Town and State.....

Kampkook No. 8, with built-in oven and heater. America's finest and most complete camp stove. Does anything you can do with your kitchen range. Complete, with built-in pump. Price in U. S., $11.00. Other models $6.30 to $14.50.



Ten Commandments of the Trail

By Henry Wellington Wack

THOU shalt not employ others to kill thy game for thee, or count game killed by others.

Thou shalt speak to the farm owner of land in a gentle voice and kindly entreat him to let thee hunt on his premises, lest he boot thy north end from his dominion.

Point not thy gun toward any living thing that thou dost not wish to kill. Lo, there are fools and idiots wandering to and fro on the earth, but he who fails to observe this rule is verily the King imbecile.

Shoot not thy gun toward any cattle, swine, or farm live stock, within one-fourth mile of thee. If thou shalt disobey this, the farmer will jab thy pants with his pitch fork till thou roarest for help and thereafter must eat thy meals standing.

Unload thy gun before thou enterest thy automobile. Then may thy days be long and thy funeral postponed.

Take not thy gun by the muzzle to draw it toward thee. Verily some foolish human may love thee and why shouldst thou die?

Look not into the muzzle of thy gun whether it be loaded or empty. Verily an empty gun shooteth out an inquiring eye, and the undertaker groweth rich thereby.

Thou shalt not carry thy gun cocked. Verily, thou art a mighty hunter, but the hides of thy friends will not turn shot.

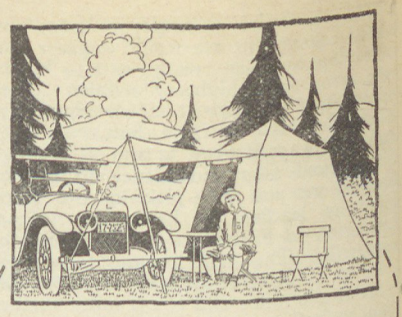
Climb not fences with thy gun in thy hands. Put thy gun through first with the muzzle pointing away from thee and all living things. Better it is to miss chance at one crow than to return to thy house with guilt in thy heart and thy friend's hind leg in a basket.

All these rules thou shalt obey and live past three score and ten. If thou failest, thou shalt sleep in thy nice new coffin or in the prison cell while the mourners go about the street.

Indiana-Kentucky Treaty

As the result of a working agreement entered into between Mr. George N. Mannfeld, Superintendent of the Fish and Game Division of the Indiana Conservation Commission, and Executive Agent Dr. George C. Waggoner of the Kentucky Game and Fish Commission, greater cooperation between these two states, especially along the Ohio River boundary, is provided for. Under the agreement wardens of the two states will cooperate closely to break up illegal practices.

More states should follow this splendid example, and endeavor to bring their laws and general programs more in harmony.



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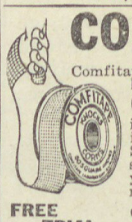

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS
(DISPLAY)

DON'T MISS

THE LEAGUE'S FIFTH Annual Convention and Sportsmen's Show

April 7-8-9

Sherman House
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

EVERY Izaak Walton League member is welcome. Headquarters urges every member who can possibly attend to do so. It is the annual convention of YOUR League, and YOUR counsel and constructive criticism is invited.

If each chapter has not appointed its delegates, do so at once and notify Headquarters. The program provides for three days of practical activity in outlining policies and plans for greater **conservation progress.**

Delegates and alternates must show credentials and register at registration booth on the Mezzanine floor of the Sherman Hotel in order to participate in the business of the convention.

The Honorary President of the League, Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, will speak at the Annual Banquet on the night of April 9th and other speakers of prominence in the field of Conservation will address the Convention during its business sessions.

Special reduced railroad fares are in effect. Every delegate and visitor must ask for and secure a certificate from his ticket-agent when buying his railroad ticket and present it at the registration booth in order to secure the special return fare.

Outdoor America's National Sportsmen's Show will be the greatest ever held. More than 25,000 sportsmen and dealers in sporting goods from all parts of the country will attend during the three days' session.

The Annual Casting Tournament will again be a feature. Both fly and bait casting events will be included, for which valuable prizes will be awarded.

Photographs of the delegates to the convention will be taken free of charge in the photographer's booth at the show,

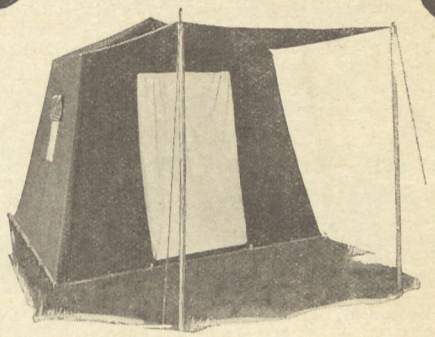
The Sportsmen's Show in conjunction with the Fifth Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League will make these three days—April 7, 8, 9—days of utmost joy to every sportsman and outdoor lover — **DON'T MISS THEM!**

Announcement

WE announce with regret that Will H. Dilg, Founder and First President of the Izaak Walton League, is critically ill at the Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, Washington, D. C. Doubtless messages from his friends would be a great joy and comfort to him.

Announcing

The OMAR
AUTOMATIC
POLELESS
TENT



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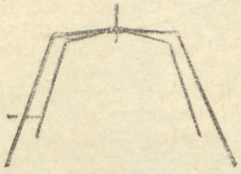
Here's the Tent You Need

One man can erect it in four minutes.
Automatic in every respect.
No adjustments at any time.
Non-collapsible in high wind.
Automatic feature takes up slack canvas in dry weather and allows for shrinking when it rains.
Frame folded 42 in. by 5 in.
Rust proof.
Tent moss green 8.42 oz. 30 in. U. S. Army waterproof duck.
It's just what you've been waiting for.



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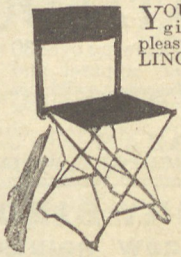

YOUR motor camp trip will give you the greatest pleasure and comfort if you are LINCOLN equipped.

Full size bed, chairs, table —compactly folded in 30 seconds to carry on the running board. Strong, light all metal frames give greatest durability. See Lincoln equipment and *camp kitchenette* at your dealers or *write us* for our new, beautifully illustrated camp catalog—free!

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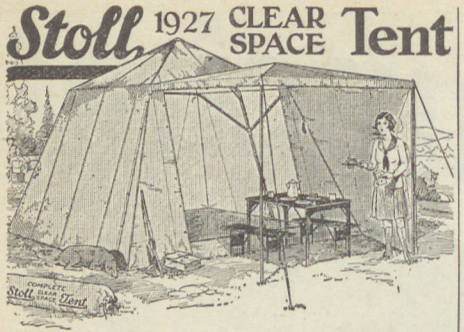
LINCOLN
The Tourist's Favorite
Folding Furniture

Stoll 1927 CLEAR SPACE Tent



No Center Pole—Yet Smooth, Firm, Rigid

This is in all respects the best tent in the world, made better by the addition of new features not found in any other tent. Easily erected by one person in five minutes. Big and roomy when set up. Small, compact bundle to carry. Made of finest grade 10 oz. U. S. Army Duck mildew-proofed, water-proofed and finished in rich dark green color. The new storm-proof screened window and sewed-in floor with raised threshold appeals to women because they are absolutely insect-proof. The bobbinet door is fitted with zipper fastener, opens or closes by pulling slider up or down. The larger awning provides an extra room. The new roof support forms peak that insures perfect draining. Tent is made in four sizes. Steel tent stakes; awning guy ropes, water-proof carrying bag, everything complete, ready for camping. The most compact, complete, convenient and highest grade tent Stoll has ever made.

Stoll's New Square Tourist Tent

A real quality tent made of high grade, water-proofed and mildew-proofed dark green tent material, large awning, tent door, screen door, rain-proof window, sewed-in floor, folding steel center pole, reinforced peak, square hips. Easily set up in three minutes and very compact for carrying.

Roomy 9 x 7-foot size at the record low price for this grade tent of..... **$39.50**

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Stoll Manufacturing Co.

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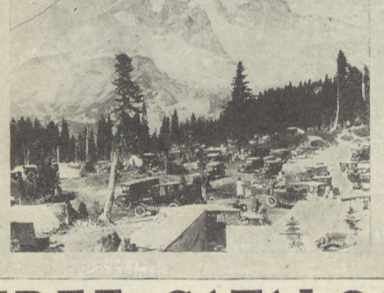
1927 Spring Supplement

L.L. Bean Manufacturer

Freeport, Maine.



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L. L. BEAN

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L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, So. Dakota

Memories of Belle Meade

(Continued from page 35)

multiplied. None of the elk, buffalo, water ox or cashmere goats escaped. When the place was plotted and sold for residences the fences were destroyed. The deer then amounted to about four hundred, and scattered to distant parts of the state. They must have been rapidly killed for there is now no increase in the state. There were always abundant foxes and quail on Belle Meade and a fox hunt or quail shoot could be had any day within the season. Both of the Jacksons were accomplished horsemen and good wing shots, and were fond of and often indulged in those sports. The wonderful fox hunt, the story of which, entitled "Little Rachel's Debut," appeared in the August, 1923, issue of the Izaak Walton League's Monthly, occurred at Belle Meade and its vicinity.

At the death of General Harding the place was divided between his daughters, the wife of General Jackson getting the old home and about 2,500 acres, thereafter known as Belle Meade, and the wife of Justice getting about the same acreage, upon which she erected a commodious home thereafter known as West Meade, which is now owned by her children. After the death of General Jackson and his wife, Belle Meade was purchased by myself and my brother-in-law, Mr. Jesse M. Overton, I taking the home and several hundred acres, and he and I owning the balance which was plotted and sold.

Upon it now is one of the most attractive golf links and club houses in the country, and where the deer, elk, buffalo, cashmere goats and water oxen roamed now are located many fine and attractive residences.

When Mr. Taft was Secretary of War I gave to the Tennessee State Bar Association, and to Mr. Taft as their guest, a barbecue. Everything was in the old orthodox Southern style. Several hundred people were present and among them were many people of distinction from Chicago. Among them were Geo. R. Peck, Wm. J. Calhoun, Lloyd W. Bowers, Gardner Lathrop and John T. McCutcheon.

When I was Secretary of War I found the place, with its many buildings and its twenty miles of rock wall which every rabbit hunter assaulted, and the rapidly increasing taxes, too burdensome to maintain and sold it all but about fifty acres now owned by Mr. Walter O. Parmer. It was subdivided and turned into an attractive residential suburb of Nashville.

Mr. Parmer was a well known turfman and breeder of thoroughbreds. He owned The Commoner and Assegai and bred the famous Great Britain, Nota Sulga and many other horses of renown. He has retired from breeding and the turf, and hospitably receives all who call at Belle Meade.

Thus has passed one of the most notable places of the South.

There were finer country houses in Virginia, South Carolina and other Southern states, but nowhere was there any family home which in extent, beauty, appointments, fine stock, and equipment equalled it.

Now that it is fast becoming but a memory and a tradition, I trust that my readers will be sympathetic and generous enough with one who is inspired by loyalty to early associations, to condone this trespass upon their patience.

Sturdy and Staunch It Stands!

If your Tent home is an "Outodoor" your worries are over when your trip begins. Every "Outodoor" is born of forty years' experience in tent making that unravels all the snarls of tenting and touring.

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Trust your "Outodoor" to take you through calm nights and windy ones, cold nights and balmy ones, wet nights and scorching ones. In the morning, out you roll into the dew and the sunshine, whistling and at peace with the world. "Outodoor" Tents are waterproofed by a newly perfected process that is really weatherproof.

The "Outodoor" Line includes the famous DeLuxe Umbrella Tent (poleless or center pole type which one man or woman erects with ease) also tents of every kind and size and complete camp equipment.

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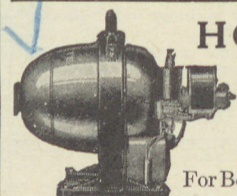

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The Waltonian Idea

By J. V. QUARLES
Vice-pres. Milwaukee Chapter, I. W. L. A.

WE are often asked what is the Waltonian idea; what is the purpose of the Izaak Walton League? Is it a fishermen's club? Yes. A hunter's club? Yes. A naturalist's society? Yes. An outdoor man's association? Yes. A sportsman's club? Yes. It is a combination of the best in all these.

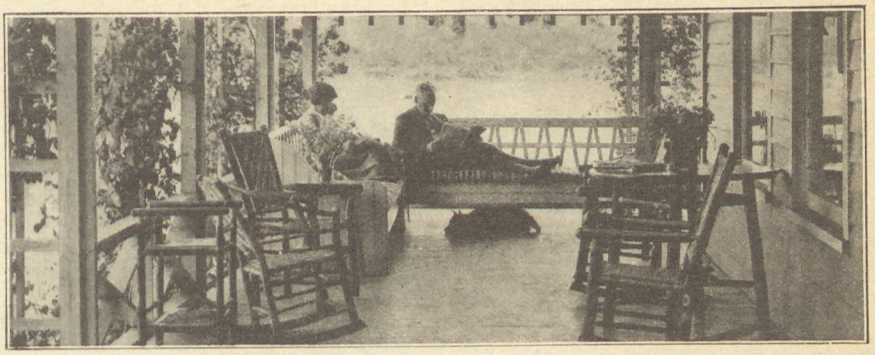
Old Izaak, our patron saint, was a philosopher as well as a fisherman. Every fisherman must be a philosopher. It takes one to explain the wilfulness of all fish.

But there are other uses for one's philosophy. When one is on the stream in the spring, when the roses are in bloom on the banks, the woods full of bird songs, the air soft, the sun warm, and the rippling music of the rapids drowns out all thoughts of cities, something steals into a man's soul that is far beyond a desire for fish. He sees everything about him perfectly ordered and organized, beautiful beyond his comprehension. He realizes that he is but a very small part of this wonderful scheme of things, that he is playing his part as the birds and flowers are playing theirs, and it makes him wonder as to what his part is and how he is playing it. Is he living up to the standard? Is he playing according to the rules? He feels that the rules of life are not made on Wall Street, nor within the dark walls of an office building. They are not man-made. He realizes that the great fundamental principles of creation apply equally to him, and the birds, and the fish, and the animals of the woods, and the flowers. We are all part of one great machine operated by unseen hands, but with a constant purpose. We all owe our origin to the same creative power that makes the trees, animals, birds, fish, everything on this earth. We are children of the same father.

What right then have we to destroy our furry and feathered brothers of the woods, to cut and burn the trees and shrubs, to take the lives of the flowers? The fact that we do not understand their language does not give us the right to dispose of their lives any more than the fact that they do not understand ours gives them a corresponding right. They have their place in the scheme of things as we have ours, and this is the lesson that the fisherman learns on the streams and lakes, that the hunter learns on the trails in the woods and on the mountains, that the naturalist learns in the hearts of the flowers, and that the outdoor man and sportsman find in the camp under the skies and in the life in the open. This is the one great thing that we have in common.

When we have learned this lesson, what does it mean? That we know our place in this world; that we know the places of the others in this world; that we must respect the rights of the other living creatures, whether they can articulate or not; that we cannot wilfully and indiscriminately destroy; that there is a wonderful scheme of balance provided among all living things; that this balance cannot be disturbed without violating fundamental laws and entailing serious injury and damage. We cannot cut down all the trees without creating a desert. If we destroy all the predatory animals, the vermin become intolerable.

Back Again With Nature!



Once more the lakes are open—the bluebirds sing—and God's green mantle has been thrown over the land. Time to get back again with Nature—back to the cabin, back to the fishin' tackle, the old boat, the cracklin' wood fire, and Rustic Hickory Furniture.

Man, oh! Man, what a restful outlook!

The Rustic Hickory rockers around the fireplace; the Rustic Hickory settees and swings on the porch; the Rustic Hickory table and dining room chairs, and the old Rustic Hickory bed, where dreams are scented with the tang of Nature.

Rustic Hickory Furniture is made from second growth hickory poles. Every one of the hundred and thirty styles is the last word in comfort, beauty and durability. This furniture has won a million friends in the past twenty-five years.

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You inflate it quickly with special pump we furnish so your mattress is soft and resilient, giving with every move of your body.

Special inside web partitions run long way of body, making distribution of weight even. Fits any sleeping bag or may be used in place of cot.

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The best spring tonic known to man is nature's outdoor air. Sleep out whether it's in the woods, on a sleeping porch or in your own back yard. A WOODS ARCTIC JUNIOR ROBE makes it possible in perfect warmth and comfort. See your dealer or write direct.

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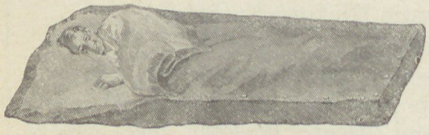

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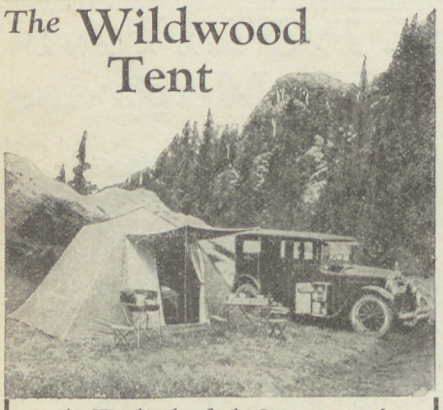

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Light and compact, steel telescopic frame—conveniently carried complete in bag on running board.

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If we destroy all the birds, the insects will deprive us of all crops, so we realize the necessity of preserving this balance among living things.

That is the object of our association. We are united for the purpose of preserving the outdoors as it was created, so as to permit posterity to enjoy the world as far as possible in its pristine beauty. We are the only organized force working for conservation. We are crusaders leading an advance against the selfishness, ignorance, vandalism, and bloodthirstiness of men. No ideal is higher—no cause more just. We are trying to follow the principles and precepts of the Creator of the universe, and to preserve this world as it was created. That is the Waltonian idea.

New Chief of Biological Survey

PAUL G. REDINGTON, Assistant Chief of the Forest Service, in charge of the Branch of Public Relations, has been named by Secretary of Agriculture Jardine as Chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey to succeed Dr. E. W. Nelson. The appointment will become effective May 9.

Doctor Nelson has been associated with the work of the Department of Agriculture since 1890, and has been Chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey since 1916. During more than 50 years spent in the study of wild birds and animals he has accumulated a vast knowledge and experience. In order that he might devote his entire time to the assembling of information he has gathered and to round out his work in the field of science, he asked Secretary Jardine to relieve him of the executive responsibilities as chief of the bureau.

Before he began devoting his entire time to administrative work in the department Doctor Nelson spent more than twenty years as a scientific explorer in different parts of the continent from the Arctic to the Tropics.

His published work includes monographs of mammals and birds and descriptions of many new species. He is also the author of popular books and articles dealing with various phases of wild life and wild-life conservation.

"In connection with one of Doctor Nelson's books on the Wild Animals of North America, Theodore Roosevelt once said that the author was 'one of the keenest naturalists we have ever had and a man of singularly balanced development.' He will remain in the Bureau of Biological Survey as Senior Biologist."

"Mr. Redington has been connected with the Forest Service since 1904, and the lines of work on which he has been engaged both in Washington and in the field have been such as to well fit him for the various activities of the Biological Survey," said Secretary Jardine. "Under the Biological Survey also are 72 bird and big game reservations, and Mr. Redington's experience with wild life administration on national forests will be an asset both to him and to the Biological Survey in his new field of public service. Throughout his service over nearly the entire United States he has taken an active personal interest in wild life and its conservation. He has acquired his familiarity with our game birds and animals through his numerous contacts in outdoor life."

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Creates luxurious sleeping comfort on ground, bed or cot. Sizes for one or two people. Many widths and lengths. Always dry. Light weight. Packs deflated to small roll. Prices surprisingly low.

This Book FREE
Shows useful, new wrinkles for joy, safety and convenience in camping, hunting, fishing, motoring, etc.

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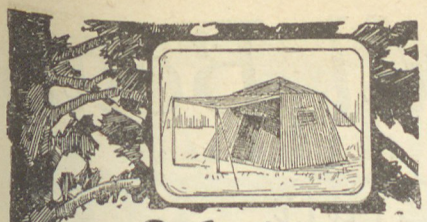

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The tent accommodates three, cots and a table. Ample ventilation is assured by the large screened window and door. Sewed-in waterproof floor, steel telescoping poles and metal stakes. Compact to carry, easy one-man erection. The large 6½' x 10' awning affords shade and comfort.

Your summer will be more enjoyable if you have one of these tents. Drive where you wish, camp where you wish and really enjoy the great out-of-doors. It pays for itself in ten days in saving hotel bills.

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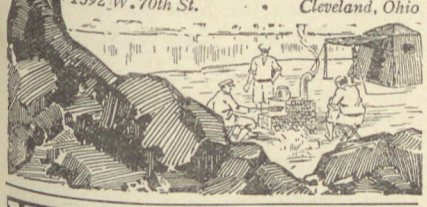

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MATERIAL: Durable, close weave, guaranteed weatherproof, olive drab tenting. All parts are of the most dependable quality.
MAKING: No detail in workmanship has been slighted so that the longest possible service is assured.
FULLY EQUIPPED: Floor, awning, screened and curtained window and door, metal frame, stakes, jointed poles and carrying bag.
PRICES: 7x7 ft., only $19.95, delivered. Same tent 9½x9½ ft., $26.75, delivered. Satisfaction guaranteed.
SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address. Pay only price of tent on delivery. We prepay express. Other models at lowest prices. Send for *free catalog* *Factory prices save you money.*

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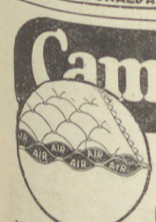
Camp Comfort



Depends chiefly on a good bed—and a good bed depends chiefly on the mattress. Assure restful sleep on your next trip by taking along an

AIRO MATTRESS

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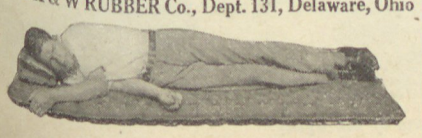

Mr. Redington has served the Forest Service in many western and southwestern States and in the headquarters at

Paul G. Redington.

Washington. Following his appointment in 1904 he was assigned to work in Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho. Appointed forest inspector in 1906, he inspected timber sale work in Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah. In 1907 he was advanced to the position of inspector, and the following year was transferred to Colorado as associate district forester. From 1911 to 1916 he was supervisor of the Sierra National Forest in California, and from this position was promoted to district forester of the Southwestern District, with headquarters in New Mexico. Before returning to forestry work in California in 1919 he was city manager of Albuquerque for a term. For the next five years, as district forester of the California District, he administered the eighteen national forests of that State, and one year ago was promoted to assistant forester, with headquarters at Washington.

Mr. Redington is a native of Illinois. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1900, and during the years 1902 to 1904 took a post-graduate course in the Forestry School at Yale University, receiving the degree of Master of Forestry.

Mr. Redington will be assigned to the staff of the Biological Survey on February 16, spending the time prior to May 9 in becoming more familiar with the details of the Bureau's work.

FEDERAL LAW

THE crime of killing, assaulting or interfering with a Federal officer is punishable only in a state court. To correct this evident failure of the United States to protect its own agents, a bill has been introduced in Congress by Representative Graham of Illinois, to provide punishment in the Federal courts for killing, assaulting, resisting, opposing, impending, intimidating or interfering with any civil official, inspector, agent or other officer or employe of the Federal government engaged in the proper performance of his official duties. Interference with Federal game wardens is a rather common occurrence and such a law would discourage such practice and tend to encourage the officers to more diligent performance of their duties.

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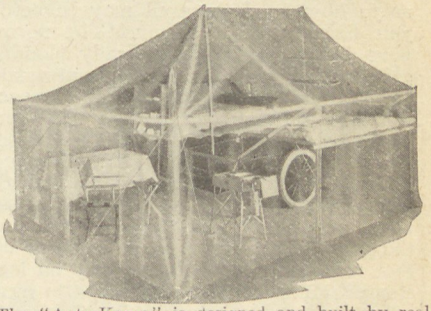
If you have ever done any camping, if you ever expect to do camping—to make any motor trips this summer get this booklet! Thirty-two pages of text and illustrations describe in full the most convenient and enjoyable means to a delightful vacation. The "Auto-Kamp" Trailer is the answer to camping comfort. With it you come and go as you please for the least outlay of money on short trips or extended tours. It is your camping home—fully equipped for four adults and two children—it travels with you and "unfolds with the night."



The "Auto-Kamp" is designed and built by real campers who anticipate your needs and your wants. It is quality all the way through—worth all of $345, the price of better models, as hundreds of satisfied owners write. The Auto-Kamp will be displayed at the Sportsmen's Show in the Hotel Sherman at Chicago in April. Get the booklet now!

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6326 Sheridan Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

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Clean, tasty food easily and conveniently prepared, to gratify that outdoor appetite and to let the Cook enjoy each camping minute.

The UTILITY AUTO KITCHENETTE provides all the comforts of your own kitchen—table, stove, oven, icebox and pantry—all combined in a strong metal cabinet. Can be carried on running board or trunk rack of any automobile.

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1063 Folsom Street San Francisco

Canoes and Small Boats

Devoted to Small Craft

Canoe Portaging

By EDGAR S. PERKINS

A *BAD* trail will wear you out very quickly when carrying a heavy load and on this type of portaging it is just as good sense to start light and double back on your tracks, as it is to make single trips on the good trails.

In starting off on a portage of unknown length, and especially if you are in doubt as to how good the trail may be before you finish, take it slowly. The normal pace for portaging is a steady plodding gait, resting whenever it seems necessary. When trailing with the canoe or pack, watch your footing and stop when you begin to feel unsteady or even sooner. Your legs are carrying a load much heavier than they are used to and the heavy weight will cause you to over-balance very easily and tumble on such things as tree roots, a sharp stone or one that rolls underfoot; do not step on logs, step over them as one slip is apt to mean a sprained ankle, which is unpleasant at the best and in the woods is very apt to be serious. The time that a man can walk without rest carrying a heavy load across a portage, will vary according to the physical developments of the individual and how much of this kind of labor he has done; you will soon learn your limit and be wise to not try to crowd it.

After your physical limit has been reached, do not let the sight of a patch of blue water through the trees cause you to forget the needed rest; if you do, the result may be harmful strain and in any event over-taxing the body is not good sense. One should also watch this same thing in making up his load and not try to carry one that is too heavy. A man just fresh from the city and unused to carrying should start light. When you have done it enough to get the knack of carrying and packing the work will be much easier.

On roads or trails that are not too rough or hilly, and sufficiently clear of growth of trees and small bushes, many canoeists avoid packing the canoe on the back by carrying with them a canoe truck of which there are many varieties, some manufactured by outfitters or canoe makers or else homemade affairs. In the main, they consist of a steel rod about two feet long, with either a wooden rest or some sort of padded arrangement and two hard-rubber tired twelve-inch wheels at each end. The wheels are of demountable type, which make for easy packing when not in use, and take up but little space when on the water. The truck is placed under the bow end near the seat and the canoeist pushes and guides it from the stern with but little effort as compared to carrying it.

While the veteran canoe cruiser of the North country usually prefers to carry his canoe, the trick of doing it without punishing yourself is the knack of balance and avoiding sharp edges. Naturally some canoes will weigh much more than others, but in any case the above will hold true and constitute the worst of the grief.

The above I have seen proven in the instance of a half mile rough, hilly portage. Two men started to carry the canoe in upright position, the bow resting on the forward man's left shoulder and the stern on the right shoulder of the man in back. You can pad your shirt all you want, but unless the shoulder is made of steel it will be awfully sore long before you end. Then they tried it with a shoulder rest and one man in back, but here the balance proved itself in going up hill—the rear man suffered and in going down hill the forward man got the sharp edges from the wrong balance, and of course it goes without saying that with two carrying, if the movements do not correspond, the balance will all be thrown off.

Many cruisers will tell you that the only practical way of carrying a canoe is for one man to do it by himself, using a canoe yoke, which is the best one-man device for carrying. The only exception being when there is such a heavy wind blowing it strikes the canoe and turns it. Like so many of the canoe accessories, the yoke has many variations from home-made ones to the different kinds sold by outfitters and manufacturers, but they are alike in being a detachable support, reaching across the gunwales in the middle of the craft. The best types of yoke are those made of a solid piece of wood carved so that the center is grooved and hollowed so that it fits the neck and conforms to the lines of your shoulders. The other is the bent support with two rather thick, heavy pads, that rest on each shoulder and is by far the most popular; as for the man who does all his portaging for the year on his two weeks' vacation, the all-wood yoke does not seem much better than using a yoke of two lashed paddles, or as the guide does, make the thwart resting on his back do. There is also the round pneumatic yoke that is used with the lashed paddles, which is a help. However, the lashed paddles, even with the pneumatic yoke, has the drawback of lost time, of which there is usually plenty on any portage. The customary yoke can be fastened to the canoe and left there at all times.

The general method of picking the canoe up for a carry is with one arm or hand on or near the side and the other hand grasping the middle thwart or brace, then swinging the craft over the head and setting it on the back and shoulders in the proper carrying position, which will vary according to the packing arrangements used. When the canoe is eventually nicely balanced it is carried with the stern heavier than the bow, thus causing the bow to be raised, giving the additional advantage of a clear vision, which is often quite necessary and in any event makes the work much easier.

When, as stated, the wind makes it prohibitive for one man to carry the canoe, two men may do it by one using the yoke as above, thereby sustaining the greater weight. The other man at the back guides and balances the one with the yoke. In the case where there is no yoke used, the craft is turned over and placed so that the two gunwales rest on the shoulders of the man in the stern, and if the forward man does not use the paddles he rests a thwart on his shoulders, which will cause some elevation to the bow to enable the first man to view the portage from time to time. It is very advisable when traveling in this manner for both men to use padding, such as a sweater or extra shirt, etc., espe-

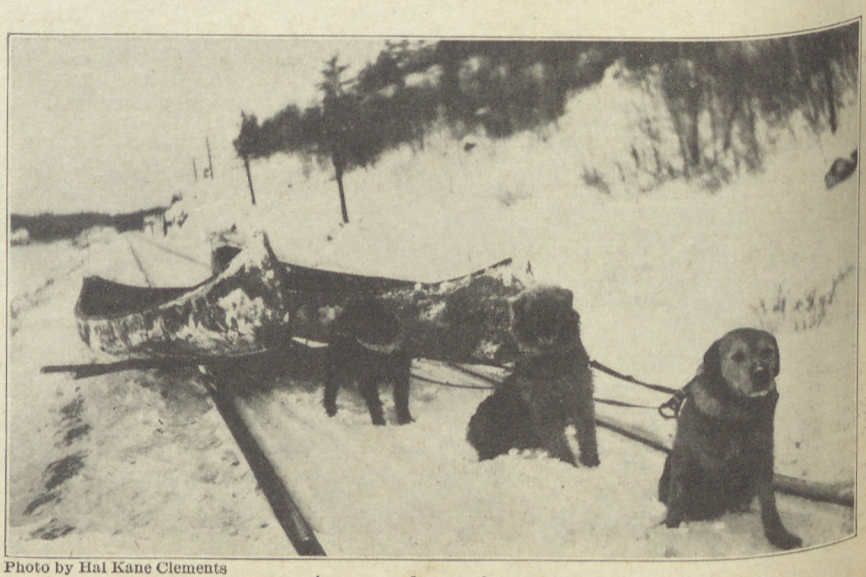
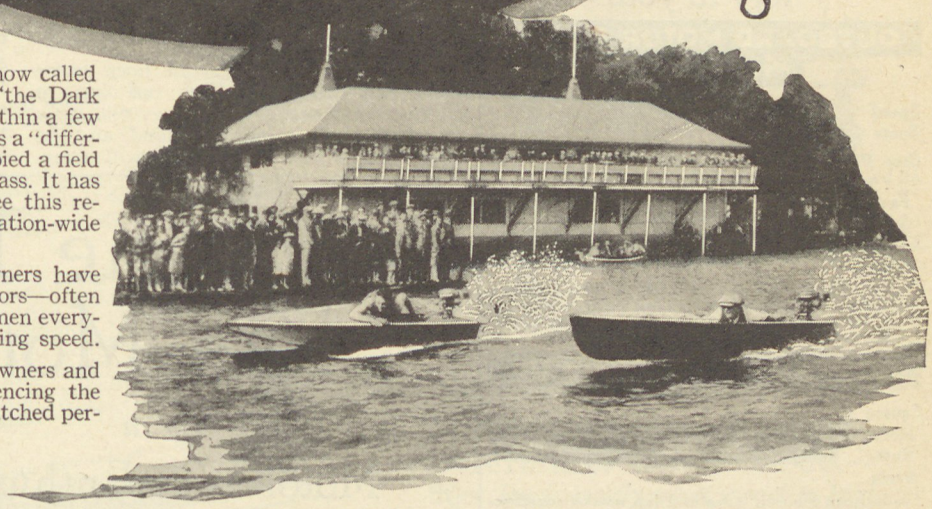


Photo by Hal Kane Clements

An original way of portaging.

A Motor That Stirs Men's Sporting Blood —Three Ways!

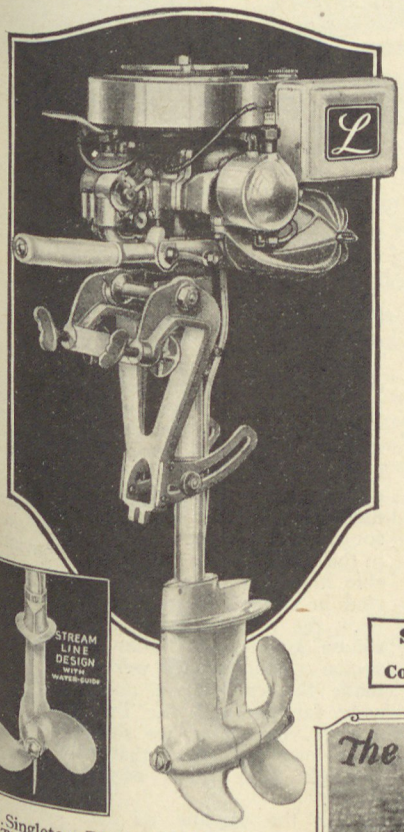


1st Last year when the New L-A Twin (now called Lockwood) was announced, it was "the Dark Horse of the Outboard Motor Field." Within a few months, the world recognized that here was a "different" Motor—a Motor that actually occupied a field by itself—the first in a new high-speed class. It has stirred the sporting spirit of men to see this remarkable little Motor smash its way to nation-wide popularity in a single season.

2nd In innumerable races, Lockwood owners have accepted the challenge of other Motors—often those of higher power rating—and sportsmen everywhere have been won by its blood-stirring speed.

3rd On thousands of waters, Lockwood owners and their families are constantly experiencing the thrill of driving a Motor of hitherto unmatched performance and dependability.

Great as the L-A Twin was in 1926, we promise you still greater things from the Lockwood Twin for 1927.



C. J. Singleton, Birchwood, Wis., writes: "The Lockwood Twin is the 'humdinger' of the outboard field; starts readily, develops almost incredible speed with practically no 'vibration.' It runs rings around the other boats alright. All you claim for it is right there, plus. After 15 years' experience operating outboard motors, I will say that this Lockwood Twin can be bought on its merits, and I have had them all, from the pioneer ..... to date. I got my money's worth this time."

LOCKWOOD BOAT MOTOR

—retains all the outstanding features of the L-A Twin, plus 15 New ones that mean much to you. For example, the "Lockwood Pilot"—the New Push Button Control—the Folding Steering Handle—the Larger and Heat-Shielded Gas Tank—the Water Guide on Stream Line—the New Positive Carburetor Control, etc. New-found power has been unloosed—new ways of getting extra boat-pushing efficiency have been discovered. We want you to have the facts about this New and Greater Lockwood Twin.

Write for FREE Catalog Folder

See for yourself how we have built for you a Motor that is "Again a year ahead." Remember, the Lockwood Twin is the proven Motor in the new high-speed class. Back of it is more than a year of proven performance, and more than 22 years of marine engine building experience.

SEE OUR EXHIBIT
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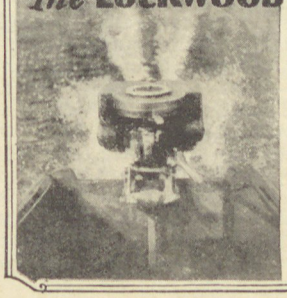
The LOCKWOOD PILOT

(Patent Pending)



is not an attachment, but a built-in feature of every 1927 Lockwood Motor. "It takes hold of the Motor when you let go." It always operates automatically. No other Motor has this outstanding improvement which adds so much in comfort and enjoyment without a cent of increased cost.

LOCKWOOD MOTOR CO.,
711 S. Jackson St., Jackson, Mich.

Gentlemen: Send me Free Catalog Folder, describing the 1927 Lockwood Twin and its 15 New Features.

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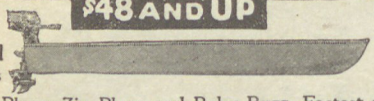
The best that skill and experience can produce — at real money-saving prices. Prompt shipment from factory to you.

OUTBOARD MOTOR BOATS $48 AND UP

Speed Boats



Step Plane, Zip Plane and Baby Buzz. Fastest of all boats for outboard motor.

Fast Safe Family Boats

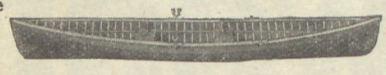
Designed and built to ride safely in rough waters. The popular Lake Model shown here is just the boat for safe family use. Catalog shows other models for Lake, Rivers and Ocean use.

ROWBOATS $44 AND UP

Square Stern Row-boats

Made both smooth sides and lap strake construction. Steady, seaworthy and easy to row.

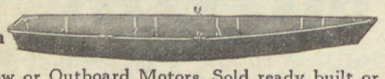
Double Ender Row-boats



Commonly called St. Lawrence River Skiffs. Fastest of all rowboats.

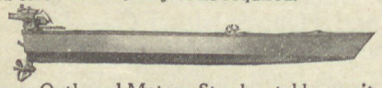
FISH BOATS $38 AND UP

Flat Bottom Boats



For row or Outboard Motors. Sold ready built or knockdown. Can be put together in an hour. Hammer and screw driver, only tools required.

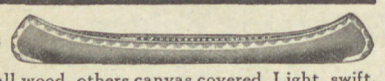
Special Fish Boats



For oars or Outboard Motors. Sturdy, stable, won't roll when you stand to cast. Light draft for the shallows. Easy to row.

CANOES $48 AND UP

Canoes



Some all wood, others canvas covered. Light, swift, safe, strong and durable. Choice of many distinctive color combinations.

MOTOR BOATS $200 AND UP

With or Without Engine

For Lakes, Rivers, shallow water and weeds. 16 to 26 ft. long.

FREE CATALOG Shows All 25 Models illustrated and fully described. Prices surprisingly low.

2 Big Factories

Write to factory nearest you. State kind of boat you are interested in. (24)

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cially if he is a novice at the work.

To the average stranger finding the right place to "unload and carry across" is not always as simple as it sounds, for sometimes the places are easy to locate from the water and at others practically impossible. When you are arriving at a portage, keep your eyes open for the trail and if necessary spend some time locating it, as it will be one of the best investments in time you have ever made, and in most sections where there is any great amount of canoeing and especially if there is any state or government range supervision, the portage will be worthwhile. Portaging through unbroken wilderness is no job for the novice, as he will not only wear himself out, but is apt to get lost. Such signs as a blazed tree or a tin can on a tree or stump, remains of old campfires, will lead one to the trail.

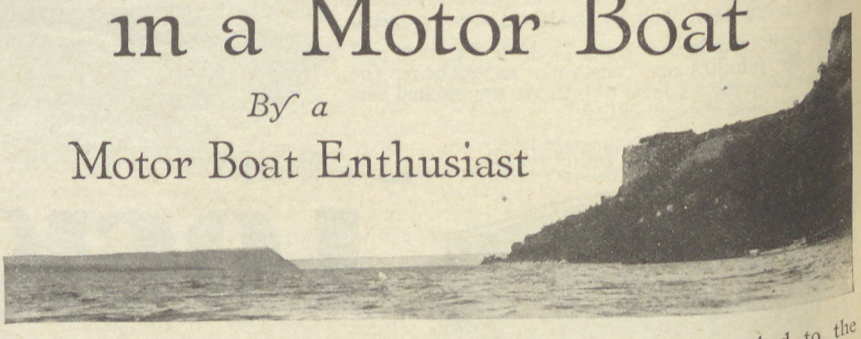
While some of the detail linen canoe maps will indicate where one has to portage, in many cases it does not show on which bank it may be found, and the map maker's idea of distance will sometimes lead one to realize he had never been over the portage or he would have known it was longer. It is more or less up to the individual to use his own judgment, as there are so many things connected with cruising and canoeing, all of which do much to complete the enjoyment and pleasure of this form of recreation. In addition, the physical improvement which is bound to follow any canoe trip also has a tendency toward self-reliance and independence. You have seen people just getting through with a cruise and have unquestionably noticed the competent manner they have, in addition to their healthy appearance.

It may be a lot of work, but when it is all done it is worth all it has cost in time, labor and money, and if you are real folks you will be back for more as soon as possible. It is an outdoor crime to permit the average boy to grow up and go through life without having had this experience, and the younger he gets it the more good it will do his parents.

Down the Mississippi in a Motor Boat

By a

Motor Boat Enthusiast



STORIES of magnificent scenery, tales of marvelous fishing and hunting grounds, and yarns about river transportation had for years aroused and stimulated my interest in the upper Mississippi. I had managed to sell the idea of a boat trip for two to the Mate and as August advanced our plans were completed and the good skiff Minnemo was fully equipped. We shipped the skiff and heavy equipment to Minneapolis.

Minnemo is a fourteen-foot steel skiff. She is fairly broad of beam and transom, admirably adapted to outboard motor propulsion and for carrying a load of camping equipment. Her power plant kicks her along at a seven-mile gait. A ten-gallon fuel tank is fitted under the rear thwart seat and a hand pump is operated occasionally to transfer fuel from this tank, through a flexible tube, to the engine tank. There is a space just six feet long from the rear edge of the bow seat to the rear edge of the rear thwart seat. Two sets of ash slats notched into the seat edges support an air mattress and form a comfortable bed. A forward awning of light duck is supported by two wooden bows which slide forward upon brass rails after the manner of a collapsible spray hood. This covers the bow and Minnemo's forward half. Another canvas, which is carried folded, snaps to the rear bows which slide forward upon brass rails; barred windows are fitted in each side of both the forward hood and the rear canvas. These are covered with canvas flaps which can be raised and lowered from within. Detailed fastenings are so arranged that mosquitoes and similar varmints must stay outside. A portable ice box fits across the bow seat quite nicely. A mushroom anchor is attached to the bow by a stout chain. Open links and an extra length of chain are carried to provide a long bow mooring when it may be wanted. A length of heavy sash cord is used for a stern line.

There is no need to describe the camping equipment, except to say that, in addition to the usual light camping outfit, a large container for drinking water was considered quite important. A one-gallon thermos jug served us admirably.

The river from Minneapolis to the confluence of the Mississippi and the St. Croix some thirty miles below is an indescribably filthy, open sewer. The volume of water seems wholly inadequate for carrying the sewage which originates in the Twin Cities. Masses of unmentionable filth float upon the surface, are carried in suspension in the stream and lie upon the river bottom. Fish life is, of course, extinct for miles below Minneapolis. Although we were glad to have made the exploration and to have become familiar with the Twin Cities from a river view point, we shall never again start down river from that point nor pilot through those miles of open, stinking sewer.

Soon the skyline of St. Paul was sighted. We ran through a canyon beneath many bridges. A power boat club was seen on the west bank. As we cleared the bridges and came opposite the great railroad yards on the east bank, a light breeze carried the smoke of many locomotives over the water. The sun had long since sunk below the western hills. The going was quite thick. I saw a black and white channel buoy dead ahead and steered a course so as to pass it just off

EVINRUDE Announces 3 Remarkable New Services

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY'S

Free Trial Guarantee

First: From our exclusive copyrighted "Boat-Speed Chart" you know exactly what model EVINRUDE will give you the results you want on your boat. For the first time your purchase of an outboard motor is made without any guesswork whatsoever.

Second: Without instruction, you will attach motor to any boat in one minute. Then follow the simple operating directions.

Third: You will get quick, easy starting, and within an hour or less will master every detail of starting, stopping, steering, reversing, trolling and speeding.

Fourth: If, after just one hour's fair trial you cannot do all these to your perfect satisfaction, notify your dealer of your experience. He will gladly help you make sure that no instruction was misunderstood and is authorized to refund your money if you are then not perfectly satisfied. Return privilege limited to one week.

". . . within an hour or less, you will master every detail of starting, stopping, steering, reversing, trolling and speeding."

1. **New Free Trial Guarantee**
2. **New Boat-Speed Guide Determines Correct Model—** *Now know exactly what model to buy!*
3. **New Time Payments—** *Standardized terms on all models.*

"EVINRUDE" and "LEADERSHIP" — both mean the same in the outboard motor field. Look back through Evinrude history. *First* with a successful outboard motor, *first* with twin cylinders, *first* with a big twin. Evinrude's history is a succession of remarkable achievements.

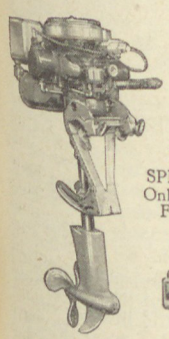
Last month, in these columns, Evinrude announced two new motors—Speeditwin, with full 8 H. P., weighing only 75 pounds, and Fastwin, with full 4 H. P., weighing only 49 pounds. Hundreds of congratulatory letters have already rewarded the years of engineering development which the new models represent.

Now, to climax this triumph of greater value and finer motors than sportsmen tell us were expected, Evinrude announces three remarkable new services:

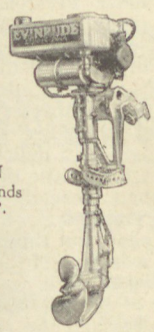
1 Evinrude guarantees complete mastery of any model and that you can operate it like a veteran within an hour or less. Read every word of this Free Trial Guarantee that refunds your money if not satisfied.

2 Evinrude's new, copyrighted "Boat-Speed Guide" tells you at a glance just what model will give you the results you want. Speed depends as much, if not more, on the hull as it does on the motor. Now nothing is untold—you know the facts before you spend your money on either boat or motor.

3 Only $30 puts any model Evinrude on your boat. Standardized down-payment; standardized low monthly terms from then on. A long time to pay, with no penalties for waiting to purchase until the boating season opens.



Evinrude SPEEDITWIN
Only 75 pounds
Full 8-H.P.



Evinrude FASTWIN
Only 49 pounds
Full 4-H.P.

Evinrude SPORTWIN
Only 44 pounds
Full 2½-H.P.

Write for new 1927 Year Book, illustrating all models in actual colors and explaining the new Evinrude Plan in detail.

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY, 902 27th Street, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Factory Branches—Sales and Service; 126 W. Bay Street, Jacksonville, Florida; 115 E. 23rd Street, New York City; 259 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.; 117-119 Broadway, Oakland, Calif.; 124 Second Street, Portland, Oregon; 512 Second Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.; 434 Shelby St., Detroit, Mich.; 64 King St., W., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

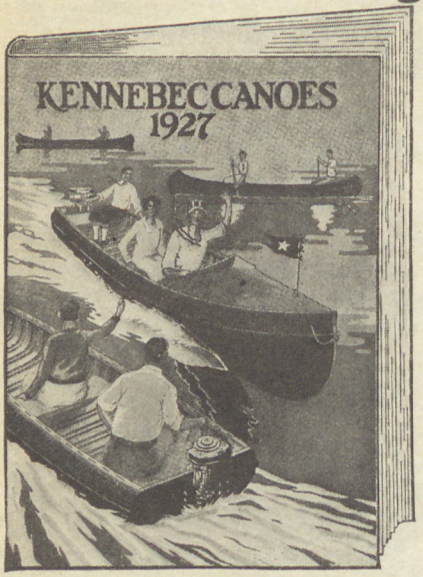
EVINRUDE BOAT-SPEED GUIDE (© 1927)

Note: This is an abbreviated listing of boats and maximum speeds. Ask for Evinrude Year Book showing additional standard type hulls with speeds complete for all. Trolling speeds as low as 2 M.P.H.

Type of Boat	Maximum Boat Speeds in Miles per Hour				
1 or 2 Occupants	Speeditwin	Fastwin	Sportwin	Single	Inboard Twi
Racing Hydroplanes 9'-14' Long	15-27	11-23	Not Recommended		
Square Stern Canoes 16-20 feet long	12-20	10-18	9-13	6-9	8-15
Light Round or V Bot. 12' to 18' Boats					Pointed Stern
Heavy Round or V Bottom Fishing Boats 12 to 18 feet long	10-18	9-16	6-11	6-8	7-12
	9-15	6-11	5-9	5-7	5-10

$30 Puts any EVINRUDE on your Boat

New Kennebec Canoe Catalog



Two books in one are being sent free to readers on request. Turn from one end and you have a catalog of 15 popular Kennebec Canoes in colors, including wonderful new outboard models.

Turn the book over and read from the back and you have a fascinating treatise on how to have fun "Where Joy Reigns Supreme." Write to

The Kennebec Canoe Co.
Dept. MM-32 Waterville, Maine

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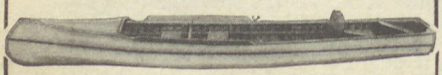
OFFERS

The out-board motor boat which won such great acclaim at the New York Motor Boat Show.



(Patent Applied For)

MERACO SPEEDSTER

Non-sinkable.

Built by

ST. LOUIS MERAMEC CANOE CO.
303 Marshall Ave., VALLEY PARK, MO.

Write now for illustrated catalog.

White
Outboard
BOATS and CANOES
THE 1927 WAY
TO GO FISHING
Safe and Sure—Sturdy and Speedy.
No backbreaking rowing—Just Comfort! We have just the boat or canoe you want, equipped with outboard motor, oars or paddles, just as you prefer. Write for Illustrated Catalog
E. M. White & Co.
Old Town, Maine
—Canoe Builders Since 1890—

the starboard bow. But the buoy was on an abrupt "crossing" and I had failed to see the crossing mark on the east bank. Seeing broken water ahead, I slowed the engine down to half speed and tried to get around the end of the rock ledge, but too late! We felt the propeller strike. As we ran over into deep water the engine continued to run and I was about to congratulate myself because I had not sheared the propeller pin when our power plant ceased abruptly to function. I turned her over and found the mechanism quite free through a half revolution, but binding hard on the other side. "A bent shaft," thought I, and manned the oars to pull back toward St. Paul, where a shop and repair parts were available.

Rowing the heavily loaded skiff back against the stiff current of that stinking stream, while I entertained a vision of hours of delay, was the most unpleasant experience of the entire trip. The evening was hot. Scarcely a breath of air stirred. Every inhalation was a mixture of locomotive smoke and sewer-stench. The Mate spoke quite cheerfully. I think she spoke with more cheer than lay within her heart.

My plan was to row up to the power boat club. The Mate, however, after I had tugged at the oars for what seemed a long, long time, persuaded me to land on the west bank and look for a spot to camp. We landed, a fire was kindled and soon we were enjoying bacon and eggs and hot coffee. The moon came up. The locomotives across the river ceased their feverish switching activities and life seemed not so bad. To some extent our nostrils had become accustomed to the sewer. The bed in the skiff was prepared and the top was raised and secured for the night. The Mate slept soundly and I rather fitfully. Early in the morning—long before daybreak—a speed boat passed us, evidently bound down-river for a fishing trip. The propeller stirred up the waters. Ye gods, what a smell! I watched the boat take the crossing which had brought us to grief, resolving never again to attempt running a strange channel in the dark.

We were up at sunrise. While the Mate cooked breakfast, I looked over the engine. The pin had sheared, but instead of releasing the propeller and allowing the engine to race, the shearing of the pin had caused the nut on the propeller shaft to run upon its thread, jamming the propeller against the gear housing and so binding the whole mechanism. Thanking my lucky stars that the trouble was no more serious, I quickly knocked out the sheared pin, replaced it with a new one and in a little while we resumed our journey down the "Stinks."

At South St. Paul we saw our first ferry boat—a primitive paddle wheel outfit which kicked up a brave spray as it paddled across the narrow stream. All along the stream we saw great blue cranes. These birds were to be seen until our journey's end, although they appeared more frequently on the upper river than during the latter part of our journey. Whether they are indigenous to a northern climate or prefer polluted waters is a question I shall some day refer to an ornithologist.

We were virtually alone on the stream. A few miles above Hastings, Minnesota, we met a small canoe with a camping outfit in the bow. A very sun-burned young fellow attired in an athletic undershirt and duck breeches was paddling up against the current. Just above Hastings we met a small scow loaded with barrels. Rounding a sharp bend which took us eastward, we passed the town of Hastings and a little further down we saw our objective, the village of Prescott, Wisconsin.

Prescott lies upon the east bank of the Mississippi at the foot of Lake St. Croix. My fishermen friends in both Moline and Minneapolis had told me about Charlie Stapf of Prescott. Stapf is known widely and held in high regard all along the upper Mississippi. Although I called on him several times, I was the victim of his popularity. He was out with fishing parties each time I called and I failed to see him.

As we descended upon Prescott we saw a neat houseboat with a cluster of skiffs and power boats about it. Running in below the boat furthest down stream we were cordially invited to tie up for as long a time as we liked. This invitation was extended by a jolly, smiling gentleman who was at work overhauling the engine in a small launch. He told us that we could buy most anything we needed in the way of fuel, bait and tackle at the boat livery, directed us to a restaurant and showed us where to obtain drinking water. "Sure the fish were biting. Fellow just came in from the lake with a nice string of pickerel and wall eyed pike. Catch them anywhere—along in front of town, off the railroad bridge or up the lake." We went up to town. We took on gas and drinking water, supplied ourselves with minnows, and, swinging around the edge of town and under the railroad bridge, we were out of the Mississippi and on our way up Lake St. Croix. What a delightful contrast was here afforded! Clear,

Equipped for all kinds of weather.

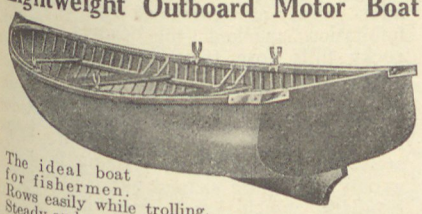
sparkling waters, pure as the springs which gave them birth. A beautiful stretch of lake a mile or so wide, guarded by brave hills that reached off north as far as the eye could follow. The ranges of hills on either side were cut by coulees at frequent intervals. Near Prescott a few cottages dotted the east shore, but beyond the shores were unoccupied save by an occasional fisherman's camp. A few miles above Prescott we decided to camp in a sandy stretch of beach which reached out of a shaded coulee. Putting our engine and some of the heavier equipment ashore, we proceeded to troll. No luck! As the sun began to drop behind the hills, our camp fire was lighted and, having disposed of a delicious, hot dinner, we sat about for a little time in the moonlight and then, beneath the canvas and upon the air mattress, we were soon fast asleep. No odors but those of clean woods and fresh waters. No sounds but the gentle lapping of little waves and the occasional cry of an owl. Quickly forgotten, the foul waters and the smoke—the puffing engines of St. Paul. Life was indeed good!

Arising with the sun, we broke our fast. After breakfast we decided to return to Prescott and engage a guide who understood the ways of wall eyes. Equipment was soon stowed, the little motor

The Boat You Want

. . . . . is a Dunphy Boat . . . . . designed to the highest standards of true craftsmanship . . . . . built to be steady and seaworthy! In all types of boats—launches, outboard motor boats, canoes and row boats—Dunphy offers outstanding values. All Dunphy Boats are ready for immediate delivery—now is the time to order.

Lightweight Outboard Motor Boat



The ideal boat for fishermen. Rows easily while trolling. Steady and seaworthy with wide, flat floor to stand on while casting. Very speedy. Specially built for light twin motor. Length—18 feet. Weight—under 200 pounds. Woods—best white oak and northern cedar. Deck and stern corners cast aluminum—will not twist, warp, split or rot. Stern braces from gunwales to transom—impossible for planking to pull away. Write now for Catalog with prices, specifications and complete information on all Dunphy Boats. You'll find it well worth having—and it's free!

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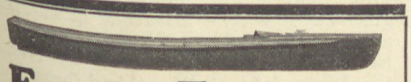
"famous for boats for forty years!"



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The "Sport" and "Speedabout" models are shallow draft, full bottom crafts. And the "Sport's" built-in sponsons give double assurance of safety. We've been making Racinewis Boats and Canoes ever since the Spanish-American War and they are right in every way. There's a Racinewis Boat or Canoe for every use.

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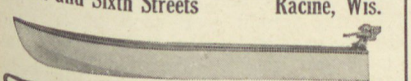

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barked merrily and crossing the lake to give a neighboring camp the "once over," we swung down toward Prescott and were soon tied up at the friendly boat livery. Here the Mate began to encounter misfortune. As she threw a canvas forward to get at something under the seat, I heard a splintering sound and realized that a split bamboo rod was out of business. A few minutes later she told me in a discouraged sort of way that she had punctured the air mattress. But these were small matters. A cheap steel rod was purchased at the local hardware store and a boy in the garage was set to work patching the mattress. Again I was unable to meet Stapf. But when I returned to the boat the Mate had discovered a guide. She had engaged in conversation with the chap in charge of the boat livery and he had informed her that his assistant was the best fisherman in Prescott. He had never been known to come in without fish. In fact, if he didn't catch fish, his services wouldn't cost us a dime. So we engaged this quiet, curly headed youth and fared forth after the elusive wall eyed pike. As soon as we began to rig our lines I began to learn things. I shall not betray their secrets, but when you fish near Prescott, by all means engage a guide! They knew more than the fish! We fished in the Mississippi on the St. Croix side of the channel. We had not been away from the boat house ten minutes when our guide landed a nice wall eye. Then the Mate landed a beauty. We fished until about four o'clock and took in a string of five nice fish.

Loading the repaired mattress and having put our fish on ice, we swung away down stream.

The east bank of the river just below Prescott is a railway embankment; the west shore is a mass of low islands, sloughs and wing dam. Having no desire to run an unknown channel after dark, I proposed cooking dinner on a high wing dam which extended out of a thickly wooded island, with anchorage for the night in the quiet pool above the dam. The Mate didn't like this plan at all, but, as she did not know a "better 'ole," we pulled in above the dam, unloaded the cooking kit and the food and soon had a fire blazing merrily under the grid. By this time it was quite dark and the Mate did not like the proximity of the jungle on the island nor the risk of mosquitoes from the sloughs. But the appetizing odor of wall eyes frying in bacon fat and of steaming coffee caused us to forget our borrowed troubles. What a godly gift is a ravenous appetite with such food as wall eyed pike to appease it! The sea food delicacies of the Gulf Coast and New England were as nothing compared to the tender succulence and delicious flavor of those pike. Incidentally, the wall eyed pike is known by many names—he is called several kinds of pike and often called a pickerel. As a matter of scientific classification, I am told that this fish is really a variety of perch. But regardless of name, this fellow is among the best pan fish in existence. The meat is plentiful, tender and of delightful flavor. After the spine and heavy ribs are removed there are no bones. Two of the smaller fish were more than enough for our dinner and the big fellow served for the following evening's dinner and a breakfast.

After dinner the boat was anchored in quiet water above the wing dam and we were soon sound asleep. Mosquitoes were not troublesome here nor at any of our other camps. We slept every night with our covering open and were most agreeably surprised to find that there was

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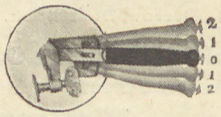

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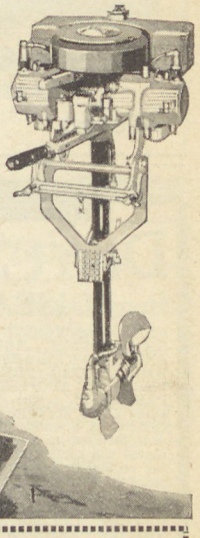

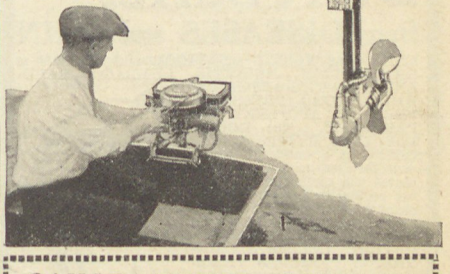

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You cast—and cast again. Then suddenly splash, whirr!—you've hooked a big one.

Keen sport this. A little too much strain on your line, or the canoe for an instant out of control and the prize is likely to be lost. The man in the stern must hold the canoe responsive to every whim of the bass. That is one reason why most fishermen select "Old Town Canoes." This canoe responds instantly to the slightest pressure of the blade.

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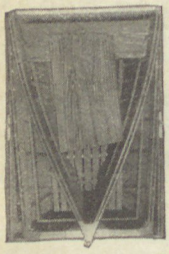

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never at any time a need for buttoning up tight against a siege of the little pests.

We had planned to go through Lake Pepin to Wabasha on the following day and breakfast had been prepared so that it could be eaten in the boat as we ran downstream. This plan was followed for the remainder of the trip and we accordingly were able to start off at daybreak, running through the cool morning and gaining many miles by using time which would otherwise have been spent in preparing breakfast and loafing about camp.

From the camp below Prescott through Lake Pepin we found the water almost stagnant. Great masses of small, floating water plants covered the stream. In many places unbroken masses of green covered the water for thousands of square feet. The water from the St. Croix adds much volume to the stream. This added volume with the natural settling action and process of oxidization had considerably reduced the pollution before Lake Pepin was reached. There is an old legend about a running stream purifying itself of all pollution in a few miles. This is the sheerest bunk. Here we were fully fifty miles below the source of pollution, the volume of the stream had been more than doubled by the addition of pure water, but indications of vile pollution were most obvious. Undoubtedly, Lake Pepin saves the river below from the pollution thrown into the stream by the Twin Cities. Here is a great, shallow settling basin and aerating surface, presenting an area of considerably more than one hundred square miles. Frequent winds whip the shallow sea into raging waves. Lake Pepin becomes a most effective septic system and it may protect the Winneshiek bottoms from pollution until such time as our American cities adopt means of sewage disposal more scientific than simply dumping their slops into the nearest stream.

Pepin is a treacherous sea. Natives up and down the stream tell harrowing tales of disaster and near-disaster on its waters. Winds sweep down over the surrounding hills and in an unbelievably short time the shallow waters are whipped into wild waves capable of swamping or capsizing any craft that may have ventured forth.

On this beautiful, sunny summer day we were propelled pleasantly down the river by our friendly little outboard motor, past low islands and innumerable sloughs, past glacial hills with many outcroppings and bluffs of rock, past peaceful villages and pastoral scenes, past Red Wing, Minnesota, with its mills and guarding bluffs to the opening of Lake Pepin.

Just before we reached the lake our craft moved sluggishly and steering became erratic. Upon tilting the engine I found that we had picked up a great cluster of water weeds. Although I removed a mass of grass and weeds from the forward side of the vertical aluminum housing that would have filled a half-bushel basket, it was a pleasant surprise to find that the propeller had not fouled. Tilting the power plant freed the entire mass and permitted it to float away behind us.

A crossing sign and two buoys marked the entering channel. For thirty miles ahead of us lay an expanse of water varying in width from one to more than five miles. Only an occasional sign of human habitation marked the shores. Great rocky hills rose from both shores to a height of several hundred feet. Ahead of the boat, large fish flipped through the water's surface. At first the waters were stagnant. We paddled through great areas of floating algae. Seeing no navigation marks, we shaped our course for a headland which lay a few miles below and off our starboard bow. The heat became oppressive and the little, following breeze which sprang up made matters worse because it blew at just our traveling speed and cheated us of the air current which normally resulted from our forward progress. Except for a small launch holding a family picnic party, which we met a few miles down stream, we had the lake to ourselves. Half way down the lake a great sand bar extends across from the western hills and forms a narrow channel into the lower lake. A bathing beach invited us, but we passed on, scaring up a great flock of gulls which inhabit the point of the sand bar. A little town lay back between the hills and the beach. The lower lake is filled with stakes for supporting trap nets. A few little villages dot the shores, each village guarded by a wing dam and at one point a ferry towed by a tug crosses between two villages. By the time we reached the lower lake the heat had become so oppressive that the Mate complained of a headache and the forward awning was raised. Under the canvas she was much more comfortable and thus we proceeded past the second great sand bar which lies to the east between the lower end of the lake and the mouth of the Chippewa River. As we passed through the foot of the lake the water assumed a new color—a light, translucent chocolate shade. This coloring increased as we approached the Chippewa, which was pouring an enormous volume of flood water into the Mississippi. The Chippewa flood was bringing down a great deal of sandy Wisconsin soil which gave to the water this peculiar coloring, indications of which persisted for over two hundred miles down stream. Passing under the narrow span of a bridge, the main spans of which were under repair, we sighted the town of Wabasha, the first town of any size below Red Wing. The current was whirling past at a merry clip and, as I turned below the boat livery to bring the Minnemo alongside, bow upstream, a chap on

Safe

SKIES and far horizons dim,
Guide my son—be kind to him!

Bending trees and fragrant sod,
Show to him the ways of God—

Keep his footsteps true and right,
O blazing fires in camp at night;

Summer's rain and winter's snow,
Point the way for him to go!

Horse and tent and rod and gun,
Safe with you I trust my son—

To you, who taught me how to live,
My most precious gift I give!

—MAURICE M. FRINK

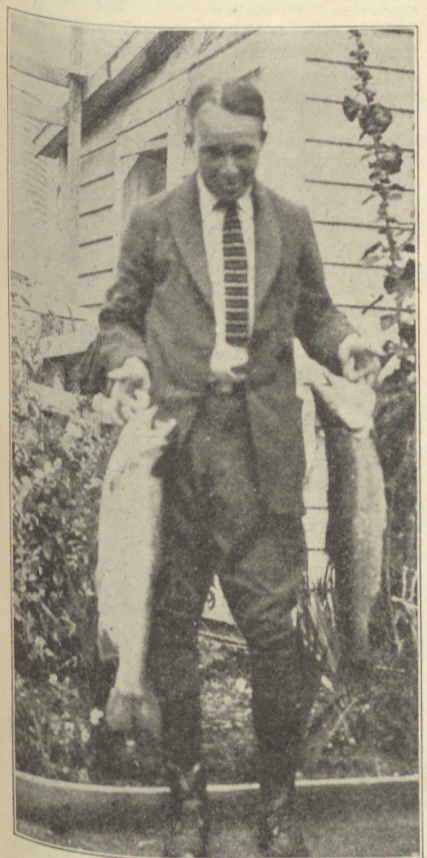
the house boat motioned me to land below. On the whole I made a rather miserable job of bringing the Minnemo alongside, but finally she was secured and we went uptown for lunch, gasoline, ice, drinking water and commissary supplies.

No telegrams awaited us and soon we cast off and found a beautiful camping place below Wabasha and above Alma.

Up with the sun in the morning and off. Like many of the towns on the upper river, Alma nestles on a narrow ledge between towering bluffs and the water. The bluffs lie to the north and south of the valley as frequently as they lie east and west. From Minneapolis to LaCrosse the general course of the stream runs east more than south. From LaCrosse to a point below Prairie du Chien the general course is southerly. Then again the stream sweeps east by south to Savanna, Illinois, thence due south to Clinton, Iowa, where, reversing all previous tendencies, it turns west through the Tri-Cities (Davenport, Rock Island and Moline). These are the general map tendencies of the broad valley through which the channel flows. As the navigable channel is led from side to side of the valley and as a craft follows abrupt crossings from side to side of this same channel, a boat's course upon the upper Mississippi is indeed a tortuous one and long.

(To be continued.)

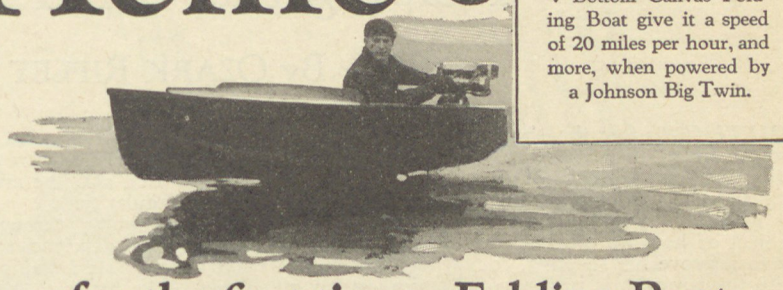
Fishing in New Zealand



Rainbow trout averaging 11 lbs. caught in Lake Taupo, N. Z. by Ted Wolf of New York, who recently made a fishing trip around the world.

Now the

Acme



The speed lines of this new Acme Hydroplane V-Bottom Canvas Folding Boat give it a speed of 20 miles per hour, and more, when powered by a Johnson Big Twin.

for the first time a Folding Boat *Built for Speed*

NOW—for the first time—all canvas won't tear, snag or leak. Easily knocked down, it can be carried on the shoulder—on running board of a car—anywhere. Then a few minutes more and it's ready for the water.

the convenience of a folding boat can be had without sacrificing speed.

A new Acme has been built for speed. Its lines have been redesigned, chines added and all excess weight eliminated. Yet it is just as sturdy as the older Acme boats, which have been known for thirty-six years as the finest of folding boats.

This new Acme is perfectly safe. Its frame is rugged, splendidly built. Its Acme boats and guarantees them fully.

Acme boats are made in the following models: Hydroplane V-Bottom, Square Stern and Pointed Stern Canoe.

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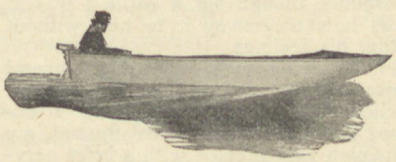

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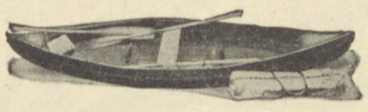

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Guns and Ammunition

Helping the Other Fellow

By OZARK RIPLEY

SOMETIMES after the shooting season, I am assailed with many reflections on the subjects of guns and hunting and one particularly is uppermost at this moment. It is nothing more than the subject of how we can help the other fellow to improve his shooting, commencing with the boy who is just starting, and ending with the man who has never succeeded in becoming even a fair shot. Strange to say, there are lots in the latter category and they themselves have never been able to understand whether their faults were the result of the wrong physical or mental equipment.

Each season you find occasion when you can help the other fellow if you observe closely, yet restrain from making any open announcement about them. I say this with perfect frankness because there are people who are very sensitive to criticism and simply cannot stand anyone voicing remarks about their shooting. Though they are actually poor performers continually, they are unable to make themselves believe that such is the case, but attribute all their errors to some momentary mistake or fault in balance of the gun, ammunition or similar things. They are abidingly sincere in this mental aspect of the situation and invariably would take exception to any suggestion to the contrary, or even the mere suggestion that they had been missing inexcusably easy shots, which they certainly were on almost every possible occasion.

You will often hear one man say to another when he has missed a shot that he has fired too high or too low or was too quick in shooting. This is said in good faith and with an amazing credulity in their own optical powers. What eyes can tell whether a shot was fired too high or too low? The critic thinks he is right particularly in cover because he sees where the shot struck leaves, brush or limbs, but his eyes are not swift enough of perception to record correctly—whether the shot went too high or too low at the exact moment to catch the bird in the pattern. Though intended to console another, such remarks often cause bad shooting thereafter. As a rule, in cover, a hunter cannot hold too high nor can he shoot too quickly. Most misses back and trying to observe what his troubles were; for the offerings were easy straight-away shots. But, alas; he missed them with amazing regularity.

Meanwhile, he was going through a process of pondering his deficiencies and the way to effect a cure. He began reading all obtainable books on wing shooting and absorbed their contents with meticulous eagerness. He tried to put into practice all that was advised, and frequently I discovered him in his room lining up his gun on some object while he told me that now he was able to cover anywhere he wanted with his eyes closed. Nor did I have any reason to doubt his statement.

Then he went into a process of having new guns built with certain drops of stock, length of barrels, offsets and the Lord only knows what other arrangements, to conform with his physique. But all of these magnificent and well-meant endeavors helped not at all.

My own observations, too, for a long time ran to the physical instead of to the mental. I could not admit the possibility that my companion could persist in neglecting the merest fundamentals in shooting. The mental side of his case only occurred to me a little later. In the meantime I was attributing his unfortunate experiences to the poor fitting of his guns and to his perseverance in following every new idea in gunmaking which he heard about. Then all at once I discovered his big trouble, though for a while I was at a loss how to convey it to him without hurting his feelings.

While giving him, one day, several chances in the open on easy singles, I watched him closely. Presently I observed that the instant a bird flushed, my companion was affected with a brief nervous seizure which doubtless caused him to jerk the trigger just enough to miss. Not only that, but he was apprehensive of the roar of wings as the quails burst into flight. Yet he had never felt that this had anything to do with his poor marksmanship. I continued shooting with him and eventually by innuendo I accomplished his cure. As though I were confessing a great secret I confided to him that for years I had not been able to hit

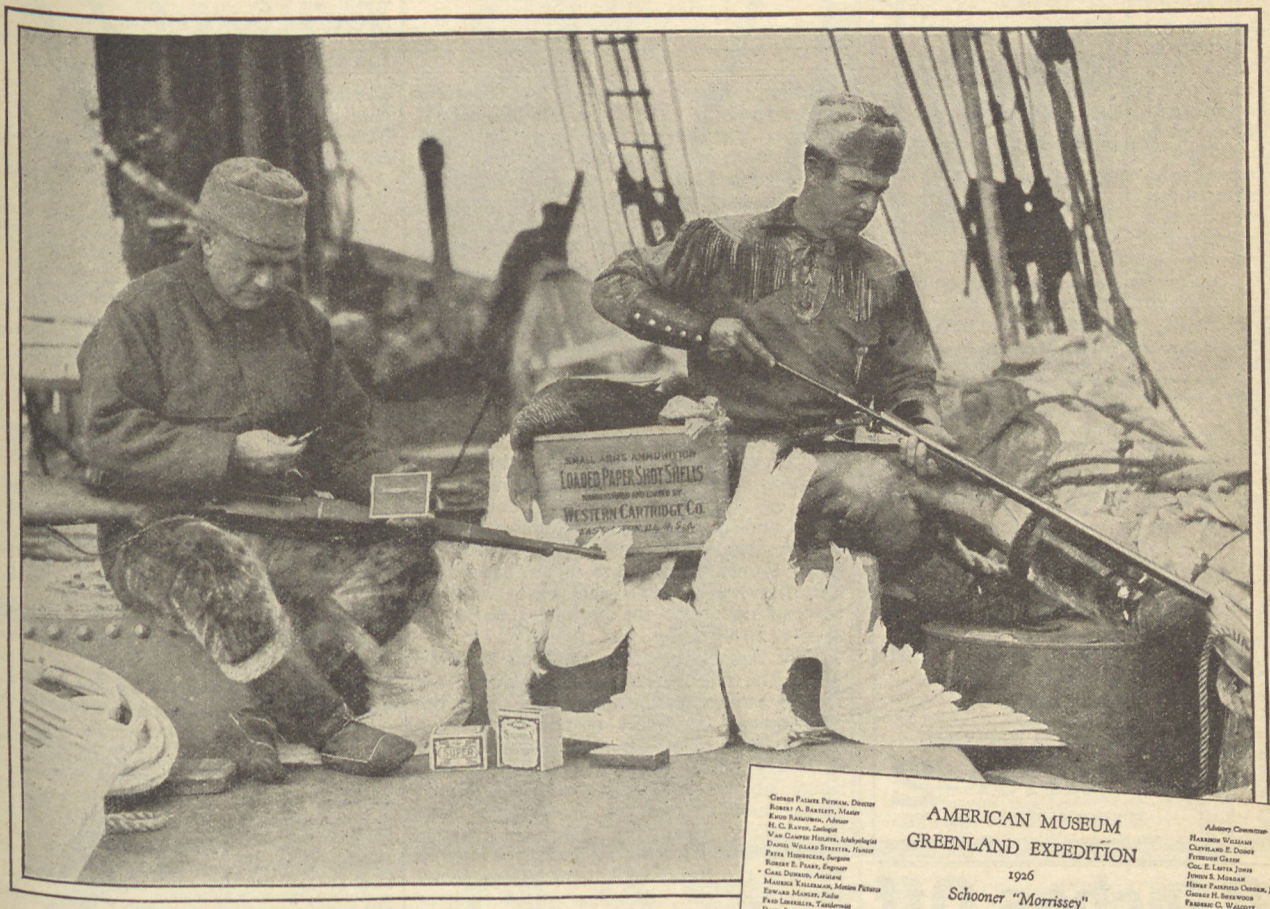
An esteemed sportsman acquaintance of mine for a time shot fairly well, but apparently without any cause whatever his marksmanship began to decline; he missed easy straightaways in spite of the fact that he was using new arms which one of the most noted arms experts in the country had advised would improve his shooting. All the specifications of his new guns were based on the opinion of the experts as to his needs. Still his gun failings were in evidence whenever he shot in the field. Something had gone wrong, and while it was our place to help him, knowing his disposition, it had to be done in a most tactful manner. He realized that his old guns really fit him best and his trouble was lack of confidence in each new arm, and in himself as well. Still the expert's advice dominated so much he could not escape its influence. The facts were, he was increasing his failing by dependence on a new gun which he hoped would overcome it.

One day while en route to his old shooting grounds, one or two of us were struck by a happy inspiration. Deliberately we had the driver declare that his baggage had not arrived. At camp was his old, medium-price gun—the one he had discarded on the advice of the expert. The very first achievement of the day when he was forced to use the old gun, brought him a run of ten straight birds. He was so enthusiastic over his performance that in a thrill of ecstasy he almost kissed the temporarily discarded arm. Then we told him the trick we had played on him and expressed our opinion that all his faulty shooting had been through lack of confidence in the old gun, which, as a matter of fact, fit him far better than any of the new ones.

When the notion comes into our mind to help make more and better sportsmen there is no finer medium than starting the work in the field with beginners. If they have no success at first and get an idea in their heads that they will never become fair shots, rest assured that they drop out of the game quickly.

With the boy or the grown man, it is all the same—for the grown man who loves the outdoors is nothing else but an enlarged edition of the boy. Help him in

Western goes to Greenland!



When American scientific expeditions sail for the four corners of the globe, WESTERN Ammunition usually goes with them. The Greenland Expedition of the American Museum was equipped exclusively with WESTERN, adding an extra degree of certainty in securing their specimens of game.

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AMERICAN MUSEUM
GREENLAND EXPEDITION
1926
Schooner "Morrissey"

January 29, 1927

Western Cartridge Co.,
East Alton, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

Thanks to your kindly cooperation, our expedition of last summer was equipped exclusively with Western ammunition, for both rifles and shotgun. About a dozen of us did shooting at one time or another, under all sorts of varied conditions. And often the ammunition was put to most severe tests, as, for instance, when our vessel was wrecked and all the stores and supplies were moved ashore in dories. Naturally the ammunition, like everything else, had pretty hard treatment then, and some of it was pretty badly wet.

This letter is to express my enthusiasm for the service rendered us by your Western products. We never had the slightest trouble. They gave every one of us who used them one hundred percent satisfaction. And incidentally the bully good way in which they were packed was no small source of satisfaction and contributed largely to the comfort and success of an expedition which took us and our Western equipment within 750 miles of the North Pole.

Very truly yours
G. P. Putnam
DIRECTOR

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Hunting & Fishing

is a 52-page monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, revolvers, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get fish and game, etc.

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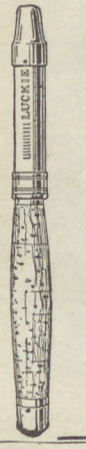

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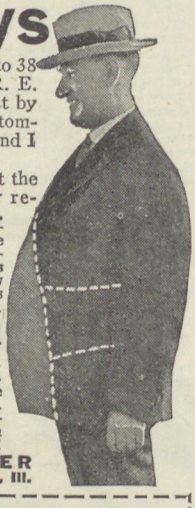

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BOX L-4 BRADFORD, PA.

More Shooters

BY C. B. LISTER
Sec. N. R. A.

Editor's Note: Many of our chapters are organizing rifle clubs, and numerous requests for information have been received from our readers asking how clubs are organized and how to secure government co-operation. Mr. Lister explains the relationship between the rifle clubs and the government in this interesting article.

THE National Rifle Association, in close co-operation with the War Department, is a civilian organization, controlled by a board of sixty directors elected by members annually. The Association organizes the International Rifle Teams which represent the United States in competition at home and abroad. It conducts two broad programs fired by mail on the home ranges of competing clubs and also sponsors numerous state and regional championships and the national events. There are more than fourteen hundred civilian rifle clubs actively functioning under the general supervision of this Association.

This Association is a medium through which the rifle clubs are entitled to draw service ammunition and targets from the government at small cost. The clubs may draw a limited number of .30 caliber rifles, .22 caliber rifles, target carriers and range supplies by posting a bond. Individual members of the Association may buy direct from the War Department through the Director of Civilian Marksmanship the standard United States Army Springfield Rifle, the Springfield Sporter and a variety of so-called obsolete arms, some of which are available at ridiculously low prices.

NATIONAL MATCHES WITHOUT LEAVING HOME

The National Rifle Matches have grown to a point where practically two thousand competitors take part in various events. The cash prizes and trophies distributed at these matches run into thousands of dollars.

The postal competition idea has been developed to a point of perfection permitting local clubs to participate in the national matches by shooting over their own range. The matches are fired in the presence of official N. R. A. judges and the targets are sent to the headquarters of the Association at a specified time, where they are scored. Official bulletins are issued and medals are then distributed to the winners. These gallery matches extend from November to April, and are open to both individuals and teams. When the outdoor ranges become available in the spring, another program following the same general plan is started. This spring and summer program includes .22 caliber matches at ranges from fifty to two hundred yards; high power rifle matches at ranges from two hundred to one thousand yards, and pistol matches at twenty-five and fifty yards. The man who likes to shoot can take advantage of the postal competitions and try his ability as a marksman against shooters from all parts of the United States and its possessions without spending travel money, or time. Special events are provided and open only to tyros (beginners). In practically all of the matches, medals are reserved for award to the tyros who do not qualify among the regular medal winners of the

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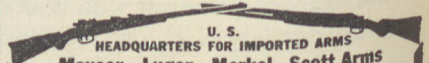

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NO ADMISSION CHARGE

competition. In the big regional and national tournaments, 25 per cent of all cash and prizes awarded go exclusively to tyros.

ARMY QUALIFICATION POSSIBLE

Another feature which will be of interest to ex-service men as well as all civilians is the provision that permits them to qualify for the regular army decorations such as Marksman, Sharpshooter, and Expert Rifleman. This Qualification Course may be fired with any rifle handling the standard government .30-06 cartridge and having iron sights and a trigger pull of not less than three pounds. This permits owners of several popular makes of rifles using this ammunition to qualify, the same as men who possess the Springfield .30.

EXTENSIVE JUNIOR PROGRAM

The Junior Rifle Corps has recently been merged with the high school and preparatory school program which has been conducted by the Association for years.

A .22 rifle is a boy's prized possession and the Association has brought to life a number of interesting facts enabling a greater number of boys to participate in the sport of rifle shooting. There is no record in the files of the Association of an injury having been received by any boy firing in practice or competition under the Association rules. There are few sports participated in by the boys which can show so clean a sheet.

There is in every neighborhood and in every class room, a boy or small group of boys who are great readers. Usually when other lads are out on the baseball diamond or at the swimming hole, serving a paper route or doing something else to make some spending money, these youngsters are buried in a book. As the general rule, such youngsters lack the healthy color and the happy-go-lucky spirit of the average boy. The lure of the rifle seems to catch these young students as much as it does boys of the other type. Because of their studious inclinations they learn the fine points of the game much more rapidly than the average boy, becoming the real enthusiasts and leaders among the youngsters of their community on the range. Many incidents have been brought to the attention of the Association during the past year, in which the rifle has been the means of bringing boys of this type to the front, by building them up physically and instilling confidence. Rifle shooting is a sport participated in by all. Rifle shooting takes them into the open, teaches self-confidence to a remarkable extent and provides an incentive for clean living. Individual and Team Matches are provided and an elaborate Junior Qualification Course with attractive medals is also being used.

A member is enabled to save money on a great many things dear to the shooter's heart through the medium of purchase direct from the War Department. The recreational possibilities of the shooting game are materially increased for the members by reason of the wide variety of matches provided, some to be fired at home and others requiring trips to a common meeting place. The sportsman, by encouraging rifle shooting, may feel assured that he is contributing moral support to the building up of the physical and moral fibre of the nation through healthy competition and close contact with the out-of-doors.

Detailed information in regard to the Club Organization, construction of ranges, etc., can be obtained by addressing the National Rifle Association, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C., or the Gun Department, OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Weasel — A ferocious little pest; a killer from sheer lust of killing. A deadly enemy of farmers and chicken owners.

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Extra Value Extra Pleasure

YOUR Sporter is always a "friend in need", for it responds swift and sure whenever you give it work to do. Into each Sporter are put the combined skill of firearms specialists and the long experience of Savage workmen. The bolt-action is a marvel of smoothness and accurate timing. Every barrel has been rifled the special Savage way. Whatever your type of game, the Sporter will fill the need. And for all-round value, it has no equal. Sold everywhere.

[at left] Model 23-A .22 caliber "Sporter" Rifle—repeating, bolt-action, one-piece stock and forearm of walnut. **Price $18.50.**

[at right] Model 23-B .25-20 and Model 23-C .32-20 "Sporter"—repeating, bolt-action. One-piece stock and forearm of walnut, 5 shot magazine. **Price $22.50.**

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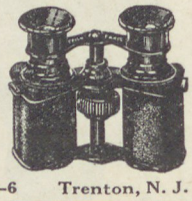

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Questions and Answers

THE 25-35 AND 32-20

A. O. A., Thief River Falls, Minn.—I would like to ask a few questions in regard to rifles. Is a 25-35 Winchester carbine considered a good deer gun? Do they still make that caliber? How is a 32-20 for deer? The load in a 32-20 is 20 grain powder and 115 gr. bullet and in the 25-35 the load is 19 gr. powder and 117 gr. load. Which one is the strongest shooting and why? What method is caliber based on? Do the Savage Arms Company make a 25-35? What is the effective range of a 25-35? How do they compare with a 30-30 and 303?

Answer: The 25-35 Winchester carbine is considered a good deer gun and they continue to manufacture that rifle. A 32-20 cartridge is a low velocity load and is not so effective as the 25-35.

While the powder weight and bullet weights are about the same, the difference is that the 25-35 is loaded with smokeless powder. More than likely the Military Dupont No. 21, giving a muzzle velocity of 2,175 feet per second, while the 32-20 is loaded with black powder and shows a muzzle velocity of 1,225 feet per second and muzzle energy of 380 foot pounds, while the 25-35 is 1,230 foot pounds.

The caliber of a rifle is the fraction of an inch that the diameter of the caliber represents. For example, a 30 caliber is 30 1/100s of an inch.

The Savage Arms Company make a 25-35 caliber. The accurate range of the 25-35 is from 200 to 500 yards. The accurate range of a 32-20 is from 150 to 200 yards. The comparison between the 25-35 and the 30-30 and the 303 is, generally speaking, that the 25-35 would be less effective because of the smaller bullet, trajectory not quite so flat and penetration about 1/6 less than either the 30-30 or 303.

The 25-35 bullet weighs 117 gr. and the 303, 182 gr.

SIX GROOVE RIFLING

O. P. J. Colorado Springs, Colo.—I am after some information about the following rifles: First: the model 23 A .22 Caliber Savage Sporter. Second: the model 56 .22 Caliber Winchester Sporter. One of these rifles has four grooves, the other six. Do you think this makes any difference as to the accuracy of these guns?

Answer: Originally barrels for Savage .22 Caliber rim-fire rifles contained the six-groove rifling. After considerable experimental and development work it was found that the four-groove system of rifling was more rugged and would stand up better than the six-groove system under hard usage and is reported as accurate as the six-groove.

RE-CHAMBERING

S. D., Ft. Thomas, Ky.—1. How and where can I obtain a book on handloading ammunition by G. R. Mattern? 2. While in the army I purchased from the Ordnance several Krag rifles in very good condition. I would like to know if it would be possible to have these rifles chambered to shoot the .30-06 cartridge. Where can I get this kind of work done and about how much would it cost?

Lefever

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Every gun tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in .410, 26 in., 20 ga. and 16 ga., 26 in. and 28 in. 12 ga. in 26 in., 28 in., and 30 in. A Lefever won the World's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 years.

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Write today for Free Trial Offer. Don't delay—Rupture is a dangerous thing.

Brooks Appliance Co., 104 State St., Marshall, Michigan

Answer: In reply to your letter of February 14th, the book "Handloading Ammunition," by J. R. Mattern, can be secured from the Small Arms Technical Publishing Company, Marshallton, Delaware, for the price of $3, and you will find it very well worth it.

It would be absolutely impractical to rechamber a Krag rifle to handle the .30-06 ammunition. This is not due so much to mechanical difficulties as it is to the fact that the Krag rifle is built to safely handle a normal breech pressure of 38,000 pounds per square inch, while on the other hand, the safe limit for the pressure on a Springfield is 55,000 pounds to the square inch. Most Springfield ammunition develops well up to 50,000 pounds pressure, particularly in the more modern loads. You can well imagine the result of putting such load in the Krag. It would be highly destructive and the result to you would probably be fatal. Ammunition for the Krag rifle today is loaded to such high efficiency, particularly in the new high speed loads with the 180 grain bullets, that it seems to me this rifle would suit your purpose very well as it is.

The ballistics of the new 180 grain high speed load for the Krag are: Muzzle velocity, 2,500 feet per second; 2,490 foot pounds muzzle energy; height of trajectory midway of 200 yards, 3.2 inches.

TRAPPING VENTURE

S. A. O., Chicago, Ill.—Two friends and myself are planning to go to the Canadian Northwest next year to trap all winter. Is there any "red tape" to contend with as regards the Canadian authorities? What would a license cost? Our main purpose is to earn money by trapping. Between the three of us we will have a car and $1,200 for supplies, food and expenses.

Please give me your frank opinion of this venture. To whom can I write in Canada for information in regards to trapping? What sections in Canada do you think are best for this purpose? We had planned on the extreme northern part of Ontario.

Answer: As near as we can judge from the Ontario game laws, it will be necessary for each of your party who expects to hunt and trap to obtain a fur dealer's license, which license permits you to buy or sell furs, the cost of which is $200 to non-resident trappers.

A tanning permit, if you expect to preserve any of your hides, will cost you $10 and will require you to make monthly reports to the Canadian government of the kind of hides that you have tanned, where they were obtained and to whom they were sold. If the hides are sold in the United States, an export permit will be necessary. I believe that this answers your questions in regard to the requirements of the Canadian government and the cost of the licenses.

The writer's frank opinion that you have requested in this matter would be that you do not make this trip, especially for just one season. Competition is just as keen among the trappers and fur dealers as in any other line of business. You are probably not familiar with that country and unless you expect to make it a life business, I believe that you will lose money and time, instead of making money in such a venture.

For complete information on this subject from Canadian authorities, I would suggest that you write to D. McDonald, Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries Department, Parliament Building, Toronto, Canada. Request a copy of the Ontario Game and Fisheries Laws, which will give you government requirements of trappers in that province.

Trout streams—

Abounding with gamy beauties. Rugged wilderness settings. Large size and weight are characteristic of Canada's famous cold water redspots.

Your heart beats with expectant thrills at the succession of spruce-flanked rapids and pine-rimmed pools. There's a reason! Every year anglers return home fully satisfied with the fishing experienced in the waters reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

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Dr. Snook, Gun Editor of Hunter-Trader-Trapper, uses a super 10 gauge New Model Ithaca, because it will kill ducks 10 or 15 yards farther than the heaviest loaded 12 gauge.

Trap and Game Guns $37.50 to $750
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Shooters Squad Score Sheets—FOR TWENTY-FIVE TARGET EVENTS. Printed on two sides, on heavy Manilla Paper. Size is 15 in. x 36 in. For outside score board use.

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NAMES	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	Total
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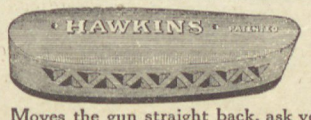

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The choice of those who know. 5 shot, 22 inch Barrel. A few used, but serviceable, for $9.75. Shipping weight, 13 lbs. **$15**
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Sprgfld. 45 Shot Guns 4.75 Sprgfld. 45 Carbines 4.50
Terms Cash. No C. O. D.'s Catalogue Free
W. STOKES KIRK, 1627-CM North 10th Street, Phila., Pa.

Your Dog and Mine

Beginning with May this department will be edited by Ozark Ripley

Sharkey—My Dog "Pardner"

By MAJOR HARRY L. SUYDAM

SHARKEY was a dog of striking personality and I do not remember of anyone's ever seeing him without becoming interested. At first impression, he was an ugly beast, but before people could thoroughly have that impression fixed, some inspiration would suddenly cause their mind to change in a decidedly opposite direction, and they would say, in soliloquy, "What an amiable looking animal that is." His mother was a pure-blooded English bull dog and his father a Siberian blood hound, and as a natural consequence this offspring had part of the strength and size of his male parent's species, and all the tenacity and fighting proclivities of his mother, but where he came by the almost humanly thoughtful expression, I never could determine.

It was in Skaguay, Alaska, that I first met Sharkey and I well recall the introductions. His master, who had brought him from California, was lying sick in his bunk in one corner of the cabin, when I called to see him. A dim light from a dying fire in a sheet iron Yukon stove barely showed me where the sick man was lying. I had just closed the door behind me, when, without any warning, a a big burly brute hurled his ponderous body against me with force enough to throw me down.

I saw Sharkey after this rude introduction and became deeply interested in him for his affectionate and faithful qualities to his master, and I often listened to exciting accounts of his numerous battles with fighting dogs on the Pacific Coast, as told by his owner, who claimed that the dog had never been vanquished. It was imprudent to take Sharkey with you for a walk, without a good strong chain, as he would invariably tackle the first dog he met, and dogs in Alaska at that time were worth from $75 to $500 each for sledding.

To my surprise, one day, my partner, "Doc" Chase, brought him to our cabin and informed me that he had brought Sharkey to take along with us into the Klondike. He had paid about $200 for him.

At a place called Log Cabin, on the Skaguay Trail, was a packing and sledding outfit, where ninety-seven dogs were quartered, and we were obliged to pitch our tent alongside of them.

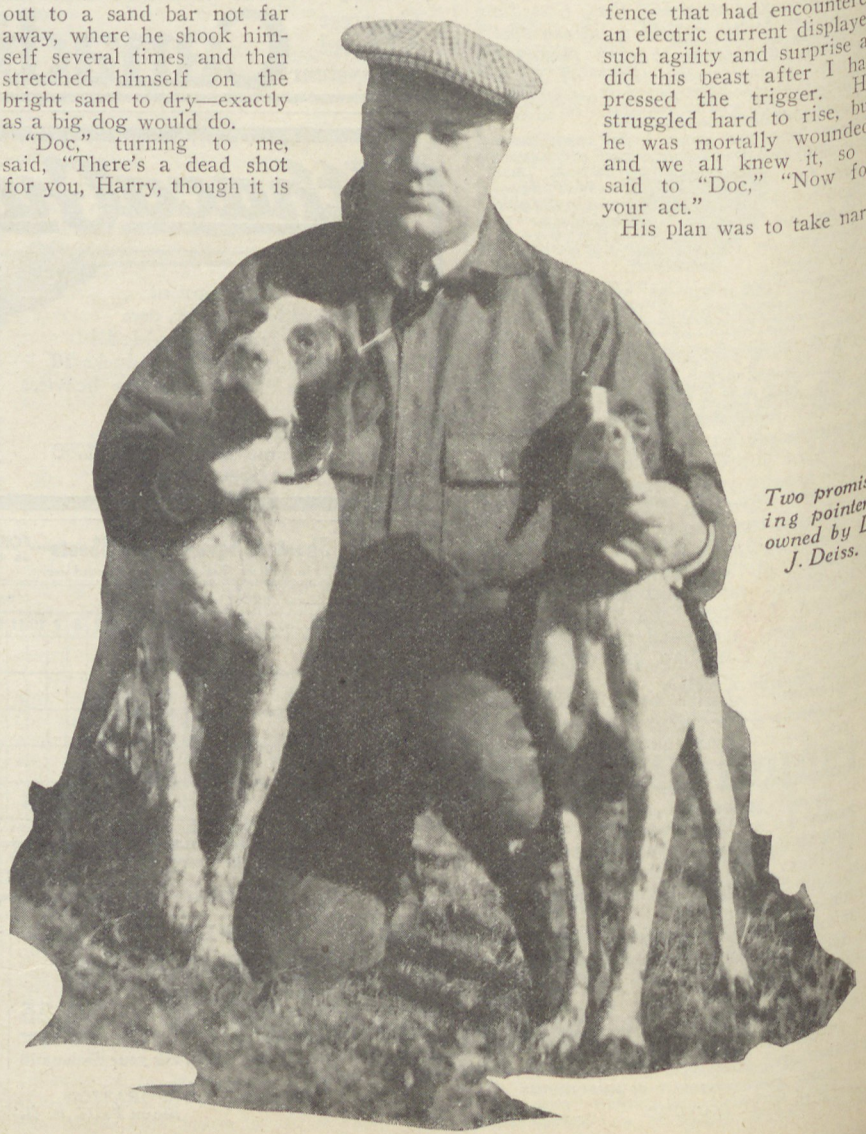
We kept Sharkey chained in our tent so that the dogs would not rummage through our outfit, and by letting him have a fight each night with one of the dogs, we managed to keep him in good humor. If we neglected to unchain him and give him the delight of whipping, at least one dog, he would cry all night like a child.

While camped on Sixty Mile Creek, one day, a member of our party saw across the creek, which was about 300 yards wide, a black bear walking along the bank in an unconcerned manner. All hands stopped what they were doing and intently watched Bruin, and deplored the fact that it would be a physical impossibility to get his carcass if we should shoot him, as we were at that time without any kind of a boat or raft. Every little while the big beast would stop and raise his head and sniff the air in our direction and acted altogether as if he thought we were perfectly harmless, which aggravated us not a little. When he came to a branch of the Yukon river, we saw him slowly lower himself into the cold water and strike out to a sand bar not far away, where he shook himself several times and then stretched himself on the bright sand to dry—exactly as a big dog would do.

"Doc," turning to me, said, "There's a dead shot for you, Harry, though it is certainly a long one." I said, "'Doc,' I can kill him if you can land him or any part of him in camp." Now "Doc" was known throughout the whole country to be a most dare-devil person, and often some of his exploits were said to be foolhardy, and I was not surprised when he replied, "Harry, shoot the beast and I promise you we will have fresh meat before we turn into our blankets tonight."

I was perplexed, but had confidence enough to get my rifle and sight it for 500 yards. Steadying the barrel in the notch of a small tree, I aimed at the bear's stomach, which was turned toward me. No cat on a back yard fence that had encountered an electric current displayed such agility and surprise as did this beast after I had pressed the trigger. He struggled hard to rise, but he was mortally wounded, and we all knew it, so I said to "Doc," "Now for your act."

His plan was to take nar-



Two promising pointers, owned by L. J. Deiss.

row strips of green spruce wood and lash a frame together with some marlin and stretch my tarpaulin over it. This operation was soon over, but the result was a most frail and shaky affair, which I am sure no one in our party except "Doc" would have thought of venturing out in on this swift running water.

Suddenly and before the boat touched bottom, Sharkey, who had earnestly been watching the game's feeble movements, bounded clumsily into the water and made straight for him at his best speed. We saw "Doc" hurriedly pull the boat on the sand and follow his dog at a rapid pace. Sharkey did not stop to play with this beast that was five times larger than himself, but made deliberately for his throat.

However, the bear was lively enough to evade Sharkey's onslaught, and we saw our champion knocked ten feet backwards. It came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and Sharkey must have thought that he was struck with a club, for he seemed to hesitate before he made another plunge. This time he was foiled again, but he managed to dodge the dreadful paw and got hold on one of the bear's ears. "Doc" came up at this time and we saw him unsheath his strong, file steel hunting knife and plunge it deep into the bear's throat. Imagine our surprise and dismay when we saw our brave companion suddenly caught in the embrace of one of "Bruin's" arms, while the great black body rolled partly on top of him.

Sharkey, realizing his master's danger, for the first time in a battle barked vehemently, and at the same time made a play for the bear's throat. He succeeded in getting his steel-trap jaws locked on "Bruin's" nose, and "Doc" instantly, but not too soon, squirmed from his uncomfortable position.

"Doc" and I had been partners for a year; we had packed and sledded over the trails of the White Pass, and had scowed 600 miles of water to Dawson City, where we had done considerable prospecting. Now there came a time when circumstances compelled us to separate. This was no country for sentiment, but as I sat on the "out-bank" at Dawson City and watched "Doc" struggle against the swift current with his pole, I felt that I was losing something I could never replace.

Sharkey was by my side, for "Doc" had given him to me, and this intelligent animal, who had almost become part of "Doc," looked longingly at him, and then inquiringly into my eyes, and I am certain that he realized our loss and felt as despondent as myself. From that time I talked with and consulted Sharkey on all matters precisely as I had done with "Doc," and as long as I remained in this camp I had no other partner.

Sharkey would share my bed that was pitched on a six-log raft, and tied to the shore, or more often on other boats, where it was shifted frequently to allow others to pass in and out. It often rained nights and my bedding was always wet and clammy, and Sharkey was an acceptable bed-fellow at my feet. When I went into the hills I carried pick, shovel, gold pan and blankets, and my "pardner," Sharkey, would carry thirty pounds of provisions on his back. Often while trying to follow me on fallen logs or trees across streams, Sharkey would lose his balance, and after scratching and scrambling to hold on, he would drop into the water. I would occasionally have to go to his rescue and pull him and his pack, when he would reward me with a grateful lick on my hand.

I could even go away from my grub and find it as I had left it on my return, if I had cautioned him not to touch it. However, we shared alike.

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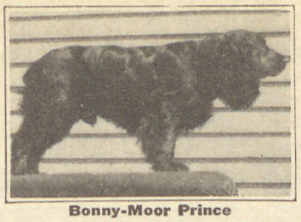

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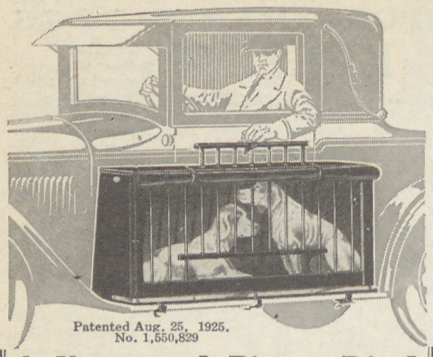

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One night I was talking with some miners on the outskirts of Dawson City, when a big "Huskie" dog attacked Sharkey. Now at this particular time Sharkey was loose and sitting quietly and peaceably near me, when without any warning this big Eskimo dog landed on him in a most ferocious manner. The "Huskie" made a lot of noise and one would suppose that he would annihilate my "partner," while Starkey uttered no sound nor made any display of anxiety, and I well knew he was waiting to get his fatal hold, so I made an effort to beat the "Huskie" off. The "Huskie's" owner came up and smilingly said, "Let them fight it out, partner," and I, sanguine of Sharkey's abilities, replied, "It's a pity, partner, to kill your valuable dog." This remark caused the stranger to laugh and turning to me said, "I will bet you one ounce your dog quits first." I paid no attention to his wager, but started to find a club, for the "Huskie," encouraged by his master's presence, did not desist, though I was kicking and pulling at him energetically.

Men, attracted by the native dog's noise, ran to the scene, and immediately commenced to bet on the result. Many knew Sharkey and they prevailed upon me to let them fight it out. Sharkey was receiving some nasty sharp bites, and it seemed as if he could not get his customary hold, as this dog's hair and wool were unusually thick and prevented him from reaching the "Huskie's" hide. However, when I reached the "arena" with a club, Sharkey had secured his jaw hold, and the "Huskie" was howling in agony. Two or three heavy blows with the club made Sharkey relax his grip, and the "Huskie," having more punishment than he had bargained for, began to "hit the high places," as some of the onlookers said, howling frantically. Some of the sporting fraternity of the town followed me and made extravagant offers to buy Sharkey, but I felt as though I would prefer drowning him in the Yukon to selling him for a fighting dog.

As men in a country such as this have little to do in regard to their futures, and have less to do with their likes and dislikes, so the time came when Sharkey and I had to part as "Doc" had parted from us a month before. I had decided that it was useless to remain at Dawson City any longer and had secured passage on a scow that was going to the mouth of the Yukon, where I expected to take a steamer for the "States." The captain of the boat informed me that it would be utterly impossible to take Sharkey along, as every inch aboard was to be used for passengers, so it was inevitable that we must part, and my first duty was to find an appreciative master for him. I had a friend whom I knew would take the best care of him, and Sharkey was chained to his scow.

On two occasions when passing, I met Sharkey face to face, and he was frantic to get to me, though I did not even speak to him. Once he broke his bonds and madly rushed up the steep bank, jumped on me and fairly tried to eat me up, but I paid no attention to him other than to shake him off. At first he looked surprised and sadly disappointed, then his expression changed to disgust as he slowly walked back to his new quarters with his head partly hanging. I felt ashamed of my actions to my old tried and true friend, but if I had encountered him, I knew it would be harder to part again.

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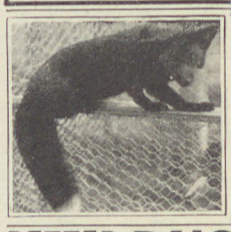

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The Madness of Pinkie

By OZARK RIPLEY

TIME is kind—mostly through the way it permits retrospective moments.

"Funny chap, aren't you, little one?" my father asked between smiles, while he looked down upon me and held my hand a little tighter so that there would be no danger of losing me in the crowd. "You know we are expected to buy something. I have taken chances on everything I can think of, but you don't seem to want anything. Now look around for something you do want, and decide."

"There!" I cried. "There, see the man with the dog? I want that pink dog!"

And that is the manner whereby a little pink, fuzzy, unclassifiable mongrel dog came into our home and became the object of my particular reverence. They were raffling the sober-looking, sleepy-eyed pup at a charity fair.

Next to the family, I am sure that I loved that dog better than anything in the world. With Father and Mother I agreed on the name "Pinkie" for the dog's coat was of a peculiar orange tint and, from certain angles, brought out an apparently pink coloration, attesting to the fact that it was the progeny of much mingling in bygone days of canine breeds.

"Father," I said one morning, after I had pestered him with a thousand questions about Pinkie's activities in the future, from her ability to draw a wagon to killing a polar bear unassisted, "what kind of breed is Pinkie? I know it's the best in the world."

"Well, now, that requires some serious thought." My father bestowed a look on the rotund Pinkie, who was curled up on the big marble hearth in front of the old-fashioned fireplace. "She's a wonder," he said after a time. "Er—she's not only one breed, but a composite of many breeds. I would call her er—a—a thorough-bred cur."

I proudly repeated my devoted parent's classification. I was too young to know why father turned his face away from me suddenly and held his hand to his mouth and hastened to report the balance of our conversation to my mother.

Pinkie reached the senile age long before I discovered that the amused look on questioners' visages when I told them she was a thorough-bred cur might possibly be of no flattering sort. The dog and I were inseparable companions.

The first fight I ever had was when I pitched into a boy somewhat larger than myself for throwing a rock at Pinkie because she ran one of his pet bantam chickens. I came forth victorious, because my charge was both sudden and unexpected. When I told my story to my father, his fond gray eyes reflected both pride and amusement and he expressed regret that he had not been a spectator.

My second fight also was due to Pinkie. She went up growling to a white dog with a square, militant physiognomy, the property of another boy a little older and a little larger than myself. He urged the fight by twitching his dog's tail. Before Pinkie could retreat, that vile bull-dog had her down and was chewing the life out of her.

With Spartan courage I charged into the fray, and, in my blind rage at wit-

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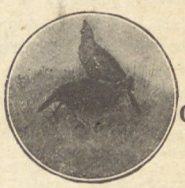

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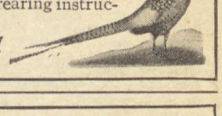

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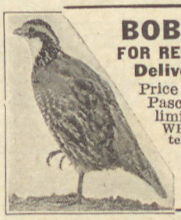

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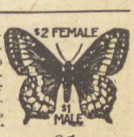

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nessing the one-sided attack, my courage was of huge caliber. I kicked the white brute loose. This in nowise made my anger subside. On the contrary, it went to white heat when I saw the bulldog's owner laughing as Pinkie reflected her misery by holding up her right paw, limping towards me and yelping at the top of her voice. Once more I charged, but this time with lashing fists clenched.

I don't know how many times that boy hit me nor how many times I went down on the sidewalk from his blows. But I continued the battle, invariably the aggressor. My nose bled copiously. My eyes were almost closed so that I could not see plainly; but, still full of anger and a desire to fight, I swung my fists in the direction of the boy's face. Finally, in sheer desperation, I hit with all my remaining strength when my jeering opponent started to close in on me to finish me. In a sort of bewildered fashion I saw him drop to the ground and remain quiet. He lay on one side, breathing heavily. My knuckles ached terribly. I thought he was dying. Through fear of the consequences, I ran with all my might, Pinkie following, limping and whining.

At the corner I stopped and looked back at my late opponent, realizing that the crime of murder was on my hitherto unsullied soul. I reviewed every moment of the fight. Then to my relief, the boy drew himself to his knees, stood on his feet and brushed the dirt from his clothes. I noticed a chastened expression on his face as, with his dog, he left the scene of our recent engagement.

Tragedy apparently stalked in the wake of Pinkie. As I review it all now, I can see myself, worried, frantic with despair, and at last shedding an abundance of warm tears in lamentation. Unquestionably, Pinkie had gone mad. While I was not a competent authority on the subject of rabies, I had heard sufficient about the symptoms to warrant my lamentable diagnosis of her case.

It was during the month of August—an exceedingly warm August—when the little town was in considerable excitement over the number of dogs reputed to have gone mad. When the first of the news was bruited about I felt no apprehension about Pinkie. Hadn't an old English kennel master, who cared for a string of horses belonging to a local millionaire once pointed significantly to dew claws on Pinkie's hind legs and solemnly declared that all dogs so blessed by Nature never went mad; they were immune to rabies in any form?

"No need to worry about Pinkie," father endeavored to laugh off my fears about her; at the same time I thought, from the grimacing twists to his handsome mouth and the merry twinkle in his eyes, that he was keeping something from me. "No need at all to distress yourself. This is warm weather and it is natural for the dog to want to dig under the porch and stay there. Drat the talk of mad dogs, anyway. Fools in all little towns during a hot August are always spreading such news."

"But Pinkie doesn't seem right," I expressed my alarm. "In the first place, she is terribly slow in her movements. While she doesn't snap, I can see she doesn't care for me to pick her up at all. She wants to go to dark places all the time and stay alone. What about that?"

"Just this hot weather, my boy. Then, too, you must remember," father chuckled significantly, "that dog is too fat to endure this warm weather comfortably."

Father's efforts to relieve me of worry were only momentarily effective. The following morning I was up at sunrise and hurried to the barn. A gasp of dismay escaped me. Under the very door I saw a place where an animal had dug to permit passing through.

For nearly an hour I searched diligently for my nondescript companion without seeing a sign of her. At last her possible whereabouts suggested itself to me—the old cellar. I listened with my ear against the door. Strange sounds came to me, muffled, dim, as though from an animal some distance away crying in pain.

"Pinkie!"

My heart was at the breaking point.

"Pinkie!"

Then I began lifting the old heavy pine door. Her growls were louder, more threatening; convincing evidence of her condition. Father could say what he wanted now, but here was irrefutable testimony that Pinkie was mad.

I could stand the nervous strain no longer and dropped prone on the cellar door, where Pinkie and I had played many times together, sobbing profusely and feeling as though the entire world was no more a place fit for a boy to live in.

"Where have you been, old boy?" Then, quickly, as my dear father saw me, "What's the matter, my son? What's the matter?"

"Pinkie's—Pinkie's mad!" I exclaimed.

"Mad." My father laughed aloud. "Mad! Pinkie, with dew claws, mad. She's not half as mad, I have a mind, as two-thirds of these town folks uttering a cry against every poor dog suffering naturally from this weather!"

A confident smile spread over my father's kindly visage. "Pinkie is too remarkable a dog ever to go mad. I am pretty sure thoroughbred curs never go mad. And, to prove this, I am going down into the cellar and investigate."

I had always believed father was the bravest man in the world.

I tried to dissuade him, but it was useless. I stood rooted with fear before the cellar entrance where he had descended. My father facing a mad dog, with nothing to defend him. I visualized the dashing, belligerent attack of the mad-crazed brute at my father's throat. But there were no sounds of combat—only my brave father talking softly to Pinkie.

"Father," I called, still filled with apprehension, but having to learn the truth at any hazard. "Father, is Pinkie—mad?"

"Eh? Oh, yes," he called back to me in a voice filled with humor. "Yes, she's terribly mad. Mad as the proverbial wet hen, because her little pal won't come down and congratulate her on the arrival of the finest litter of little pink puppies any one ever saw."

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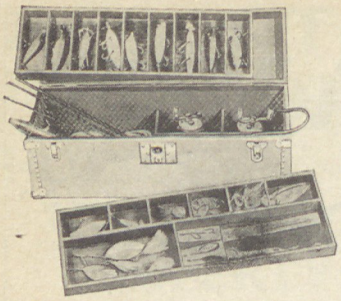

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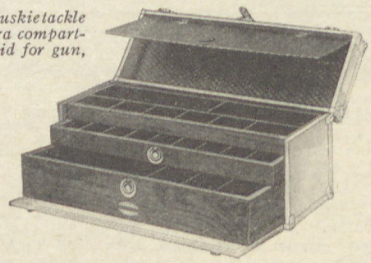

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Questions and Answers

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L. P., Milwaukee, Wisc.—What is the cause of a dog being "gun shy?" Is a pointer more liable to be gun shy than any other hunting dog? Is gun shyness hereditary in pointers or any other hunting dog?

Answer: The cause of gun shyness is the natural or instinctive dislike on the part of almost any animal for the report of a gun. Of course, there are pups who seem to have never developed gun shyness, but I believe that in such cases this may be attributed to the great confidence that the dog has in his master, which is brought about by patient and gentle handling.

As far as we know the pointer is not any more subject to gun shyness than any other hunting dog and the matter of this affliction being hereditary can be covered by saying that it may be considered by some to be hereditary where the disposition of the sire and dam is one showing extreme nervousness. I do not believe that the fear of the report of the gun alone is hereditary. Most cases of gun shyness can be overcome by frequent, patient handling.

KENNEL CONSTRUCTION

C. E. H., Gladstone, Mich.—I would be interested in obtaining information concerning the construction of a dog kennel suitable for a German shepherd. Have you any information or suggestions along this line to offer?

Answer: The first consideration is a dry location. Dampness affects the coat of the dog, induces rheumatism, and makes the dog easy prey to colds, distemper and lameness. The ground should have a slight slope and should not be sandy, for this has a tendency to retain filth. The best soil foundation is clay with a covering of cinders or other material which can be removed occasionally.

The kennel should not be located in a draft and the best entrance exposure is to the south in order to permit entrance of the sunshine. The kennel floor should not be on the ground to prevent the absorption of dampness, and the height should be about twice the shoulder height of the dog at the lowest part of the roof. The width and length should be about twice the length of the dog. The roof should slope from the front to the rear. The material can be one-inch boards with lathing to cover the cracks. The lathing can be removed in the summer for ventilation.

The floor should be of double thickness inch boards. During the winter a hinged door should be used and in the summer a flap of cloth is best. An old rag or sack makes an excellent bed on the floor of the kennel. Do not use pillows or other thick articles because they soon become unsanitary and are not easily cleaned. I would suggest that you hinge either the roof or the floor of the kennel so that you can easily clean and disinfect it. A shingle roof is preferred, to roofing paper or metal, for the reason that shingles do not absorb and hold the heat as much as the other two coverings do in the summer season, and are better insulators to the cold in the winter.

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Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the first of the month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA 536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Agents Wanted

MIRRORS resilvered at home. Costs less 5 cents per square foot; you charge 75 cents. Immense profits plating auto parts, reflectors, tableware, stoves. Refinishing metalware, etc. Outfits furnished. Details free. Write Sprinkle, Plater, 720, Marion, Indiana. (3-5)

BANKRUPT and rummage sales. Make $50.00 daily. We start you, furnishing everything. Distributors, Dept. 238, 609 Division, Chicago, Illinois. (11x26)

Binoculars

OPTICAL instruments of every description repaired; telescope objectives of all sizes and focus. A limited number of complete instruments made to order if desired. Fifty years practical and theoretical experience. Please state your wants. Peter J. Dukelow, 1280 Kensington Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Boats and Motors

BUILD your own boat using our Knock-down materials, cruisers, speed, runabouts, outboard motor, sail and row 55 models. Send 25c for catalog. Brooks Boat Co., Inc., Box 307, Saginaw West Side, Mich. (3-4)

HEATH Waterplane—Boat capable over twenty mph with 4hp outboard motors. Build it yourself. Literature free. Our ready cut boats save money. Heeth Boat Company, 15363 Tuller, Detroit, Mich.

HUBBELL Marine Coolers convert Ford engines into marine motors. Booklet free. Ford speedboat, easily built, blueprint and directions, sixty cents. C. C. Hubbell, 14D Cottage St., East Norwalk, Conn. (3-6)

BOATMEN: Parts to convert Ford Motors, lightweight base-Watercooled manifold. Coupling-Rearstarters. Write for circulars. Standard Mfg. Co., 230 Hawley St., Rochester, N. Y.

ROWBOAT—15 ft. Building instructions 30 cents—including full size patterns 75 cents. Heeth Boat Company, 15363 Tuller, Detroit, Mich.

ELTO, 1926 model, slightly used, 4 horse power, excellent condition. $98. R. H. Tabor, Earlville, Ill.

NEW Johnson Light Twin $105.00, also one slightly used $90.00. W. R. Rhoads, 547 Gilbert St., Ada, Ohio. (2-4)

SHIP model fittings and supplies. Send dime for list. R. Hancock, 323 Douglas Ave., Portsmouth, Va.

SUPER Elto motor. Purchased March 1926. Driven less than 75 miles. Fine condition. Crated $85.00. A. C. Lindsay, Manawa, Wis.

TWENTY mile outboard motor boat. Complete plans 25 cents. Free boat building catalog. The Rudder, 9 Murray Street, New York. (3-5)

USED Outboard Motors all makes. Motors in stock and prices on request. John C. Jago, 107 Sycamore St., Waterloo, Iowa. (3-6)

Books and Publications

PRACTICAL muskrat breeding. Best treatise on the subject; $2.00. Grass Lake Fur Farm, Box 392, Saginaw, Michigan.

Camps and Cottages

FOR Sale. Four room cottage with fire place, furnished, garage, boat house with boat; extra lot; on Lake Boneparte, Adirondacks. Good fishing, hunting. Improved roads within three miles. Price $2,500. Dr. H. E. Sperry, Williamson, N. Y. (3-6)

OWN your summer home—Beautiful Lake Northern Minnesota, bordering Itasca State Park. Large Lots $125 upwards, on terms. Write for literature. Guy E. Chinn, 1534 Searle St., Des Moines, Iowa. (3-4)

FURNISHED cottages for rent in Northern Wisconsin's Land O'Lakes. Best of fishing. Information gladly given. Geo. Whitman, 1603 Elm St., Rockford, Ill. (3-5)

TO Rent. 5 room log cabin. Fireplace, screen porch. Among pines. Muskie fishing. Grind Stone Lake. Geo. Post, Barron, Wis. (3-6)

Camps and Cottages—Continued

BIG game hunters—Moose, deer, bear; good trout fishing. Rainsford Allen Sons, Stone Ridge, York County, New Brunswick. (6-7)

RENT or Sale. Desirable summer homes. Inland lakes. Upper Michigan. Fish. Game. Health. E. Franke, Manistique, Mich. (3-5)

Coins—Curios—Antiques

CALIFORNIA Gold. Quarter size; 27¢. $½ - size, 53¢. 100,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10¢. Norman Shultz, Box 746, Salt Lake City, Utah. (9x26)

$2 TO $500 each paid for hundreds of old or odd Coins. Keep all old money—it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. Guaranteed prices. Get posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Company, Desk 20, LeRoy, N. Y. (11x26)

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WILD duck eggs. I have now for sale Wild Mallard eggs; also the pure-bred small tame variety of English Grey Call Duck eggs. These are the celebrated W. E. decoys. Nearly every variety of wild duck respond to their soft, enticing call. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Illinois. (3-6)

ENGLISH call ducks. Pure bred. Small type. Hatching eggs 15 for $3.50 or 45 for $10.00 prepaid. Arthur Johnson, Manson, Iowa. (3-5)

HIGHEST quality small English callers, $3.50 setting. Prepaid. O. Robey, Maryville, Mo. (3-6)

Dogs

Airedales

PEDIGREED Airedale puppies. Males $12.00. Females $7.00. Satisfaction, safe delivery guaranteed. Lawrence Gartner, Lexington, Ohio. (3-6)

Beagles

BEAGLE puppies from good hunting and field trial bloodlines. Eligible for registration. $12.50 each. Alfred Greuel, Effingham, Illinois. (3-5)

BEAGLE pups. Males, $8.50. Females, $7.50. Floyd Boyd, Millersburg, Ohio. (3-6)

BEAGLES. Bred from Field and bench champions. A. K. C. registered and eligible. None Such Beagles, La Valle, Wis. (3-5)

Bull Dogs

BEAUTIFUL Registered Bull pups, $15.00. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (12-1)

Chesapeakes

CHESAPEAKE: Pups from that great producing dam, Princess Dardanella. Also grown dogs. O. M. Porter, M. D., Atwater, Minn. (3-4)

BROKE Chesapeake, Gyp. Sell or trade. Ross Stobbart, Chariton, Iowa.

Dalmatians

CHOICE coach puppies, good bone, sturdy, well marked. Eligible to registration. Kane, Leland, Ill. (3-5)

Hounds

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started, at $15.00 each. High class pointers and setters, foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Descriptive price list ten cents. (3x26)

FOR Sale. My three year old coon and opossum hound. Open trailer, wide ranger and true treer. First $45.00 gets him on trial. Chas. Hicks, Mayfield, Ky., Star. B38.

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

FOR Sale: Pure bred greyhounds (not registered) about nine months old, very speedy, price $25.00 to $50.00 each. Kindt Sheep Company, Rawlings, Wyoming.

BLOODHOUND puppies, three months old, big, husky youngsters. All papers to register. Either sex $35.00. W. Dangers, Neillsville, Wis.

FOXHOUNDS, bear, cat, coyotes; trained; also pups. Yamcasca Farm, Sheridan, Ore. (3-5)

HIGH class fox and coon hounds, trained and untrained. Reduced prices. Stephens Kennels, Marshall, Ark.

REGISTERED Irish wolfhound pups for sale. Bear Valley Kennels, Zumbro Falls, Minn. (3-6)

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-4)

BEAGLES, coon, fox hounds. Trial. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-6)

Labradors

LABRADOR retrievers, Sire, Champion Wolferton Sapper. Pups are natural retrievers and beautiful in appearance. $25 up. Carl McCormack, Mirror, Alberta. (3-5)

BEAUTIFUL pedigreed Labrador retriever puppies. Real bargains. Howard Stone, New Rockford, N. D.

REGISTERED Labrador Retrievers. Bred from best hunting stock obtainable. The Dakota Kennels, Box 924, Fargo, N. D. (3-4)

Miscellaneous Dogs

THE World's Largest Kennel has Oorang Airedale watch-dogs, automobile companions, children's playmates, hunters, retrievers, stock-drivers. Also big game hounds, coonhounds, foxhounds, rabbit hounds. All dogs individually schooled and trained by canine specialists and shipped on trial. Prices $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies $25.00 to $45.00 each. Catalog ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (3-6)

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox, and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum Hounds, Bear and Lion Hounds, Varmint and Rabbit Hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (9x26)

ST. BERNARD puppies. Beautiful big type fellows. Registered parents. Real guard for home and family. Sure to please. Also at stud my best sire of big strong litters. M. W. Willan, Morgantown, Ind.

THREE real ones at stud. A. K. C. and F. D. S. B. registered. Bred from champions. English Setter, Walker Foxhound, and English beagle. Write for reservations and pedigree. F. G. Klett, LaValle, Wis. (3-5)

BEAUTIFUL Newfoundland, also St. Bernard puppies. Pedigreed wonderful pet and guard for baby. Lone Cedar Farm Kennels, Hartsville, Indiana. (3-4)

FOR Sale. Llewellyn and English Setters. Also rabbit hounds. On trial. Pamphlets free. O. K. Kennels, Marydel, Maryland. (6-9)

FOR Sale. Pure white Spitz puppies and a few grown dogs, $10 and up. A. M. Long, Marshall, Missouri.

HUNTING; Toy; Police, Strongheart blood; Wolfhounds. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

REGISTERED greyhound track dogs, rat terriers. Guaranteed. Peter Bielen, Springfield, Minn. (3-5)

GREAT Danes. Registerable. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (3-4)

Newfoundlands

NEWFOUNDLAND dogs—$10 up according to age. Large, black, curly. Registered stock. Finest watch dogs. Faithful companions. Pedigreed red Persian kittens. Lovely pets. Write for prices. Otto Fritz, Columbus, Wis. (3-4)

Dogs

Newfoundlands—Continued

NOBLE Newfoundland puppies from the very best registered A. K. C. stock. Prices reasonable. Kennebec Fur Ranch, E. L. Moulton, Woolwich, Maine. (3-6)

NEWFOUNDLAND pups from mammoth, healthy, intelligent registered dogs. Birky Kennels, Fisher, Illinois.

Pointers and Setters

POINTERS and setters. Have some extra fine puppies, all ages. Also some partly trained dogs and a few thoroughly trained dogs, in both pointers and setters. All extra fine individuals and the best of bloodlines. They are priced to sell and all shipped on approval. Write us your wants. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (4x27)

BARGAINS, 100% Llewellyns, sired by Cobb's Hall, runner up National Championship, dam by Champion Riley Frush. Papers for registration furnished; $20, each. Michalek Bros., Victor, Iowa. (3-6)

ENGLISH Setter puppies three months old. Riley Frush, Count Moring and Gunner blood lines. Real ones. All papers. Males $25, females $20. Llewellyn Setters at stud. F. H. Adams, Druggist, Hartley, Iowa. (3-6)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

DARK Red Irish Setters. Ch. Bran of Boyne, International Champion Tyrone Larry close up. Females $20, males $25. All papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-4)

FOR Sale. 2 year old Pointer bitch not broken. Can be registered. Price $18.00 or what have you to trade. E. H. Richardson, Fairgrove, Mich.

FOR Sale. Well bred English Setter puppies 3 months old. Eligible to register. Price $20 and $25. Dr. I. G. Howe, Belmont, N. Y. (3-6)

POINTER Breeders. Breed your bitch to "Doughboy's John Proctor" for winning puppies. Write for leaflet. Gilbert Hensley, Green City, Mo. (3-6)

AMERICA'S Best Irish Setters—Finest pups $20.00; photos; pedigrees; description. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Ill. (3-4)

FINEST countrybred English Setter puppies, registered, $20.00 each. A. Bergt, Schuyler, Nebr. (3-4)

POINTER Pups scientifically bred. Registered proven strains, $35.00 up. Clayton Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-4)

BROKE Setter, Gyp. Sell or trade. Ross Stobbart, Chariton, Iowa.

EIGHT months, pure Llewellyn Setter female. Papers. Clarence Jones, Kampsville, Ill.

PEDIGREED Irish Setter Pups. J. Chapman, Palmyra, Ill. (3-5)

Police Dogs

PROVEN Bitches bred and in whelp to Champion Amor von Geyerberge, Sch. H. Am making special prices to reduce my kennel. Amor puppies this fall have won sensationally in the East and Mid-West. Puppy sons and daughters of Amor, excellent show prospects, at $100.00 up. Will repurchase at eighteen months. Cassius Winkelman, Wausau, Wisconsin. (3-5)

50 POLICE puppies, papers to register. Imported and domestic breeding. Sired by Nephew of Strongheart. All colors. Females, $15.00, males, $25.00. Open and bred females. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, North Dakota. (3-5)

FOR Sale. Fifty police pups, grown dogs, bitches open and bred. Finest imported pedigreed blood. $20.00 up. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Write: Karnak Kennels, Coopers-town, North Dakota. (3-5)

GERMAN police pups from Champion bred stock. Sire of mother is brother of "Strongheart." Sent on approval. They must please or no sale. N. S. Mumpower, Bristol, Tenn.

POLICE pups, grown dogs, excellent pedigrees. Reasonably priced. Eligible for registration. At Stud—Tecks Von Bismark. K. A. Osberg, Winthrop, Minn. (3-4)

BEAUTIFUL police dogs, bitches, pups and stud; reasonable. Hedback Kennels, Cumberland, Wisconsin. (3x27)

DOBERMAN Pinschers, puppies and grown dogs. Delivery guaranteed. Joe Masters, Bowerstown, Ohio. (3-4)

FOR Sale. Pedigreed police pups $20.00 up. On approval. Express prepaid. Write, T. M. Helmer, Hannaford, North Dakota.

Dogs

Police Dogs—Continued

GERMAN police puppies, eligible for registration. Ready for shipment. Stanley Jamison, Appleton, Wis. (3-6)

PEDIGREED police Pups. Finest bloodlines. Dark and wolfgray. Prices reasonable. Herman Melle, Alexandria, Minn. (3-5)

Spaniels

IRISH Water Spaniels, Genuine curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (3-5)

SPRINGER at Stud. International field trial winner Downton Bob. Two firsts and cup for best dog entered Spaniel Field Trial Club of America trials. Pups now winning. Stud card on request. Springers for sale. Dean Swift, Edgerton, Wis. (3-5)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. Fine litter. Several ready to train. Excellent breeding. Reasonable. F. E. Schneider, Stoughton, Wis. (3-6)

GENUINE rat tailed Irish water Spaniel pups from trained stock of the world's best blood lines. Price $25.00. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa.

REGISTERED Irish Water Spaniels and English Springer Spaniels. Out of good hunting stock. Price reasonable. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn.

CHAMPION bred Springer pups. $25.00 up. Whirlwind Flush at stud. Fee $25.00. Peck's Kennels, Lawler, Iowa. (3-6)

FOR Sale. Irish Water Spaniels. Genuine curly coated rat tail strain. C. C. Scharfenberg, Hayward, Wis. (3-6)

FOR Sale. Black cocker spaniel puppies, pedigreed. Sired by Bonny Moore Prince field trial winner. Sidney Adema, Roscoe, Ill. (3-5)

FOR Sale—English Springer spaniels, four months old, black or liver and white, eligible for registration. Ned Larkin, Adams, New York.

GENUINE Irish Water Spaniel puppies. Eligible. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reasonable prices. M. M. Oliphant, Missoula, Mont. (3-6)

SELLING Irish Spaniels retrievers. Price reasonable. John Resheske, Redgranite, Wisconsin. (3-6)

SPRINGERS. Broken. Partly broken and pups from champion stock. Dr. A. C. Johnson, Winthrop, Minn. (2-5)

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies. From real field dogs. Best of breeding. Priced right. Dr. Grant Newby, Platteville, Wis. (3-4)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Farm raised pups; registered. Sent on approval. $25.00 up. Lakeland Kennels, Olivia, Minn. (3-6)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Classically bred for work. Famous Rivington strain. John Stewart, Minot, No. Dak. (3-5)

THREE Springer bitch puppies, finely bred. Whelped Dec. 5. Eligible. $20. Albert Fogel, Rosholt, South Dakota.

Terriers

DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

IRISH Terriers—small enough for the motor. Large enough for the out-of-doors. Dead game, real pals. Puppies of royal breeding now ready. Mackellen Kennels, 205 Federal Bldg., Lexington, Ky. (3-4)

FINE young Irish terriers 8 to 9 months old. Get an Irishman and he will convince you of his worth. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa.

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

SMOOTH Fox Terrier puppies. Best of breeding. $15.00 to $25.00. Maridell Kennels, Eldorado Springs, Missouri. (3-6)

Trainers—Dogs

WANTED: Bird dogs for boarding and training, also spaniels. Yard work and force-retrieving taught; faults corrected in dogs any age. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (4x27)

BOARD and training Beagles, $7.50 month. Kenneth Plowman, Lakewood, Ill. (3-4)

LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Winnfield, La. (3-6)

Wanted—Dogs

PUPPIES wanted—All breeds, no Champions. Write what you have in first letter, stating breed, age, sex and lowest prices. Biddle's, 22 N. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (4-6)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

REVILO. Genuine Tetrachlorethylene, the new wormer discovered by the Government. More effective than carbon tetrachloride, and the safest anthelmintic known. Safe for puppies 3 weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo—preferred by America's largest kennels. Cures running-barking fits. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies, $1 postpaid. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 9, Quincy, Ill. (9x26)

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

MINEROLA. The only cure for distemper I have found in thirty-five years' training and breeding, writes Mr. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa., one of our most reliable and best known dog trainers. $1 post paid. Quantity prices to dealers and kennels. Minerola Remedy Co., Owensboro, Ky. (3-6)

MANGE remedy. Unconditionally guaranteed. Quart $2.00. Richmond Kennels, Harriston, Miss. (3-6)

MARNEY'S worm capsules—for puppies or dogs—$1.00 a package. 400 Broadway, East St. Louis, Ill. (3-6)

RUNNING Fits in dogs cured in three doses; large size $1. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Va. (3-4)

RUNNING-BARKING fits cured. Treatment $2.00. Sure cure. State weight. Dog book free. Curtis Russell, Guntersville, Ala. (3-4)

DOGS and kennel supplies. Free book. Beck Brothers, Herrick, Illinois.

Firearms and Ammunition

SHOOTERS, we make for you. Straightline Reloading Tools, All-Steel Cleaning Rods, Watson Rifle Sights, Bolt-Sleeve Sights, Target Telescope Sights and Hunting Scopes. B&M Service supplies you with any shooting accessory needed. Any folder Free. Complete Handbook for 50 cents. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-4)

SOLE Distributors — Mannlicher-Schoenauer rifles—Walther rifles, pistols—Georg Knaak Made-to-Measure guns—Sequoia Bluer. Catalog 5c. Bargains on discontinued lines. Sequoia Importing Co., 17 Spear St., San Francisco. (3-4)

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser and Mannlicher rifles, Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in the U. S. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-4)

SALE—Rifles and revolvers; obsolete cartridges for collectors. Write me your wants. W. S. Lutz, 2133 Cypress St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE OVR-UNDA gun for trap or field—the greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-4)

WALNUT gun cabinets—Beautiful high light piano finish. Direct factory prices. Illustrated folder free. Corbett Cabinet Mfg. Company, St. Marys, Pa.

FOR Sale. V. H. Parker, 12 gauge. 30" auto ejector. Both full. $60.00. O. J. Marsh, Uehling, Nebr.

GERMAN 22 Target Pistols cheap. Sportsmen's Supply (Brierhill), Youngstown, O. (2x27)

SELL—Big Bore Imported Shotguns, 45-90 rifles. Send 10c for printed list. N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minn.

Fish and Game Attractions

WILD Rice! Wild Celery! Will bring ducks and fish in swarms to your favorite waters. Guaranteed planting material ready for spring sowing. 35 varieties. 31 years experience. Expert advice—helpful planting literature. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 56 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-5)

MINNESOTA Giant Wild Rice Seed. Write for special price for immediate delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minn. (3-4)

NATURAL duck food plants gathered and packed by hand. Wild celery, widgeon grass, sago pondweed. Russell A. Griggs, Hampton Lodge, Waterlily, N. C. (3-6)

WILD Celery. Sago Pond Weed. Widgeon grass. All best kinds duck food attractions. Whites Game Preserve, Waterlily, N. C. (6-7)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

ANGLING—Trout flies from the Emerald Isle, best quality either wet or dry. All patterns suitable for American waters—also salmon flies, rods, reels, lines, leaders, baits, etc., every variety. Catalogues free. L. Keegan, Specialist in Fly Tying and Fishing, Tackle Manufacturer, 3, Inns Quay, Dublin, Irish Free State. (3-4)

TROUT Flies—Fine imported flies, twelve assorted wet patterns to gut, sizes 10 or 12, $1.25 per doz. Eyed dry-flies, twelve assorted patterns, sizes 12 or 14, $1.75 per doz. Split bamboo fly-rods, $5.00 to $50.00. M. E. Hoag Fly & Tackle Co., 5310 Templeton St., Los Angeles, Calif. (3-4)

BEST yet, catfish bait, a little better than the best. Doughbait and prepared liver for throw lines. Price 50 cents each prepaid. Dealers wanted. W. W. Hughes, Bayard, Nebraska. (4-6)

NEW departure weedless bucktail and feather bass flies, $6.00 dozen or your ideal tied from sample or faithful description; reasonable prices. Geo. F. Reinhardt, 1908 Washington Ave., Kansas City, Kan. (3-4)

ATTENTION Waltonians. Gilman Rod Co., 104 Maple St., Rome, New York, manufactures high grade split bamboo fishing rods. Write for particulars. (3-6)

MR. FISHERMAN: Are you interested in a better silk casting or trolling line for less money? Inclose stamp for sample cards and prices. Silkline Co., Dept. K, Pekin, Ill. (4-5)

CATCH cat fish! Enclose one dollar for successful plan; full description baits, tackle, water conditions. L. H. Davis, Calmar, Iowa. (3-5)

MAKE your own leaders. Use "Tug." Fools fish. Holds them too! Ten foot sample 25c. Fletcher-Fletcher, 1796 N. Lake Ave., Pasadena, Calif. (3x27)

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Doughbait, guaranteed for carp, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-5)

GUARANTEED Anti-backlash attachment for any reel. $1.50. Circulars. Reel Co., Windfall, Ind. (3-6)

Food Products

SEVEN pounds evaporated sweet corn $2.00 postpaid third zone. Ideal for camping. Free sample. The E. B. Hostetter Co., Richwood, Ohio. (3-4)

SPRUCE Gum—Refined from high-grade stock fresh from Maine forest; twenty 5c packages to box, $1 postpaid. Eastern Gum Company, Monson, Me. (3-6)

MAPLE Syrup, Maple Sugar; Pure, fresh—right from the Camp. Write Bob Blackman, Neillsville, Wisconsin. (3-5)

ELEVEN pounds Pure Maple Syrup, $3.75 postpaid. Edgar Hunt, Birchwood, Wis. (3-4)

For Sale or Exchange

PEDIGREED pointers—Llewellyns. $25.00 up. Exchange for good gun. Dr. Robert Boggs, Richmond, Ky. (3-6)

For Smokers

SCOTCH Clayschaum Pipes porous clay, absorbs nicotine, conserves health. Straight stem, colors beautifully, gives the fragrance of tobacco in its purest form. Six $1.00, three 50c, two 35c, postpaid. Scotch Clayschaum Pipe Company, Importers, Dept. K2, Laurel, Maryland. (3-4)

HOMESPUN Tobacco—mellow, sweet, aged in bulk. Smoking, 15 lbs. $1.50; chewing, 15 lbs. $2.25. Satisfaction guaranteed. Pay when received. Farmers Union, Mayfield, Ky. (3-6)

TOBACCO postpaid, guaranteed Best Mellow, Juicy red leaf chewing, 5 lbs. $1.40; 10, $2.50. Best smoking 20c lb. Mark Hamlin, Sharon, Tenn. (3-6)

TOBACCO—Kentucky natural leaf, six pounds chewing $1.50, six pounds smoking $1.20. Pay when received. Oscar Luther, Wingo, Ky. (3-6)

Game, Birds and Animals

PHEASANT Eggs: I have now for sale eggs for hatching of the following varieties: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Mongolian, Golden, Lady Amherst and Silver; all guaranteed to be from strong, pure-bred non-related birds. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Illinois. (3-6)

GENUINE little English call duck eggs for sale. $3.00 per dozen. Orders filled in the order they are received. So place your order now. W. H. Rich, 116 S. 29th, Parsons, Kans.

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

"SUCCESSFUL Mink Raising" revised and amplified. This large new book is highly illustrated and full of practical and detailed information. The writer has had ten years experience in mink raising. Mailed postpaid for $1.00. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-5)

FOR Sale. Buffalo wolf pups, tame as kittens. Fifty dollars each, either sex. Shipped, weaned May 12th. Largest wolves in the world. Affectionate as dogs. Send ten cents for literature and pictures. Robt. Jones, Mgr., McCleery Wolf Pack, Kane, Pa. (3-5)

WILL sacrifice for immediate sale, on easy terms, nine pen Silver Black Fox Ranch located in Western Michigan Resort town near beautiful lake and cement highway. Owner going to Europe. Write Nystrom Silver Black Fox Ranch, Cadillac, Michigan.

90 VARIETIES. Poultry, eggs, chicks, pigeons, dogs, hares, ferrets, cavies, mice, etc. New big folder free. Information, description, 60 page book, 20 cents. J. A. Bergey, Telford, Pa.

POULTRY, Pigeons, Canada Geese, Callers, Mallards, Peafowls, Stocking Pheasants and Games. Deer and fur-bearing animals. Milk Goats. Jersey and Holstein cattle. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

SILVER Foxes, Chinchilla Rabbits, Pigeons, Mink, Muskrat. Tell me how you are situated and I'll show you how to make big profits. Conrad's, 721 California Bldg., Denver, Colo. (3-5)

ATTENTION Sportsmen—I furnish wild red foxes for restocking purposes. Booking orders now for spring and summer delivery. Eyrle Nelson, Englevale, North Dakota.

FLYING Squirrels—Rare, handsome pets. Easily raised in small space. Mated pair $3.00, two pairs $5.00, safe delivery guaranteed. Wildwoods Fur Farm, Woodville, Texas.

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-4)

MINK for sale. Very dark. Females with young. Ranch them free till old enough to ship. Safe delivery guaranteed. Also fisher for sale. King, Baudette, Minn.

GUARANTEED genuine little English call drakes. Japanese Silkie Bantam roosters. Audley Russell, Tekamah, Nebraska. (3-4)

PEAFOWL, pheasants, bantams, pigeons, wild geese, ducks, stock, hatching eggs. Free circular. John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (6-6)

LIVE muskrats, black or brown, and a new trap for catching them alive. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. 29, Chester, Pa.

PHEASANTS—English Ringnecks, Mongolians, Goldens. Also eggs in spring. Ringnecks 25 cents each, Mongolians 35, Golden 60. Towamencin Pheasantry, Souderton, Pa. (3-4)

FOR Sale. Foxes, raccoon, muskrats, rabbits, mink, ferrets, opossums, skunks, squirrels. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minn. (3-4)

FOR Sale, for June, July and August delivery, mink, raccoon, skunk, cross, blue and red fox. All good, healthy, northern animals. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minn. (3-5)

THOROUGHBRED Roller and Yorkshire Canaries. Choice breeding stock. Guaranteed full-note singers. Frank Caduff, 317 16th Ave., Newark, N. J. (3-5)

FOR Sale—Buffalo, all ages, deer, elk, bear, all kinds other animals. Johnson Auction Co., Compton, Ill.

PHEASANTS — Golden and Amherst. Also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-5)

SALE: Several mated pairs, Canada geese, excellent quality. Claude Clinton, Fayville, Ill. (3-4)

ENGLISH call eggs. Twelve, $2.25 postpaid. Gale Ford, Wilton, Iowa. (3-6)

FOR Sale. Fur ranch stocked with muskrats. John Pohl, Grand Rapids, Minnesota.

FOR Sale—Ringneck Pheasant eggs for spring delivery. Eric L. Hoffman, Branch, Mich. (4-5)

FERRETS. Hand trained. Tame. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-6)

PEAFOWL for sale. Long Branch Farm, South Boston, Va. (3-4)

SALE: Wild red fox, Coyote pups. Claude Clinton, Fayville, Ill. (3-5)

Help Wanted

FOREST Rangers, Border Patrol Inspectors, Railway Mail Clerks and other Government positions; $1,500 to $3,000 yearly. Vacancies soon. Particulars free. Write, Mr. Ozment, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (11x26)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, 2190 Broadway, N. Y. (3-6)

MEN, get forest ranger job; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; permanent; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton, 236 McMann Bldg., Denver, Colo. (3-5)

MEN wanting forest ranger job; $125-$200 month, nice cabin. Hunt, trap and patrol. Write for list National forests. Rayson, Dept. B-28, Denver, Colo. (12-3)

MEN wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk and other govt. positions. Write for particulars. Mokane, A-37, Denver, Colo. (12-7)

Home Supplies and Furnishings

DRYFT-GLO. For your fireplace. Gives the flames the leaping, dancing colored lights of real driftwood. Send 50 cents for large package. Enough for 30 evenings. C. J. Pope, 431 Washington Blvd., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-5)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; Beaded Fobs, $1.00; War Clubs, Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Dozen Arrowheads, $2.50; Beaded Hatbands, Headbands, Necklaces, $2.75; Eagle Feather War bonnets, $15.50; Everything in Ancient and Modern Indian Handicraft. Navajo Blankets. Birchbark Canoe, Catalog 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (5x26)

ALASKA hair seal skin beaded moccasins, $2.50. Send outline foot. Carved wood Totem pole six inch, with legend, $1.25. Postpaid. Curios Bear Totem Store, Wrangell, Alaska. (3-5)

Miscellaneous

SALMON and trout fishing, also elk and stag shooting, interesting offers on application. Reliable information and service from experienced salmon fisher. Personally shot 76 elks. Best references. Bernhd Brekke, Trondhjem, Norway. Established 1880. (12-10)

DOG Collar name plates, 20c; key checks, 15c. All kinds of lodge emblems on key checks. L. H. Eckels, 1331 Wallace St., Harrisburg, Pa. (3-5)

FOOT trouble. If your feet ache, burn, scald, swell, blister, perspire, offensive odors, don't suffer. Write to the Miller Drug Co., Kimball, S. D. (3-5)

PRACTICAL course in checkers. Illustrated method system. Instructions for all the plays, tricks, rapid-fire games, etc. $3.00. John Prenzel, Halifax, Pa.

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-4)

MAKE your own fish lure, gun finish, nitro solvent, rust remover, etc. 12 trade secrets only 50c. Bill Ziegler, E. Dedham, Mass.

NEW Poison kills coyotes instantly. 12 free. Circular explains. Coyote Tyson, Kimama, Ida. (3-6)

Music and Musical Instruments

VIOLINS $5.00 up. Catalog free. White's Musical Instruments, Youngstown, Ohio. (2x27)

Outing Equipment

STOP drowning! Fishermen, bathers, sea travelers; carry swimming belt, folds 4x5 inches, sustains rough water. Booklet free. Universal, 309 E. Fifth Avenue, New York. (3-4)

TENTS for sale, new and slightly used. All styles. Write for catalog. The Hettrick Mfg. Co., Toledo, O. (3-6)

WALL tent Haiki ten ounce. 9½ by 12, 922. And fishing tackle. Chas. M. Hudson, West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Photography—Cameras

HUNDRED best markets for your photographs. Booklet gives names, addresses, wants. Written by a successful correspondent. 20c silver. R. Snyder, Publisher, Guilford, Conn. (3-6)

WANTED. Bell and Howell projector for cash. Schoepflin, 95 Meadow Road, Buffalo, N. Y. (3-5)

Poultry

PLANS for Poultry Houses. All styles, 150 illustrations; secret of getting winter eggs, and copy of "The Full Egg Basket." Send 25 cents. Inland Poultry Journal, Dept. 105, Indianapolis, Ind. (4-4)

MAMMOTH bronze turkey eggs. $6.00 per twelve, postpaid. Now booking orders. Fertility-safe arrival guaranteed. Highland Farm, Sellersville, Pa. (3-6)

BRONZE turkey eggs. 10 for $5.00. Prepaid. Order now. Aaron J. Felthouse, Goshen, Ind. (3-6)

Printing, Stationery and Rubber Stamps

CAN you beat these prices? 5,000 letterheads, 20 lb. bond paper, 5,000 XXX white wove envelopes, $8.75. Other prices and samples on request. The Low Cost Printing Co., 123 West 21 St., New York. (3-5)

RUBBER Stamp! Name, address, two lines 25c. Three lines 35c. A. Brush Co., Auburn, Nebr. (3-5)

"NEARGRAVURE" Process Printed Stationery—better, unique, distinctive, Samples. Sollidays, Knox, Indiana. (3-5)

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-6)

Rabbits

CHOICE pedigreed Flemish Giants, Reds, Chinchillas. John Robert Hemeyer, Snow Rd., Cleveland, Ohio. (3-6)

RAISE rabbits—It pays. Buy pedigreed stock. Illustrated book 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (5-6)

PEDIGREED Flemish Giants, guaranteed. Close Rabbit Farm, Tiffin, Ohio. (3-6)

Pigeons

PIGEONS, all varieties. Circular free. John Smith, 1407 Ford Ave., Alpena, Michigan. (3-5)

RACING Pigeons for sale, breeders, youngsters. Hoosier P. Lofts, Indianapolis, Indiana. (3-6)

Radios for Sale

300-MILE "Pocket" Radio, $2.00. No tubes nor batteries required. Useful and practical, loudspeaker volume. Order direct today. Spencer Laboratories, 116 Atlas, Akron, Ohio. (3-6)

Real Estate

SEIZED and sold for taxes. $51.30 buys 12 acres hunting camp. $69.30 buys 7-7/10 acres lake front. $171.00 buys 79½ acres ¼ mile frontage on Pacific Ocean. $179.10 buys 100 acres, Muskoka. $882.00 buys 500 acres, lake front Ontario. These prices are not first payments, or the price per acre, but the total amount asked. Also beautifully situated hunting and fishing camps for moose, bear, caribou, ducks, partridge, trout, whitefish, bass, etc.; best in North America. Summer cottage sites, farms, heavily wooded tracts, acreages large and small, for pleasure and investment, all offered at ten cents on the dollar of their value, and on easy monthly payments of $5 and upwards. Illustrated list describing the above and hundreds of other properties seized and sold for taxes, mailed free on request. Send no money, send for a list to-day so you will have first choice. Tax Sale Service, Room 606, 72 Queen Street, West, Toronto 2, Canada.

Real Estate—Cont'd

FOUR years ago I discovered while on a vacation through Northern Minnesota a wonderful lake. The Wife said this is the best fishing she ever had. Frequently we have gone back if for only a day. We camped on a point of land having about 1,800 feet of lake frontage. Beautiful pine trees surrounded us, at the water's edge, a cold bubbling spring, crystal clear. Back in the peaceful forest the ground covered with delicious blue berries and wild flowers. The location so appealing, so desirable, we purchased 294 acres intending to establish a private fishing and deer hunting camp. Now our business compels us to move from the state and this land is for sale at less than our cost and on terms. (Price $18.00 per acre.) 10 miles east of Itasca State Park and Jefferson Highway—good roads. Lots can be sold and much timber removed without destroying the desirability. A small payment will hold this bargain till you can inspect it next summer. If you are not satisfied, no sale and your money back. Write, W. H. Deubener, Deubener's Shopping Bag, St. Paul, Minn. (3-4)

SUMMER home, on Long Lake, Washburn Co., Wis. 4 room cottage, screened porches, front and rear; fireplace, wood and oil stoves and furniture. Cement block garage, ice house, boat house, Mullen's steel launch, row boat and Sponson canoe. Sand beach, 192 ft. lake front and about 400 ft. to County trunk highway, in rear. Finest location on 15 mi. of beautiful lake. For particulars, address, Dr. W. T. Hurd, Jr., Barneveld, Wis.

NORTHERN Michigan: Alluring trout and bass fishing; woodlands alive with game, paradise for the sportsman; enchanting scenery, rich ozone, mineral waters, rest for the aged; golf, tennis, bathing, boating, dancing for the young. Beautiful, modern summer home, 8 rooms, bath, electricity, hard-wood floors. Large lot, garage. Snap $6,500. Act quick. No triflers. McElhaney & Miller, Butler, Pa.

LAKE frontage. Direct from owner. Three-quarters of a mile of white sand beach on little Star Lake. Suitable for club. One-half mile on Boulder Lake. With cottages, 22 lots, on outlet of Boulder and Wool Lake sand beach. All in Vilas County, Wisconsin. Wm. Paquette, Boulder Jct., Wis. (3-5)

FORTY acres, 200 ft. frontage on good lake in Northern Wisconsin adjoining the beautiful virgin forest of the National Playground Ass'n. Has good cottage, garage for two cars and shed. For particulars write, Ralph R. Oxley, Boulder Jct., Wisconsin. (3-6)

9,000 ACRES, Wisconsin hardwood land, in one township. Good soil, roads, lake and river frontage. Near railroads. Fine recreation grounds. $3.50 per acre. N. Emerson, 1222 McKnight Building, Minneapolis, Minn. (3-4)

20 ACRES. With ¾ mile timbered shore line on Round Lake, Mason Co., Mich. Best game fishing. Good cottage furnished complete. Splendid well water. Perfect title. For information write, Bert Seeley, Benton Harbor, Mich.

BEAUTIFUL lake shore tract—hunters' and fishermen's paradise—Itasca County. Address, Itasca Lumber Company, Land Dept., Deer River, Minn. (3-6)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

FOR Sale: Seven thousand acres of southwest Louisiana marsh land. Best duck and wild game location in America. Address, S. Arthur Knapp, Lake Charles, Louisiana. (3-6)

FOR Sale—¾ mile lake frontage on lake in heart of Michigan National Forest. Price $3.00 per foot. Terms. Deal direct with owner. Ed. C. Rassel, Mio, Mich.

LARGE lake lots, virgin timbered, sandy beaches, good fishing. $10 down, $10 monthly. Free folder. Harry R. Bradley, 204 West Irving St., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-5)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-4)

FOR Sale. Lakeshore properties in Arrowhead Country. Arrowhead Lakes Land Company, Tower, Minn. (3-6)

10 ACRES, cabin, well, Ozarks, hunting, fishing. $200.00. $10.00 monthly. Vol Brashears, Combs, Ark. (3-4)

LAKE and River frontage in Northeastern Minnesota at $5 to $50 an acre. Church Land Company, Duluth, Minn. (3-6)

$235 BUYS log cabin on fine fishing lake, Minnesota. Arthur Gerken, Fort Dodge, Iowa. (3-5)

Schools

CARTOONING and Commercial Art. 25 lessons, 300 illustrations, 2 clothbound volumes and drawing outfit $5 postpaid. Catalog free. Nu-Way Art School, 220 W. Graham Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (3-6)

Stamp Collecting

FREE mammoth illustrated price list of wonderful bargains in packets and beautiful sets. 12 scarce Azerbaijan free to approval applicants. Pennsylvania Stamp Co., Greensburg, Pa. (3-5)

FINE approval selections at 50% discount. 100 stamps free for 3c postage. Write now. Wineholt Stamp Co., Woodbine, 14, Penna. (3-6)

STAMPS—106 different Foreign from Asia, Africa, Europe, etc., with Lists 10c. 50 different U. S. 10c. Fennell Stamp Co., Dept. OA, St. Louis, Mo. (3-4)

APPROVALS. 50% discount. Noemus Stamp Co., 312 East 23rd St., New York. (3-6)

FREE 100 different to applicants sending postage. Hawkeye Stamp Co., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (3-4)

20 PAGE United States and Canadian list free. Stanley Gibbons, Inc., 35 Ann St., New York, N. Y. (3-5)

TRY Cole's approvals. They satisfy. Cole, 3019 Wallace St., Chicago. (3-4)

Taxidermy

TAXIDERMISTS—Mount that next head, fish or bird on American Beauty panels. Your customer will appreciate the difference. Catalogue free. Nippon Panel Co., Williamsport, Pa. (3-4)

F. SCHUMACHER & SONS, Manufacturers of Glass eyes for taxidermists. Taxidermist's supplies. Indian beads, furriers' supplies. 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-5)

MOUNTED Trout. Rainbow, Brook, Cutthroat. Beautiful, permanent, new Plaqued-chromatic mounts. Theo Langguth, Boise, Idaho. (3-4)

Travel

EARN trip to Europe. Organizing for lowest cost tours. 37 days $295. Allen Tours, 915 Little Bldg., Boston. (4-5)

Trees, Shrubbery and Plants

ALL kinds of evergreens for forest planting. Provide cover for game at a profit to yourself. Write for price list. Keene Forestry Association, Box 378, Keene, N. H.

Wanted

WANTED—A collection of minerals and a collection of semi-precious stones. What have you to offer? Write to Adolf Müller, Norristown, Montgomery Co., Penna.

IF YOU have a patented or unpatented invention for sale, write, Hartley, 38 Court St., Bangor, Maine. (3-4)

WANTED. Old Colts and Remington Revolving rifles, cap and ball. B. C. Smiley, Angola, Indiana. (3-6)

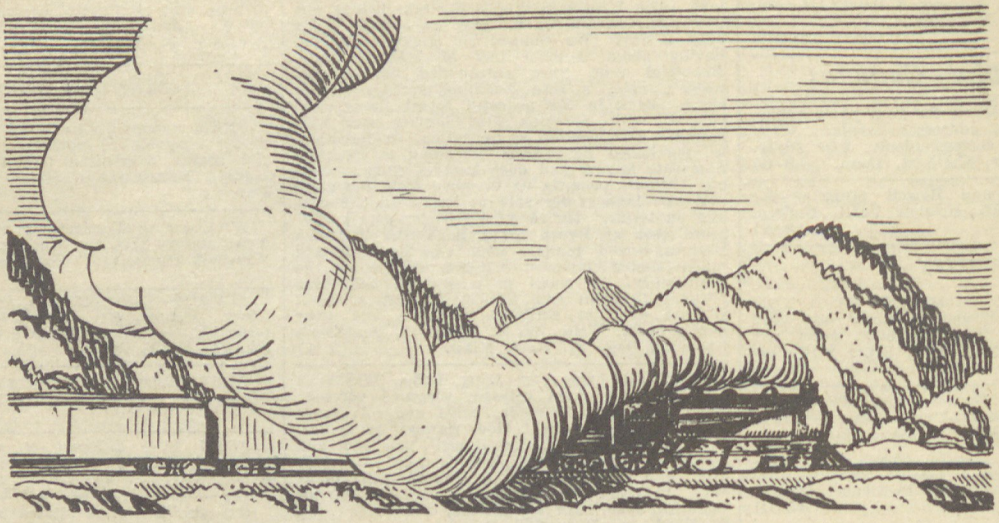
CASH paid for butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 91. (7-7)

WANTED to buy high class guns. Priced right. Redshaw, Granville, Ill. (3-4)

Wearing Apparel

HARRIS Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland, postage paid. The "real thing," hand woven and hard-wearing. Sport Suits to measure, exclusive cut, $32.00. Postage paid. Booklet and latest patterns free. T. B. Macauley, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway, Scotland. (6-8)

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162B Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)



Travel to the ends of the earth Your ticket ~ this magazine

A thousand years and a thousand miles . . . Europe, Africa, South America . . . and you ~ the hero you always wanted to be ~ galloping over the desert or ambling through mountain passes on the back of a sure-footed mule . . . just one in an army of millions . . . or fighting like twenty in one . . .

Yes, a single copy of Adventure, and the curtain is lifted and you live as you've never lived before. For instance ~

Some of the places visited in the April 1st issue:

The Marne

A rookie lieutenant and a funny sergeant, and the reward goes where credit is due. Read "A Friend of His Youth" by Leonard H. Nason.

South America

Tacna Arica and a dare-devil bandit plot to outwit scheming politicians. Join El Rey in "The Society of Condors" by Gordon MacCreagh.

Africa

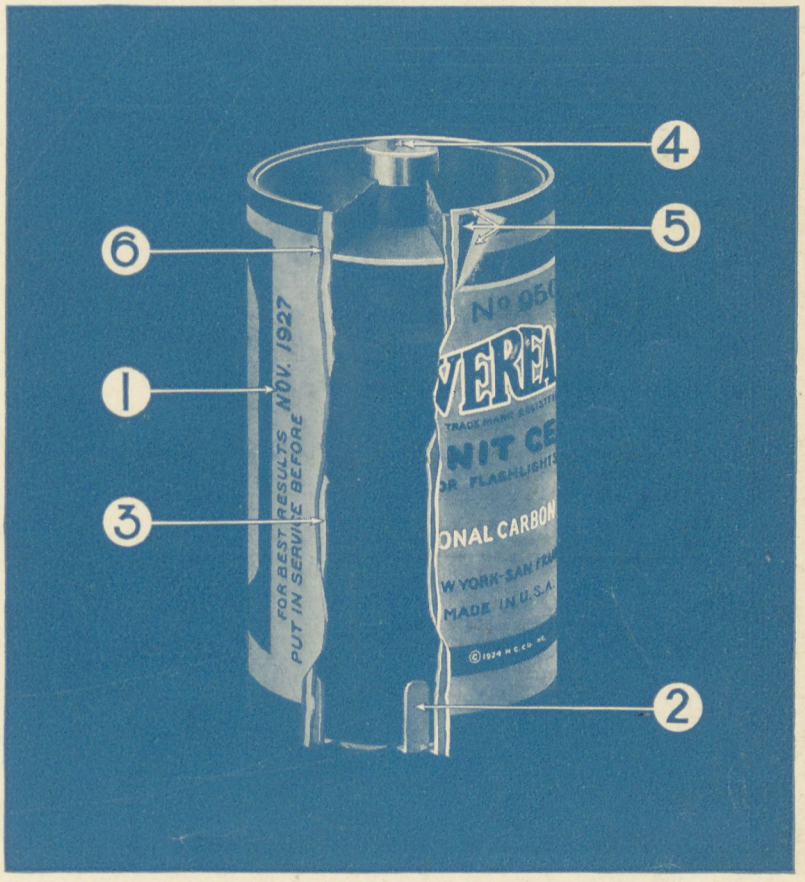
The Jungle and the dangerous thrill of an Elephant hunt, put to rout by The Killer. But look for "Were—Tiger" by Lyman Bryson.

Adventure

Published the 1st and 15th of every month
On sale at all newsstands at 25 cents a Copy

Six reasons why *Eveready Flashlight Batteries* last longer

Actual size



Enlarged sectional view of Eveready Flashlight Battery

LONG after constant use has knocked the *daylight* out of the ordinary flashlight battery, Eveready Batteries go on delivering bright, white, dependable light. There are many reasons why this is so, chief among which are the following:

1 *Eveready Flashlight Batteries are dated.* You *know* they're fresh when you buy them. An Eveready feature that protects customer and dealer alike.

2 *The "star washer."* This accurately centers the carbon "bobbin" in the zinc can. A patented Eveready feature, insuring uniform current-flow when light is on and consequent longer life.

3 *The rolled-and-soldered can.* More expensive to manufacture than the ordinary "drawn" can. Insures uniform thickness of metal, resulting in uniform electro-chemical activity and longer life.

4 *Projecting tip on brass contact.* Insures perfect contact from battery to lamp-base, and from cell to cell. Another patented Eveready feature.

5 *The Eveready jacket.* Consists of asphaltum, sandwiched between two plies of chip-board. Prevents short-circuiting by keeping out external moisture.

6 *Jacket cemented to can.* Eveready jackets are sealed to the zinc can with cement. They cannot slip and expose metal to metal. Another Eveready safety-feature, preventing short-circuiting and insuring longer life.

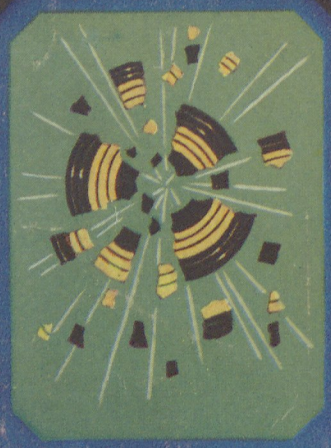
Reload your flashlight with Eveready Batteries. Insist upon Eveready. When emergencies arise and you must have unfailing light, it's comforting to know there are dependable Eveready Batteries in the case. These batteries are made by the makers of the famous Eveready Radio Batteries. They are "best in every case."

If you do not own a good flashlight, buy a genuine Eveready. It has all the newest and best features. There's a type for every purpose and purse, from $1.25 up.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES
"Best in every case"

NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.
New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Remington Trap Gun No. 10S "Trap Special"



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That is Almost Incredible

Consider the perfection, both in man and ammunition, required to break 486 consecutive targets in a single day! That's the world's long run trapshooting record made by "Steve" Crothers with Remington Trap Loads. You'll find the same perfection in every box. They are scientifically loaded to a predetermined uniform velocity, pattern and penetration with moderate recoil. By using them you avoid the disturbing variation in velocity and performance found in shells loaded by the usual method.

The high quality of Remington Trap Loads is safeguarded by being made wet-proof, top-wad, crimp and body by Remington's patented process.

Remington Trap Load

CHAMPIONS KNOW

Why Not Ask Them?

WHEN the race is tight and you must break all the rest of the targets to win, you need a gun you can depend upon. You can't do *your* part if you're not sure that your gun will do *its* part. Champions win with Remingtons and Remingtons win for champions. They break those extra targets that mean the difference between winning and losing.

The Remington "Trap Special" Grade, No. 10S, is so expertly balanced that the target can be followed with a smooth, fast swing as naturally as you can point your finger. Its mechanism is simple and sturdily made from famous Remington steel. A small number of conveniently located parts make repairs easy and quick. The Remington "Trap Special" is long-lived and dependable. That's why you seldom see one out of order. You need no second gun for emergencies when you shoot a Model 10S.

For the last five years an average of more than 200 state, zone and national registered championships were won with Remington arms and ammunition. During 1926 alone 204 such championships were won by Remington. The Season's high average for three out of the past four years has been won with Remington Trap Loads.

Champions know. Why not ask them?

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC.

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Remington

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